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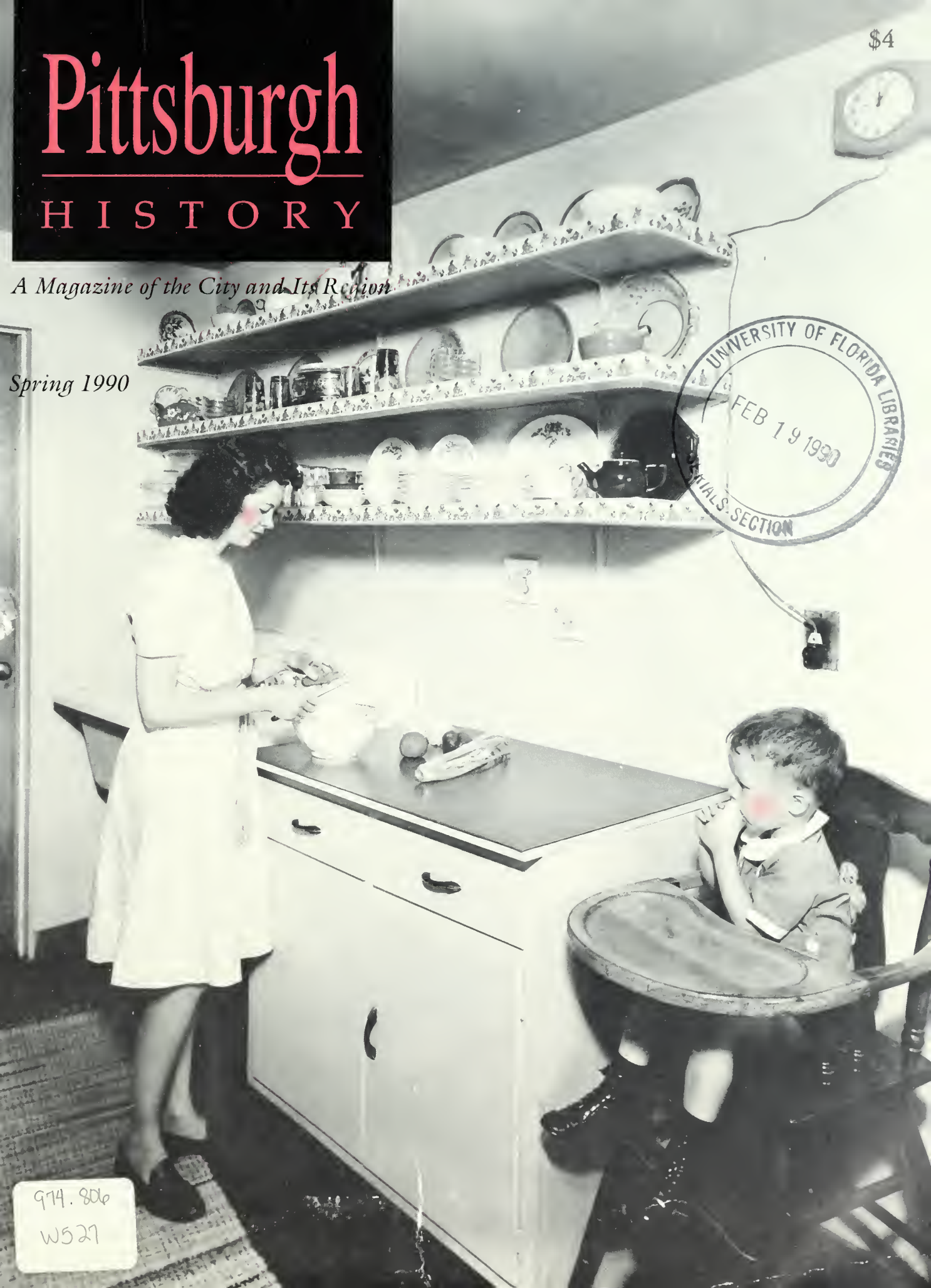
Pittsburgh

HISTORY

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A Magazine of the City and Its Region

Spring 1990



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HISTORY

A Magazine of the City and Its Region

Spring 1990

Volume 73, Number 1

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Cover: A weapons industry housing project, New Kensington, Pa., c. 1943. By building modern housing mostly in suburban settings, the U.S. government "Americanized" millions of working-class families. *Courtesy of Aluminum City Terrace Housing Association, New Kensington.*

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The Business Career of Henry Clay Frick

by Kenneth Warren

HISTORIANS and much of the general public have long considered Henry Clay Frick one of the leading businessmen in an unrivalled period of American economic growth. Yet more charismatic figures have overshadowed his role. In an age of business moguls, some of whom were corrupt but many of whom were colourful and even swashbuckling characters, Frick has been portrayed in blacks and greys. A dearth of available insight into his mind has existed. In the absence of detailed information, myth held the field, and it has generally

Kenneth Warren, History Lecturer at Oxford University in England, is author of *The American Steel Industry, 1850-1970*. The book, published in 1973, was recently reprinted by the University of Pittsburgh Press. The Press plans to publish a book by Warren based principally on his research at the Helen Clay Frick Foundation Archives in Pittsburgh.

A big-stakes gambler on America's industrial frontier, Frick had his first million by age 30.



been unkind to him. A more complete analysis of his personal qualities, and of evidence that he was one of the great men in American industrialization, will be attempted in my book that will be largely based on the rich resources of the Helen Clay Frick Foundation Archives in Pittsburgh. The present is merely an outline and principally an interim assessment of his business accomplishments.

Henry Clay Frick was born 19 December 1849 and died a few days short of his 70th birthday in 1919. The themes of his business life focused on here are his general part in the industrial growth process and the ways in which his particular line of activity — and thereby to some extent himself — placed him in a dependency relationship.

Before considering his business achievements, it is perhaps helpful to consider their context. During his lifetime, and even the 50-year working part of it from 1870, many regional economies were linked together

as functioning parts of a nationwide economic organization. The United States became the world's biggest economy and then, for the first time, a major factor in the direction of commercial operations beyond its own boundaries. In short, Frick's career covered both the nationalising and the internationalising of American business. At his birth the U.S. economy was still small compared to the United Kingdom's; by the end of his life it was far ahead. (Appendix, page 14, Table I) This growth was uneven, for the pace of economic development varies over time. (The parts of the nation where it occurs most intensely also vary, of course, over time.) Such development originates with the actions of human beings, and while few individuals can do more than respond to it, in doing so they to some extent guide and help to localise it.

American growth at its various stages depended on different types of activities, which for a range of reasons were conducted in different regions; it was the good fortune of Frick and his close associates that the phase of development with which their lives coincided was particularly suited to the physical endowment and location of Western Pennsylvania. Circumstances provided the opportunities; successful regional entrepreneurs recognized and seized them. Consider for a moment economic historian Walt Rostow's model of national development, described in his *The Stages of Economic Growth: a Non-Communist Manifesto* (1971), in which the take-off stage involves textiles and the early railway age, and is above all focused in New England

and the areas east of the Alleghenies. The twentieth century age of mass consumption was bound up with consumer durables and preëminently with the automobile industry; though widely penetrating, its impact was concentrated most impressively in southern Michigan and nearby parts of neighboring states. In between these two eras was a half-century drive to maturity, that critical stage which, leaving the take-off far behind, laid firm foundations for a widespread diffusion of the fruits of an affluent society. The drive to maturity was marked by the building of a national infrastructure in industrial plant and, even more spectacularly, the completion of the railroad network. These industrial achievements were most characteristically summed up in the growth of the iron and steel industries.

In 1860 the iron industry ranked sixth in terms of both employment and value added among the major industries of the nation; by World War I the steel

industry was first by both criteria. Expansion in production was mainly concentrated in the vast tributary area for the Great Lakes basin, an emerging functional economic region with raw material bases of upper lakes' ores and Appalachian plateau coal. During this period emphasis moved from exploitation of natural resources to manufacturing and on to finance. This progression depended on continuing raw material supplies — indeed, on vastly increasing supplies — but the centres of control passed from the producing areas to the board rooms of giant industrial concerns and on to the masters of capital. This 50-year phase of the drive to maturity, its nature, timing and localisation, provided the context and stages for the business career of Henry Clay Frick.

After a brief period in retail and office work, Frick worked for 18 years in an extractive industry which required relatively simple further processing activities. For the next 12 years he added a major manufacturing element to his first and continuing interest. In the final 19 years he also had widened concerns in the

tertiary sector, in finance, transport and real estate. The coal district of southwestern Pennsylvania was the setting for Stage I; Stage II centred on the manufacturing plants of Pittsburgh but required organising a system to move raw materials on an unprecedented scale more than 1,000 miles by water and rail from the Minnesota iron ranges to coal mines and coke ovens within a few miles of the West Virginia boundary — and even greater distances for finished products; by Stage III he had moved his home and centre for decision-making to New York. His operations were now not only on a national but also an international scale. Within this three-stage career the middle period is in many ways the most interesting, for in it his business achievements were uniquely great, and also he was associated with and may be compared to other business leaders.

In the third quarter of the nineteenth century the United States began to make larger tonnages of iron, charging blast furnaces either with raw bituminous coal or, increasingly, with coke. America got off to a



Top left: Dickens's smoky London? No, the urban hub of Frick's business and personal life — Pittsburgh, late nineteenth century. "Go to Pittsburgh," he often advised, "there is no other place where a young man can find so many opportunities." Frick company mines, *bottom left*, honeycombed southwestern Pennsylvania and northern West Virginia. Dumped into the beehive oven, *above*, bituminous coal was cooked for several hours to make coke, a purified fuel that powered steel industry blast furnaces. By 1900, Frick interests operated more than half of the 20,000 ovens in the district.

slow start in this industry, owing something to delayed overall economic growth, geological build, and perhaps most of all, to abundant forests and anthracite coal. From just under 8 percent in 1855, the proportion of iron made from bituminous coal had reached nearly 31 percent by 1870. Five years later, bituminous coal passed anthracite as the main fuel, with coke becoming its most prevalent form. Pig iron output was now increasing with extraordinary rapidity — from 1.7 million tons in 1870 to 13.8 million tons 30 years later. Iron output using coke went up even quicker, especially in the Pittsburgh district. Never again would the industry experience growth rates that gave so great an opportunity to skilled and daring businessmen. It was in 1870, at an early stage of this expansion phase, that Frick entered the coal and coke trades. He came in on a surging tide of Connellsville coke production. (Appendix, Table V) Beginning with

a 50 oven plant at Broad Ford by the Youghiogheny River, he controlled 200 ovens in two works only two years later. In the difficult years of the mid-1870s he kept his head and gradually increased his interests; by 1882 he already controlled nine works and 1,022 ovens, or almost one in every eight of the total in the area. By 1900, when he left the company, the size of the Connellsville coke industry had vastly increased again, and the company which continued to bear his name controlled well over half of that industry.

In Stage I of his career Frick bought coal lands, especially in the earlier years, at prices which soon proved low in relation to coke prices. The industry's technology was unsophisticated, with the standard "beehive" oven cheap to build and maintain. Operations were labour intensive, but immigration provided a large and apparently endless pool of cheap workers. The varied sources of the immigration, and



Top right: A Frick dollar for use in the company store, in his first imperial town, 1870. Expensive new technology was rejected in 1890 at Leisenring 3, *bottom right*, to continue with the beehive, by then a "primitive process," notes the author. "Profit margins remained high." A typical entrance, *above*, to a coal field "patch town," c. 1890. Unionizing workers who lived there proved difficult because they were mostly ethnically diverse immigrants who did not share even a common language. Wages were low, conditions dangerous, and operations efficient.

its sometimes seasonal or at least temporary nature, meant the workforce was difficult to unionise, so wages remained low. With cheap labour extracting a cheap raw material — both in the cost of land and plant — the returns on investment were high. It is therefore not surprising that by 1879, after less than a decade in a business which he had had to borrow money to enter, Frick was a millionaire.

Given the relatively simple geology of the coking coal fields of southwestern Pennsylvania, it was easy to calculate its reserves of first class coking coal and to predict how long they could support current levels of production. However, the rapid increase in the output of iron soon rendered all such projections too conservative. A variety of responses were possible: neighboring areas of good quality coal, although not quite as good, could be exploited; other coking fields could be developed that would require new technology; or the Connellsville reserves could be mined to the point of exhaustion. All three happened. The coals of the so-called Upper and Lower Connellsville districts, and of neighboring parts of West Virginia, were put to use and the first by-product coke ovens began to appear after 1893. The capital required for this new and much more elaborate technology was great and the coal resources controlled in the Connellsville district were too small to justify the outlay, the operators realized. With only one or two exceptions they turned their backs on by-product coking.

It is important to stress that they were not ignorant of the new technology, which eventually supplanted the beehive nationally and made possible the recovery of other valuable products in the burning of coke while also allowing the use of coal inferior to that of the Connellsville district. Frick's company received numerous reports on by-product ovens and suggestions to shift to them. Frick was adamant that the company shouldn't. An interesting example of the firmness of his opinion concerns improvement, rather than abandonment, of the old process. In July 1890 his General Manager, Thomas Lynch, queried his boss about building an "Adams patent" coke oven at Frick's Leisenring 3 facility. "I made an examination of the Adams ovens at Dunbar [in the Connellsville district] and I believe that more can be produced per day with these ovens than from the Bee Hive..." wrote Lynch. "The first cost of building the Adams oven is fully double the cost of a regular Bee Hive, but it seems to me it would be worth our while to try a few of them...." Within two days, Frick had written a note on Lynch's letter. It read, "Answered verbally said not to build."¹ One result of continuing this primitive process, however justifiable commercially, was that a



first rate mineral resource was savagely wasted. Profit margins remained high.

Nationally beehive coke production, like the iron production it supported, soared from 3.3 million metric tons in 1880 to 19.4 million by 1900. Connellsville continued to be the heart of this expansion. In 1880 it had 58.3 percent of all U.S. ovens; in 1900 it still contained 35.9 percent. The district's national share of coke output was even greater at both points than in the percentage of ovens. Investment decisions, oversight of the general production and labour relationships all provided a wide range of exercise for business talent and in turn provided ample financial rewards, for this was what we now see as the dizzy heyday of relatively uncontrolled resource exploitation. Although they certainly shaped and polished Frick's business abilities, the challenges, opportunities and rewards of the coal and coke industries did not exhaust them. In 1882 he began his 18 year association with the Carnegie iron and steel interests, an association which was to make him, for a critical period, almost as central in that industry as in coke. Both before and during his period of direct involvement in steel, Frick was, despite his great talents and wealth, in a dependency relationship with the industry's key firms.

He was put under strong pressure to ensure a continuing supply of fuel to the furnaces at prices, or

under other production conditions, which were not always in his best interests as a coke maker. To that extent, his business was made subservient to "downstream" activities. An example was Andrew Carnegie's insistence that Frick's handling of an 1887 strike in the coke region not imperil Carnegie iron production. Twelve years later it was a dispute over what Frick regarded as an unreasonably low contract price for coke which helped worsen the relations between the two men and brought the severance of their business association. The same dependency relationship is seen in long term arrangements for coke supply to the major Chicago-area iron and steel firms which Frick continued even when he was already deeply involved in the day to day operations of Carnegie Steel. In September 1885 Frick wrote to Jay Morse, president of Union Steel

Co. of Chicago, about the supply capabilities of the South West Coal and Coke Co., a joint venture by Frick and Illinois steel interests. He remarked that O.W. Potter of the North Chicago Rolling Mill Co. was interested in their coke, but "I think the principle objection he has to us is the fact that Mr.

Andrew Carnegie is a member of our firm, and he does not like the idea of taking the risk of having Mr. Carnegie say to his friends in the east that he is getting a dividend out of the Chicago Rolling Mill Co. by supplying him with coke."² Here, too, the association with a steelmaker could prove a whip for the back of the fuel supplier. A year later, Morse was writing about a possible labour dispute in the coke region: "You cannot afford to have a general racket without proper notice given us all. We certainly cannot stop our works nor can other Mills until the winter. The Railroads at present are pressing for rails that are under contract."³

In coal and coke Frick was to some extent a business loner. To be sure he had able lieutenants, some of real substance such as the Ramsay brothers or Thomas Lynch. There were important rivals, too, like McClure, Moore, Schoonmaker, Leisenring or Rainey, but they were all less concerned to expand or to fight, or at least less resolute or successful in doing so than

Frick. As a result the H.C. Frick Coke Co. grew in part by absorbing some of them. The outcome was that, long before the end of his career in coke, Frick was acknowledged as "king" among them. By contrast, in steel there were many men of great talent, boundless ambition and self-confidence. Stackhouse of Cambria Steel, Walter Scranton of Lackawanna Steel, John Gates of Illinois Steel, or Elbert Gary at its successor, Federal Steel, made up a diverse group from the business context within which Frick now had to operate. Within the Carnegie organisation itself there was, at different times and in different ranks of the hierarchy, a galaxy of stars of varied hue and intensity: "Captain" Bill Jones, Julian Kennedy, James Gayley, William Corey, Thomas and Andrew Carnegie, and, rapidly rising from the production side of the business after

Jones's death in 1889, the exceptionally talented Charles M. Schwab. Together this group supervised the expansion of small operations into giant ones, built new plants, and acquired others by shrewd purchase. Frick matched them all in the labour of making Carnegie Steel into a producer of unrivalled efficiency. He



Coal workers, northern West Virginia, c. 1910.

proved to be a master of clear thought and of coolness in command, as Schwab long afterwards recorded: "[H]e was a thinking machine, methodical as a comptometer, accurate, cutting straight to the point."⁴ However, in addition to these admirable day to day qualities, he showed more imagination than most of the others in recognising the ways in which their organisation could be extended by vertical or horizontal integration or rationalised in some way or other. A number of steps marked the company's progress to the dizzy height of competitiveness reached before Frick left Carnegie Steel at the end of the 1890s.

Henry Clay Frick was the initiator of the Union Railroad which linked numerous Carnegie operations in the Pittsburgh area into an integrated whole. On the other hand, it was Andrew Carnegie who realised that the acquisition, extension and improvement of the line which became the Pittsburgh, Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad would enable his firms to break the

stranglehold the Pennsylvania Railroad had exercised over the district's trade. Frick was the key actor in the 1890 purchase for \$1 million of the Duquesne Works of the Allegheny Bessemer Steel Co., a mill which soon afterwards became a major contributor to Carnegie profits. Most vital of all he was the instigator of the purchase of large interests in the ore reserves of Mesabi and of the provision for linking them by bulk lake transport to the coal reserves and plant operations of the Ohio River belt. Carnegie was doubtful of the wisdom of further involvement in ore. In 1892, at the time when Frick had acquired for Carnegie Steel a half interest in Henry Oliver's ore company, Carnegie had written from Scotland: "Oliver's ore bargain is just like him — nothing in it. If there is any department of business which offers no inducement it is ore."⁵ In this instance there is no doubt that Frick was right and Carnegie wrong: Mesabi ore and the advantage of controlling one's own supply rather than depending on the vagaries of the open market became crucial factors in the industry. Apart altogether from these grander schemes, Frick continually



Frick family members and friends, c. 1915.

pressed on the superintendents of Edgar Thomson, Homestead, Duquesne, and other lesser works, the necessity for a never-ending pursuit of cost reduction. At the same time he negotiated for more favorable freight rates or, in the associations of the major steel firms, for larger sales quotas for the Carnegie company. Frick never spared his associates, their management and men, or himself in the endless search for economy and orders. Assessed by a range of criteria, the results were impressive. (Appendix, Tables II, III, IV, VI, VII)

While all this went on there continued an apparently ceaseless flow of letters or telegraph messages from Carnegie, in New York or from his Scottish retreat. They asked for details, offered comments, made suggestions — often very shrewd ones — but always from beyond the scene of the action. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Frick occasionally became impatient with his distant correspondent. It is

important to note that the pressure of everyday work probably kept Frick from writing about the business as fully as Carnegie wished. Apart from this general source of irritation there were a number of occasions when sharper disputes arose, times when Frick could be remarkably outspoken with his older and senior partner. In August 1883, within less than a year of the start of their close business association, he wrote to Carnegie that though "I have great admiration for your acknowledged and your general good judgement...I am free to say, I do not like the tone of your letter."⁶ Three years or so later, when Frick was pressing for a larger interest in steel, Carnegie had sensed the unhappy consequences which might result from their closer association. He then warned Frick, "Your career must be identified with Frick Coke Co.

You never could become the Creator of C B & Co. [Carnegie Brothers and Co.]. Twenty years from now you might be a large owner in it, perhaps the principal, still the concern would not be your work — and you could not be proud of it."⁷ There was hard feeling again in 1887, when

Carnegie undermined Frick's position in the coke strike. Frick handled the Homestead strike with unbending firmness, while Carnegie stayed in Scotland, though it must be recorded that Frick was glad to have him out of the way.⁸ Late in 1895 Frick resigned the chairmanship of Carnegie Steel and accompanied this with a letter roundly condemning not only Carnegie's business opinions but also his attitudes and what Frick saw as his postures for the public. After this, although he resumed the chairmanship, Frick never recovered the same degree of power; he was more and more shadowed by the rising star of Charles Schwab. Schwab was younger by 12 years, and like Frick, immensely able but with a richer endowment of the qualities which make for easy personal relations. Even more than Carnegie he was a master of public relations. In mid-1899 a misunderstanding over a bid to form a company which would buy out Carnegie and leave Frick in charge of operations led to a sadly wors-



break with Schwab was not final. It is true that in 1903, as a director of U.S. Steel, Frick was one of those who helped bring about Schwab's removal from the company's presidency on grounds of unbecoming conduct. However, occasional business letters continued to pass between the two men for many years. Schwab was also an occasional dinner guest at the Frick Manhattan mansion. By contrast, throughout the remaining 19 years of their lives, Frick and Carnegie, so intimately associated for a preceding period of business almost as long, seem never to have met. However there was to be at least one more occasion of contact. In 1912, Frick was incensed by Carnegie's remarks during his well-publicized appearance at the Stanley Committee hearings, the U.S. government's dissolution suit against U.S. Steel. In the course of his evidence, Carnegie had said that in 1899 Frick and Henry Phipps had acted in bad faith towards him. Frick consulted his attorney and a statement was issued refuting this. Characteristically he did not mince his words: "I am the Henry C. Frick referred to by Mr.

Carnegie, and the testimony that was thus given by Mr. Carnegie was absolutely untrue." He also had a letter prepared for Carnegie that demanded correction of the evidence which had been given, for:

...these statements, which are false in every particular, were disseminated... throughout the country, and, further, were incorporated into the proceedings of the Stanley Committee. The result is that there is now in the public archives a permanent record of charges against Messrs Frick and Phipps of untruthfulness, chicanery, dishonesty, infidelity to associates, avarice and double-dealing; and these perjured records are backed by the name of a man whose public gifts may hereafter erroneously be supposed to represent his private virtues. This is an intolerable condition and must be relieved.¹⁰



ened state of relations between the two men. An autumn dispute over the price which Carnegie Steel paid his company for coke provided the occasion for the final rupture. Having decided to throw in his lot with Carnegie, Schwab visited Frick's home to show him the letter he had written. Schwab vividly remembered the incident: "When Frick read the letter, he took mortal offence. I have seldom seen a man so enraged. I left his house and from that time on we were never friends."⁹ The dispute brought about Frick's resignation shortly afterward and an acrimonious and final confrontation with Carnegie in January 1900.

Although there had been sharp disagreement, the

The bitter tone of this final letter indicates the depth of the affront Frick believed he had suffered at the hands of his senior partner more than a decade before. Carnegie responded in a different fashion: in the whole of his autobiography, all but completed before World War I, he mentioned Frick only once and then only to briefly praise his business talents.¹¹

With his removal from the chairmanship of Carnegie Steel at the end of 1899, Frick also lost control to that company of the immense coke operations which continued to bear his name, and which more than anything commanded his affection. Now he was without active employment. However, he was only 50 and

had the wealth, energy, and well-earned respect of the business community, all of which meant that he would not long be idle. There now began the last and least spectacular, but in some respects extremely interesting, phase of Frick's business career. To greater or lesser extent he was involved in it until his death 20 years later.

Frick became interested in banking through his closest friend, Andrew Mellon, who shared not only his interests in art but also his difficulties in personal relationships and in handling publicity. From 1901 to 1905, Frick was a director and then chairman of a committee investigating irregularities in the Equitable Life Assurance Society. He resigned when his report, critical of the probity of its top management, was rejected. He became a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1906, and was at one time on the board of six other railroads whose operations spanned the

continent. At that time he owned \$42 million worth of railroad stock. No doubt remembering his struggles with them from his coke and Carnegie Steel days, he thought highly of the railroads' central role in the economy and of their power. This conviction he retained to the end of his life, perhaps understandably not recognising that their key role was, in some respects at least, already rapidly passing to the surging automobile industry. In this respect he was in the position of other executives who had made their mark in the late nineteenth century, including Schwab. In the 1920s and still more so during the Great Depression, some of these other men were to pay a high price for their failure to realise that the old industrial rankings no longer applied.

In some ways the most interesting aspect of Frick's business life in the twentieth century was his continuing involvement in the steel industry. He played a part, as a valued senior advisor to J.P. Morgan, in the formation of U.S. Steel. He became a member of the



Top left: Charles Schwab, c. 1895, became a leading steel and finance captain. His decision to side with Andrew Carnegie in a contract dispute led to a final rupture in Frick's business association with Carnegie. Frick was a power in railroading, too, although the Pittsburgh, Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad, *bottom left*, was Carnegie's idea. (The photograph is from the 1940s, location unknown.) The line allowed them by the 1890s to slip the noose that the Pennsylvania Railroad had fashioned on steel product shipments in the region. *Above:* the PRR's accounting department, Union Station, Pittsburgh, 1902.



board of directors but was not in the earliest stage of that corporation's history very actively involved, partly as a result of Morgan's deference to Schwab's wishes. It was also partly because he had been building up a new firm with Mellon, the Union Steel Co. This was never more than a small rival of the giant

concern, but the hand of the past master was discernible in its development plans. It originated with a plant at Donora, Pa., built in 1900 to produce rods, wire and nails. When Frick and Mellon became involved, the original capital of \$1 million was greatly increased, while operations at Sharon, Pa., in the same fields and in tubes, sheet and tinplate, were added. By late 1902 an open hearth steel plant and blast furnaces were being built at Donora. A rail mill was planned. The new concern went further to ensure its raw material supplies. Coal and coke facilities were acquired in the Lower Connellsville district. In the upper Lakes region, control of ore deposits amounting to 40 million tons was secured. The Connellsville Central Railroad route to fuel supplies was graded and an independent line was projected to a new ore dock at Elk Harbor near Girard on Lake Erie. In its numerous integrated subsidiaries, Union Steel was like a miniature Carnegie Steel. In December 1902 U.S. Steel bought Union Steel for \$45 million; it secured a good if small plant and useful additions to its mineral reserves, but also the elimination of an ambitious and potentially dangerous rival management.

After the buy-out, Frick was more fully involved on the board of U.S. Steel. His connection there was as long as his earlier one with Carnegie and, according to his biographer, he attended some 1,000 of its board meetings, the last one within four weeks of his death. In 1907 he was convinced by Morgan to play an important role in the takeover of the assets of the Tennessee Iron, Coal and Railroad Co. of Birmingham, Ala., in the wider interests of national economic well-being. Notwithstanding his doubts in this instance, he, over a long period, showed a striking open-mindedness to new thinking about the ideal locations for steelmaking.

Although he remained convinced of the suitability of the old heartland production locations of Carnegie Steel — he often said to aspiring entrepreneurs, "Go to Pittsburgh; there is no other place where a young man can find so many opportunities." — he was also

aware of the circumstances which had made the Midwest an attractive area for the industry. In the late 1890s he acquired property along the ship canal at Indiana Harbor on Lake Michigan as a possible location for a mill. However, U.S. Steel built its great Gary works a few miles to the east in 1905. The tract which Frick owned was eventually built on by the Sheet and Tube Co. of America in 1916. For some 15 years after the early 1890s Frick occasionally took up the question of acquiring the works at Sparrows Point, Md. It was bought during World War I by Bethlehem Steel, then under the direction of Schwab. For a time after he left Carnegie Steel Frick was also associated with plans for a big new steel works, forge and shipyard at Camden, N.J.

Another interest of these final years took Frick back to primary economic activity, but this time in base metal mining overseas. He was involved in the plans of the Cerro de Pasco Corp. to undertake large scale copper extraction at 14,000 feet in the Peruvian Andes. The United States had long been of great and increasing importance in the commercial life of the Caribbean and Central America but had been less prominent in South America than European capital; this project was one of the earliest to mark the advance southward of American enterprise, an advance accelerated by the Great War. Frick never went to Peru, but he was kept informed of the study of prospects and the earlier stages of development planning there.

Henry Clay Frick remained active in business throughout World War I, though he allowed himself more leisure. He became ill in Autumn 1919; early in



December he died. Immediately after his death, the president of U.S. Steel, James Farrell, observed: "Mr. Frick was an undefatigable worker, a man of wisdom and of the widest vision and, moreover, possessed of those human and kindly qualities which endeared him to his associates."¹² Schwab spoke of the keenness of Frick's mind and of his "highest type of integrity and honesty."

It is now almost 70 years since Frick's death, but his legacy is with us still, for he and his contemporaries laid the foundation of a mature U.S. industrial economy. The manufacturing structure and the personal

wealth of post-industrial America is built upon the base so firmly laid in the great economic surge of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. It was an heroic age; it does not seem too fanciful to rank Henry Clay Frick with the highest in its business pantheon. ■

¹ T. Lynch to Henry Clay Frick, 17 July 1890, Helen Clay Frick Foundation Archives, Pittsburgh (hereafter, "Frick Archives").

² Frick to J. Morse, 19 Sept. 1885, Frick Archives.



Top: Tee time, c. 1915, with a young gallery. Above: Frick's New York mansion.



³ Morse to Frick, 17 Sept. 1886, Frick Archives.

⁴ S. B. Whipple, notes of interviews with C.M. Schwab in the 1930s, p. 85, Schwab Memorial Library, Bethlehem, Pa., and the Hagley Library, Wilmington, Del.

⁵ A. Carnegie to Frick, 29 Aug. 1892, quoted in J.H. Bridge, *The Inside History of Carnegie Steel* (New York, 1903), 259.

⁶ Frick to Carnegie, 10 Aug. 1883, Frick Archives.

⁷ Carnegie to Frick, 25 Feb. 1886[?], 1887, Frick Archives; G. Harvey, *Henry Clay Frick — The Man* (New York, 1928).

⁸ J. F. Wall, *Andrew Carnegie* (Pittsburgh, 1989 [reprint]), 546.

⁹ Whipple notes, 117, Schwab Library, Bethlehem.

¹⁰ Frick to Carnegie, 17 July 1912, Frick Archives.

¹¹ Andrew Carnegie, *Autobiography* (London, 1922), 222.

¹² J. Farrell on Frick in *New York Tribune*, 3 Dec. 1919.

Frick in the late 1910s. His wife, Adelaide Frick, is wearing the big hat.

APPENDIX

TABLE I

The Wealth of the United States and of the United Kingdom 1850 to 1921 (Million)				
	1850	1870	1900	1921
USA	7,200	26,100	88,500	300,000
UK	24,000	35,300	73,000	94,800

Sources: M.G. Mulhall, *A Dictionary of Statistics*, London: 1899, and Austin, 1924 (title not available).

TABLE II

Steel Capacity of Works in the Pittsburgh and Chicago Areas 1890, 1896 to 1901 (Gross tons within approximate 40 miles of city center)			
	1890	1896	1901
Pittsburgh*	1375	3695	6353
Chicago**	993	1369	1876

*Allegheny, Beaver, Butler, Armstrong, Washington, and Westmoreland counties.
**Cook, Will and Lake counties.

Sources: American Iron and Steel Association, *Statistical Yearbook*, Philadelphia, PA.

TABLE III

Crude Steel Output by Selected Areas and Companies 1889 and 1900 (thousand tons)					
Year	USA	Allegheny County	Jones and Laughlin	Carnegie Steel	All other Allegheny Co.
1889	3,386	1,005	109	537	359
1900	10,188	4,051	535	2970	546
Percent Increase	200.9	303.1	390.8	453.1	52.1

Sources: American Iron and Steel Association, *Statistical Yearbook*, Philadelphia, PA

TABLE IV

Carnegie Steel Company in the 1890s Efficiency Indices (\$ thousands)					
Year	Value of Products Shipped	Wages Paid in Year	Net Profit Per Ingot Ton	Net Profit as % of Value of Products Shipped	Wages Paid as % of Value of Products Shipped
1892	46,225	7,271	4.56	8.65	15.73
1895	52,494	7,294	3.41	9.52	13.89
1897	62,897	7,546	4.15	11.13	12.00
1899	104,999	10,992	7.88	20.00	10.47

Sources: Frick Archives, Pittsburgh, PA.

TABLE VII

Net Profit of the Carnegie Associates 1880 to 1899	
Year	\$ thousands
1880.....	1,558
1881.....	2,000
1882.....	2,128
1883.....	1,019
1884.....	1,301
1885.....	1,192
1886.....	2,925
1887.....	3,442
1888.....	1,941
1889.....	3,540
1890.....	5,350
1891.....	4,300
1892.....	4,000
1893.....	3,000
1894.....	4,000
1895.....	5,000
1896.....	6,000
1897.....	7,000
1898.....	11,500
1899.....	21,000

Source: Frick Archives, Pittsburgh, PA.

TABLE V

Beehive Coke Ovens in Connellsville District 1840 to 1900	
Year	Ovens
1841.....	2
1850.....	4
1860.....	70
1870.....	550
1876.....	3,000
1879.....	4,200
1882.....	8,400
1884.....	10,364
1888.....	13,047
1890.....	15,865
1896.....	18,351
1899.....	18,608
1900.....	20,981

Source: Table compiled by Kenneth Warren.

TABLE VI

Carnegie Steel Company Ingot Steel Production 1888 to 1899 (millions of tons)			
Years	United States Ingot Production	Carnegie Steel Ingot Production	Output as a Percentage of US Production
1888	2897	332	11.5
1889	3386	537	15.8
1890	4277	660	15.4
1891*	3904	797	20.4
1892	4928	878	17.8
1893*	4020	863	21.5
1894	4412	1115	25.3
1895	6115	1464	23.9
1896*	5282	1375	26.0
1897	7157	1686	23.6
1898	8933	2171	24.3
1899	10,640	2663	25.0

* Years in which US output fell from level of previous year. Source: Frick Archives, Pittsburgh, PA



Rose Gates, 70, and her husband Alfred, 74 — he's recovering from surgery and couldn't be in the photograph — have lived since 1944 at Electric Heights, a housing development in Turtle Creek now owned cooperatively by residents. The government built the homes originally to rent to arms industry workers. The Gates reared, in order: Carol, Georgia, Alfred Jr., Harry, Herbert, Karen, Sharon, Charles, Elaine, Mary Virginia, Dorothy, Edgar, Richard, William, Thomas, Nellie, Walter and Winifred — 18 kids. Typical of the development, their home is modest, with three bedrooms.



IN June 1955 a brief article appeared in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* under the headline "U.S. Disposes of 14 Housing Projects Here." It reported that of the 16 projects built by the federal government to house defense workers in the Pittsburgh area between 1941 and 1943, 14 had been sold. The remaining two projects were expected to be sold within a short period.¹ Riverview Homes, a proj-

The sale of projects such as Riverview Homes signaled the end of an important phase in the evolution of federal housing policy. It brought to a close the most ambitious model housing program working-class Pittsburgh had ever seen. This article will examine the implementation of that policy in the Pittsburgh area during and immediately after World War II. It will ask why the government built

DEFENSE HOUSING IN GREATER PITTSBURGH

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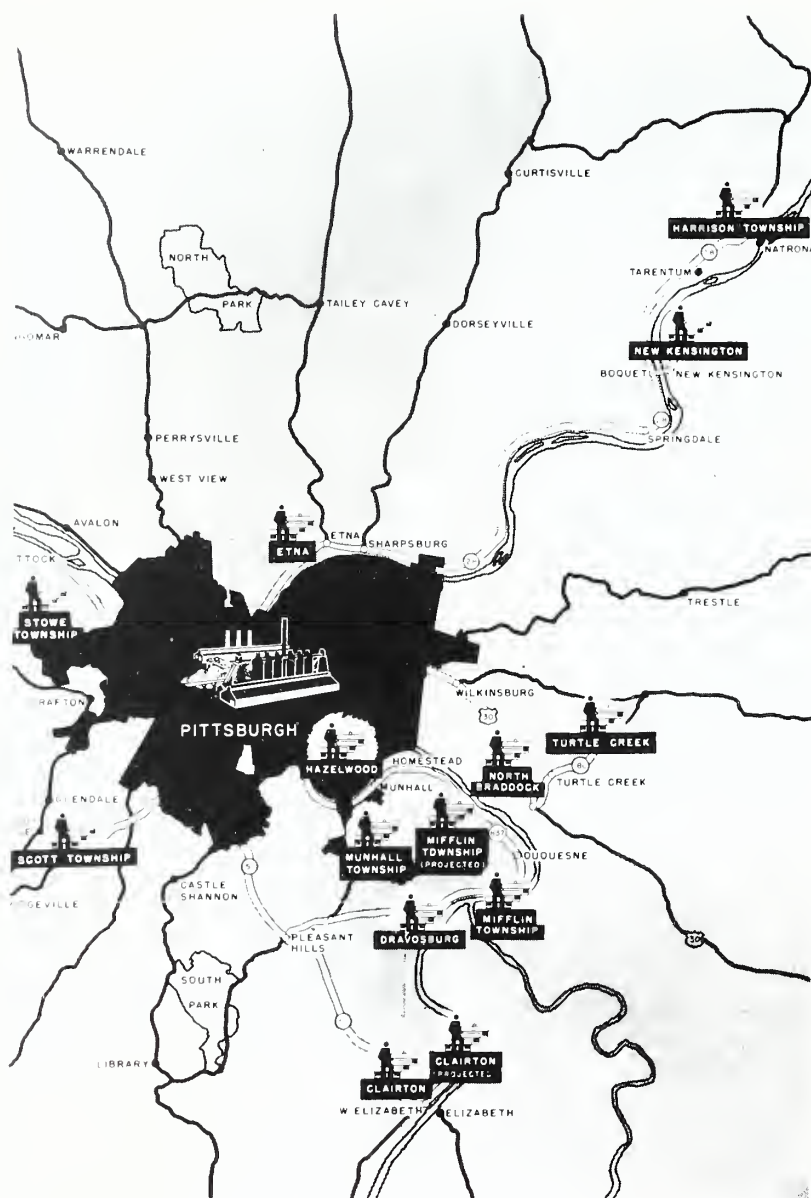
By Kristin Szylvian Bailey

ect opened in September 1941 when First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt presented the key to the residents of the first completed apartment, had been among those already sold. Now without fanfare, Riverview Homes and the other projects built in the Pittsburgh area faded into obscurity.²

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defense housing in Pittsburgh and in nearly a dozen surrounding mill towns. What kind of housing was built for these defense workers? Who lived in these projects and what happened to both the housing and the residents at the end of the war?

The latter question is of particular importance here. After all, the debate over how the federal government would dispose of this housing began even before a single unit was built.³ When the war ended in 1945, concern grew over the fate of these projects throughout the country. Support for their conversion to low-income hous-



Sixteen war housing projects, the most in any one Pennsylvania district, dotted the Pittsburgh region. After the war, residents at eight set up cooperative ownership plans and bought the projects from the government. Much of the housing still stands today; in many cases, original owners are still there.

ing came from the political left, while those on the right called for the projects to be sold on the open market. In the middle of these warring camps were the residents, the thousands of men and women who had fought the war, either on the battlefield or on the industrial front, and sometimes, on both.

With the nation in the grips of the worst housing crisis in its his-

tory — a crisis aggravated by the war's end — residents of most Pittsburgh area projects were surprised when the government presented them the opportunity to stop renting their units from the government and to buy them outright. The option was an attractive one because of the general shortage of moderately priced housing in the area. Most indus-

trial workers were unfamiliar with the kind of ownership offered: the Mutual Home Ownership Plan, the official name for so-called "co-operative housing." Federal officials hoped to use the Pittsburgh area as a testing ground for the Plan, an innovative program ideologically rooted in the New Deal and early twentieth century housing reform.

The Plan was the brainchild of Col. Lawrence Westbrook, a Texas engineer who had risen through the ranks of a number of New Deal agencies. During 1941, Westbrook directed the Federal Works Agency's (FWA) Division of Mutual Ownership Defense Housing, which built eight projects including: Audubon Park, Audubon, New Jersey; Winfield Park, Linden, New Jersey; Bellmawr Park, Gloucester, New Jersey; Pennypack Woods, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Walnut Grove, South Bend, Indiana; Avion Village, Grand Prairie, Texas; Dallas Park, Dallas, Texas; and Greenmont Village, Dayton, Ohio.⁴ From the time of their inception, these eight projects were earmarked for sale under the terms of the Mutual Home Ownership Plan. Westbrook's plan required residents to form a housing association to lease their project from the government at a low rate of interest, and to use any revenue from rent collection that exceeded operating costs as a down payment for purchasing the project.

World War II ended before any of these pilot projects had been purchased under the Mutual Home Ownership Plan; in fact the requisite leasing process had only just begun at a few projects. Nonetheless, housing officials remained convinced that it offered an excellent means of providing housing assistance to families who did not qualify for low income public housing or who could not purchase a home otherwise. Therefore, the Plan was modified, largely by eliminating the leasing stage, and ex-

tended to other housing projects, including most of those built in the Pittsburgh area between 1940 and 1942.

The importance of the Plan as a model program for working-class Pittsburgh is best understood in the context of pre-World War II efforts for housing reform. Although the shortage of working-class housing was neither a new nor unique problem to Pittsburgh, it grew to crisis proportions by mid-1940.⁵

Housing conditions in Pittsburgh's mill districts became the subject of widespread attention after 1907 as a result of the Russell Sage Foundation's Pittsburgh Survey, an ambitious social and economic study of working-class life. The Survey examined, among other things, the relationship between poverty and substandard housing conditions. The photographs taken by Lewis Hine and other Survey photographers provided middle- and upper-class Americans with unforgettable glimpses into the very rooms where workers and their families lived and died.⁶

In the three decades after the Pittsburgh Survey, urban housing became an issue not only to philanthropic organizations such as the Russell Sage Foundation, but government and industry as well. The involvement of federal and local governments in the housing market escalated in times of national emergencies, including World War I and the Great Depression. For example, the post-World War I housing shortage prompted the Pittsburgh City Council to consider establishing municipal housing.⁷ Although such housing was never built, Pittsburgh had, by 1925, a tenement code, a standard building code and zoning ordinances affecting housing.⁸

The Depression brought increased federal involvement in housing. After the passage of enabling legislation by the Pennsylva-

nia Legislature in 1937, the Pittsburgh Housing Authority (PHA) was authorized to receive loans from the U.S. Housing Authority to build public housing for low-income families within the city limits. The McKeesport Housing Authority (MHA) implemented a federally subsidized public housing program in that city, while the Allegheny County Housing Authority (ACHA) administered programs in the rest of the county. By 1938, these three authorities operated over a half-dozen projects.⁹

Public efforts to improve housing conditions in the Pittsburgh area existed alongside of those initiated by business and industrial interests. Cognizant of the fact that workers who had good housing were more productive than those who did not, industrialists became actively involved in the working-class housing market. Companies such as Midland Steel and Apollo Iron and Steel built housing for their workers, recognizing that it was in their own economic interest to have employees residing near their place of work.¹⁰ Vandergrift was one of the earliest model residential communities built by area industrialists. Apollo Iron and Steel's housing, built in 1895-96, was designed by Frederick Law Olmsted.¹¹ In a similar vein, the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce hired professional architects to design one- and two-family homes which could be built on steep hillsides. The plans were made available to speculative builders.¹²

Efforts by philanthropic and social interest groups supplemented the piecemeal efforts made by government and industry to improve workers' access to decent, affordable housing. In 1928, the Federation of Social Agencies, the Civic Club of Allegheny County and the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce formed the Pittsburgh Housing Association. This private organization survived the

Depression and later became an important source for analysis of the federal defense housing program's impact on local housing authorities and conditions.¹³

Of the privately sponsored experimental housing programs started in the Pittsburgh area, the most important was Chatham Village, a planned residential community constructed in the mid-1930s on Mount Washington. Built by a limited dividend corporation, financed by the Buhl Foundation, and designed by the famous New Towns planner, Clarence Stein, Chatham Village was immediately regarded as a model community, setting new standards in site planning and land use.¹⁴ Pittsburgh's workers would have to wait until World War II for Stein to return to design model housing for them.¹⁵

Chatham Village attracted admirers from all over the world. By contrast, no such notoriety surrounded Ohio View Acres and Shalercrest, the two residential communities Stein designed for the Pittsburgh area approximately five years later.¹⁶ This is largely explained by the fact that these projects were constructed to house industrial workers employed by defense contractors. As "defense" projects, they were a particular type of public housing, standing in contrast to low-income public housing like Bedford Dwellings and McKees Rocks Terrace. Ohio View Acres and Shalercrest were built with funding appropriated by Congress under the Lanham Act, also known as the National Defense Housing Act.¹⁷ Signed into law by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in October 1940, this measure authorized the FWA to construct housing projects for defense workers in areas that the president determined to be suffering from acute housing shortages.¹⁸

By mid-1941, both the ACHA and the PHA began to divert their attention and resources away from the construction of new low-in-



Aluminum City Terrace in New Kensington was designed by famous architect Walter Gropius. Comprised of 250 units, it is perhaps the premier example of the suburban ideal sought by the government in locating war projects.

come public housing toward defense projects. The Lanham Act became a practical way for these authorities to obtain federal funds for public housing. This process was repeated in city after city across the nation. As a result, the number of permanent defense housing units climbed steadily, reaching 700,000 by the close of 1945. Although units were built in over 1,000 communities, in nearly every state, most were concentrated in five states. California, home of the aeronautics industry, led the nation in number of units, with Washington second, followed by Virginia, Texas and Pennsylvania.¹⁹

The 32,039 units built in Pennsylvania were located near military installations, ordnance plants, steel mills and major manufacturing plants in Allentown, Bethlehem, Erie, Johnstown, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.²⁰ Projects also were built in smaller communities, including Middletown, Carlisle, Corry, Ellwood City and Williamsport.²¹ The Pittsburgh area had the greatest concentration of defense housing in Pennsylvania.²² By the beginning of 1942, construction had begun on the following projects: Glen Hazel

Heights, Pittsburgh; Munhall Homesteads, Munhall Township; Riverview Homes and Monongahela Heights, Mifflin Township; Dravo Dwellings, Dravosburg; Woodland Terrace and Blair Heights, Clairton; North Braddock Heights, North Braddock; Electric Heights, Turtle Creek; Chartiers Terrace, Scott Township; Ohio View Acres, Stowe Township; Shalercrest, Shaler Township; Sheldon Park, Harrison Township; and Aluminum City Terrace, New Kensington.²³

Projects in the Pittsburgh area were intended as lasting contributions to the housing stock in their respective communities. Federal officials wanted to show that they were not only capable of building economical housing, but also that such housing provided residents with a sense of community and identity. They hoped that these projects would serve as models to guide the course of post-war urban redevelopment. With this in mind, defense housing was built on hilltops in suburban-like settings, in almost every case. Fourteen projects featured a playground and community recreation center where organized activities were

held for both adults and children. Many of these programs, which were run by the tenant councils that financed them, managed to turn a profit. Other services such as visiting dental and medical clinics were provided by Allegheny County or the City of Pittsburgh, depending on the geographical location of the project.²⁴

Although intended to be models for emulation, the 14 projects were not utopian; each had its share of problems. Second quality "victory" building materials had often been substituted for first quality ones.²⁵ Local building codes had not been met, in some instances. Drainage and erosion problems plagued some projects.²⁶ Mine subsidence occurred at Glen Hazel Heights.²⁷ Other projects had limited access to public transportation and shopping facilities. Nevertheless, compared to the temporary structures like trailers, and various stopgap forms of housing for workers in other cities, Pittsburgh fared very well indeed.

Area projects had not been built without opposition. Local governments had resented the intrusion of the federal government into housing market, which they traditionally had partially controlled. Those who profitted the most from the scarcity of decent affordable housing — realtors, builders, bankers and owners of investment rental properties — opposed the projects most strenuously, but other reasons and/or excuses surfaced. Munhall, Pennsylvania, refused to allow the federal government to connect Munhall Homesteads sewers into the borough's lines. As a result, the government had to take legal actions against the borough.²⁸ W.C. Walley, a mayoral candidate in New Kensington in 1941, defeated the incumbent's bid for re-election with his colorful criticism of the modern architecture of Aluminum City Terrace.²⁹ William Stark, a resident of Turtle Creek's Electric

Heights, recalled "when they built this (project), there was a hullabaloo in Turtle Creek; the people didn't particularly want that project here...because it would bring in all kinds of riffraff."³⁰

While city and borough fathers fought the intrusion of the federal government, industrial workers, who found it virtually impossible to find affordable housing anywhere near their jobs, welcomed it. A woman whose husband

worked at the East Pittsburgh Westinghouse Electric Corp. plant recalled that "there simply wasn't enough housing" and that even though the roads and sidewalks at Electric Heights were nothing but mud, she and her husband were "happy" to get an apartment at the project.³¹

Another Electric Heights resident remembered that he was grateful to move into the project so he and his wife could have their

own apartment rather than doubling up with parents.³²

The difficulties that many families encountered in obtaining an apartment at these projects contributed to the apprehension some of them felt over the fate of their homes when the war ended in 1945. The residents worried that they would have to leave their homes in the midst of the post-war housing crisis. Where would they go when hundreds of people re-



■ Aluminum City Terrace, New Kensington, c. 1943.

The North Braddock Civic League, c. 1945, a social and political group organized mainly by the 48 black families who lived in the segregated North Braddock Heights war project, sponsored banquets and dances for about five years at the project's recreation center. According to Edith Simpson (second row, fifth from left), blacks were allotted use of the center generally two nights a week. She and her husband, Rufus, (far right, back row) helped lead the fight to end segregation when residents bought the development under the government's "co-op" rules after the war. The Simpsons moved there shortly after it opened in 1942.



sponded to a single vacancy notice?; newspapers reported that many veterans were willing to move into substandard, condemned dwellings; and still others refused to vacate housing that had already been condemned.³³

In October 1945, the Pittsburgh newspapers reported the announcement anticipated since the end of the war: the federal government planned to sell area defense housing projects. Officials from

the Federal Public Housing Authority pledged to work with local housing officials to dispose of the projects,³⁴ but they faced a number of competing interests among residents, city and county housing officials and others, like local realtors. All hoped to influence the policy-making process.

Among the most vocal were the residents of the projects, few of whom wanted to move until they were ready to do so. Although they had heard talk, during the

war, that the government might sell them their homes, they had not anticipated the opportunity to buy them under the Mutual Home Ownership Plan,³⁵ like workers in Philadelphia, Camden, South Bend and the five other industrial pilot projects.

The residents were not content to sit and wait for news on the fate of their homes. With the assistance of their labor unions, they organized and began to educate themselves on what they would have to

do to buy their homes. Leaders emerged in each project; they did their best to gain the support of residents who were skeptical about the economic feasibility and social desirability of mutual home ownership.

Those interested in the Plan received a great deal of assistance from J. Alfred Wilner, a Pittsburgh attorney who served as the first general counsel to the PHA.³⁶ Wilner first became involved with the sale of the defense housing projects in 1947, when Aluminum City Terrace residents hired him as their counsel to help negotiate the sale of the project to the Aluminum City Terrace Housing Association, which was organized according to the Plan's requirements.³⁷ The example set by Wilner and the Aluminum City residents encouraged reluctant residents at other projects to try mutual home ownership. According to one resident, many people were "afraid they were going to lose their money."³⁸ Between 1947 and 1957, Wilner helped residents at over a half-dozen Pittsburgh projects purchase their homes.

Federal housing could be disposed of in two ways. If local government requested it, through an appeal to Congress, the federal government would transfer the project's title to local government, and it thereby became low-income housing. If this did not occur, the federal government would offer to sell projects to the residents under the Mutual Home Ownership Plan. City and county housing officials sought to obtain much of this housing through title transfers, but they encountered some resistance from borough governments over the desirability of converting these projects into low-income housing. During early 1947, the ACHA made a special effort to convince local governments of the need for their cooperation,³⁹ but housing officials met with little success. Clairton did agree to request the conveyance of

Blair Heights, a project reserved for blacks.

Borough governments gave different reasons why they would not support the ACHA's plan to convert defense into low-income housing. Some claimed that they could not afford to provide municipal services to residents who paid no real estate taxes. Others denied the need for low-income public housing in their community, or opposed conversion because there was no housing available to which many residents — those would not qualify for public housing due to their income level — could relocate. In other cases, borough officials knew of the residents' desire to buy their homes and did not want to interfere with their plans.

Federal housing officials recognized that race had a lot to do with the reluctance of local governments to support conversion of defense housing. In 1955, the Housing and Home Finance Agency's Compliance Division stated that the progress on the disposition program had been interrupted by "local objections to

concentrating racial minorities in special projects."⁴¹ Local governments apparently felt that the conversion of projects into low income housing would attract black families, and thereby upset the local *status quo*.

As early as 1945, the ACHA had acknowledged the possibility that the defense projects could be sold to the residents on a mutual or cooperative basis.⁴² County housing officials agreed that the idea offered a "substantial contribution to the greatest housing problem in Allegheny County, namely the housing of the industrial workers with an income between \$1,200 and \$2,500 a year."⁴³ At that time, however, there was little certainty as to whether Pittsburgh projects would be offered under the terms of the Plan.

The sale of Pittsburgh defense housing was a long and drawn out process. To residents and local officials, it seemed that federal housing officials regularly changed their minds concerning the when and how of defense housing disposition. What many did not realize



■ Community Room, Aluminum City Terrace, New Kensington, c. 1943.



Michael Simpson, 3, on the porch of his parents' home at North Braddock Heights, c. 1949, with birds he nurtured from Easter chicks.

was that behind the scenes in Washington, a power struggle was going on between Congress and federal public housing officials. Congress did not favor conversion of defense housing to low-income public housing; it did everything possible to prevent title transfers and successfully eluded the calls of organized labor, and social interest and religious organizations for the reactivation of the federal public housing program. Rather, Congress wanted these officials to sell the defense housing as rapidly as possible, and preferably to private concerns. At the same time, however, it wanted these same officials to figure out how to use the housing to shelter the families of veterans and servicemen on active duty, while not displacing thousands of industrial workers and their families. In this context, it is hardly sur-

prising that confusion was evident on the local level.

Eventually federal officials hammered out an order of preference for the sale of defense housing. This policy developed between 1947 and 1950 and was incorporated into the Housing Act of 1950, a measure intended to bring about the final disposition of all defense housing. Projects not specifically named in the law as eligible for becoming low-income housing were to be offered for sale as cooperative housing, unless special measures were taken within 60 days of the law's enactment. If residents failed to meet the legal deadlines for sale on a mutual ownership basis, the property was sold on the private market to the highest bidder.

Convinced of the merits of the Plan, federal officials decided to

expand its implementation to include defense projects such as those in the Pittsburgh area which were alike in design and construction. Like residents of the eight pilot projects, the men and women who lived in the Pittsburgh area defense projects were, in most cases, skilled industrial workers and members of unions affiliated with the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO).

The decision to offer Pittsburgh defense housing for mutual home ownership left federal officials open to criticism because this plan was closely associated with organized labor. During this period of anti-union sentiment, it is hardly surprising that the relationship was called into question. Just as labor unions, particularly those associated with the CIO, were thought to harbor communist sympathizers, so were many of the defense housing projects slated for sale. At Philadelphia's Pennypack Woods, one group of residents alleged that another group was full of communist sympathizers and opposed the second group's efforts to purchase the project.⁴⁴

Similar incidents occurred in the Pittsburgh area. Electric Heights resident, Frank Panzio, a Westinghouse electrical worker who was an officer of the United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers of America, was fired from his job when he was called to testify in front of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.⁴⁵ Numerous other union members lived at this project and worked at the East Pittsburgh plant, thought to be a site of communist activities.⁴⁶

While some Pittsburgh residents might have feared that projects such as Electric Heights would become havens for communists if purchased on a mutual ownership basis, others recognized the distinct possibility that they could become Democratic Party strongholds. Thomas Hartland, Chairman of the West Mifflin Borough

Republican Committee, told Housing and Home Finance Agency head Albert Cole that the projects should remain in the public domain because they were already "98% Democratic" and that the sale of the project to the residents would only serve to cement their leftist political leanings.⁴⁷

Similarly, Ann Hausenberger of the Allegheny County Taxpayers' Building and Homeowners Association wrote to Vice President Richard M. Nixon to request that he stop the sale of Munhall Homesteads and other local defense projects to the residents on a mutual ownership basis. Informing the vice president that efforts to rebuild the Republican Party in the county had met with little success, she warned that the sale of the projects as planned would bring about the "defeat of our Republican Party." The residents, she noted, would never be brought back into the republican fold because they would be "obligated" to the democrats who had "controlled their votes for the past twenty years."⁴⁸

Finally an appeal was sent to President Dwight D. Eisenhower to stop the sale of the projects by a Munhall, Pennsylvania, woman who also foresaw dire consequences for the republicans. She informed the president that most of the residents of the projects were democrats who did their best to keep republicans from moving in. As republicans, her family was an exception. However, they were forced to pay for their political sentiments by the other residents who treated them "like lepers because we are Republicans."⁴⁹

The opponents of the Mutual Home Ownership Plan promoted anti-labor sentiments, fear of communism, and anxiety over racial integration in an attempt to prevent residents of the projects from realizing their goals. Yet, they were unable to stop the residents of the projects listed in the following table.⁵⁰

Returning from the New Hope Baptist Church in Braddock, c. 1951, Edith Simpson snapped a shot of the family on the walkway near their home. Her husband was 37 here, Gail was 9, Michael 12, and Douglas 5. Rufus Simpson, now 75, worked for 34 years at Westinghouse Electric's East Pittsburgh plant, mostly as a heavy equipment operator. Edith Simpson, 73, held various office jobs, finishing her career with 24 years as an officer for the Internal Revenue Service in Pittsburgh.



Pittsburgh Area Defense Housing Projects Converted to Cooperative, 1949-1955

NAME	LOCATION	# OF UNITS
Aluminum City Terrace	New Kensington	250
Chartiers Terrace	Carnegie	200
Dravosburg Dwellings	Dravosburg	250
Electric Heights	Turtle Creek	600
Munhall Terrace	Munhall	397
North Braddock Heights	North Braddock	200
Riverview Homes	West Mifflin	450
Shalercrest	Shaler Township	248
		2,595

Source: Eastern Housing Cooperative Organization, Summary of Characteristics of Member Cooperatives. Copy in possession of author. See footnote 1 for more detail.



The Fish family moved to North Braddock Heights in 1942. Leonard Fish, here with two of his children, Annette, 8, and Leonard Jr., 6, was a war industry worker. Original residents of the project, shown in the background, Leonard and Catherine Fish raised four children there, changing homes twice; Mr. Fish recently passed away; Mrs. Fish still lives in North Braddock Heights.

Today it is evident that the residents' faith in the economic and social practicality of mutual home ownership was well-placed. Federal housing officials such as Lawrence Westbrook and those who shared in this faith also deserve recognition for their foresight and willingness to experiment with new solutions to a persistent problem. They saw in World War II defense housing programs a means for expanding a model housing program to serve the interest of families who neither qualified for low-income public housing nor could afford to purchase a home. This small success story stands in ironic contrast within the history of defense housing, traditionally depicted as a failure.⁵¹ ■

¹ *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 26 June 1955. Of the 14 projects sold by that time, eight went to residents in cooperative ownership associations; the other six were either sold to real estate investors or converted to locally run low-income housing. The two projects sold after that date went to private investors.

² *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 4 Sept. 1941.

³ U.S. Congress, House of Representatives, Rep. Schafer speaking for an amendment to the Lanham Act, House Res. 10412, 76th Cong., 3rd Sess.,

Congressional Record, 86: 11890.

⁴ Elsie Danenberg, *Get Your Home the Cooperative Way* (New York: 1949), 153-58.

⁵ Phillip Funigiello, *The Challenge to Urban Liberalism: Federal-City Relations During World War II* (Knoxville: 1978), 80-119.

⁶ See for example, Paul U. Kellogg, "Pittsburgh—Community and Workshop," *Wage Earning Pittsburgh*, Paul U. Kellogg, ed., 6 vols. (New York: 1914).

⁷ See "Housing in Pittsburgh," *The Survey* (magazine) 41 (15 March 1919), 867.

⁸ M. Nelson McGeary, *The Pittsburgh Housing Authority*, The Pennsylvania State College Series, No. 14 (State College: 1943), 6.

⁹ *Ibid.* See also, Allegheny County Housing Authority, *Victory on the Homes Front: A Report and a Blueprint, 1938-1944* (Pittsburgh: n.d.). (Hereafter, *Victory on the Homes Front*)

¹⁰ "Community Contrasts in Housing Millworkers," Part I: "A Soho Hillside," by Abraham Oseroff, and Part II: "Midland," by W.C. Rice, *The Survey* 33 (12 Dec. 1914), 293-97.

¹¹ Kellogg, "Pittsburgh—Community and Workshop," insert on p. 14.

¹² "Building Houses on Pittsburgh's Hillside," *The Survey* 33 (10 March 1914), 42; John Ihlder, "Homes on Pittsburgh Hillside," *The Survey* 27 (13 Jan. 1912), 1,570.

¹³ McGeary, *The Pittsburgh Housing Authority*, 6. The Pittsburgh Housing Association's wartime publications include: *Housing In Pittsburgh: A Summary of Activities* (Pittsburgh: 1941); *Housing in Wartime Pittsburgh: A Summary of Activities, 1942-43* (Pittsburgh: 1943); *Housing in Wartime Pittsburgh: A Summary of Activities, 1943-45* (Pittsburgh: 1945). See also Robert K. Brown, *Public Housing in Action: The Record of Pittsburgh* (Pittsburgh: 1959), 19-30.

¹⁴ Charles F. Lewis, "Foundation to Make Housing Demonstration," *American City* 45 (Nov. 1931), 115; Lewis, "Buhl Foundation Builds a Second Unit of Chatham Village," *American City* 50 (Sept. 1935), 81-82.

¹⁵ Clarence Stein, *Towards New Towns for America* (New York: 1957), 75-86.

¹⁶ Shalercrest was compared to Walter Gropius and Marcel Breuer's Aluminum City Terrace in "Defense Houses

at Shaler Township," *Architectural Forum* 75 (Oct. 1941), 232-33.

¹⁷ Public Law 849, 76th Congress, 3rd Session.

¹⁸ For a discussion of the effect of World War II on federal housing policy, see, Gwendolyn Wright, *Building the Dream: A Social History of Housing in America* (New York: 1974), 242; Kenneth T. Jackson, *Crabgrass Frontier: The Suburbanization of the United States* (New York: 1985), 240-41; Lawrence M. Friedman, *Government and Slum Housing: A Century of*

Frustration (Chicago: 1968), 116, and Allan R. Hayes, *The Federal Government and Urban Housing Ideology and Change in Public Policy* (Albany: 1985), 82.

¹⁹ National Housing Agency, *Second Annual Report for 1943* (Washington D.C.: 1944), Table 2, 97b.

²⁰ See *Erie Daily Times*, 15 July 1942; *Allentown Chronicle*, 14 Jan. 1943, and *Philadelphia Record*, 11 March 1943.

²¹ *Sharon Herald*, 18 April 1942.

²² *Pittsburgh Press*, 27 March 1942.

²³ Federal Works Agency, *Guide to FWA Defense Housing Projects in and Near Pittsburgh* (Washington, D.C.: 1942), Pennsylvania State Library, Harrisburg, Pa.

²⁴ *Victory on the Home Front*.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

²⁶ *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 19 Oct. 1943.

²⁷ "Left-hand Sockets; Anti-bulb Snatching Device in Pittsburgh Defense Housing Backfires, Other Bungles Worry Tenants," *Business Week*, 3 Oct. 1942, 56.



Through a camera angle unusual for the day, c. 1943, the photographer of this scene around a playground sprinkler at Aluminum City Terrace in New Kensington caught the importance of community life to war housing residents.

²⁸ Charles Abrams, *The Future of Housing* (New York: 1946), 300.

²⁹ "Aluminum City Terrace Housing," *Architectural Forum* 81 (1944), 76.

³⁰ Eugene Levy and Kristin S. Bailey, interview with William Stark, 24 July 1986, Turtle Creek, Pa., Turtle Creek Valley Social History Project, Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh (hereafter TCVSHP).

³² Levy and Bailey, interview with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Bush, 22 July 1986, TCVSHP.

³³ *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegram*, 28 April 1946. For more on the veterans' housing situation, see: *Pittsburgh Press*, 21 Oct. 1945; *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 16 Sept. 1945; *Pittsburgh Press*, 4 Feb. 1946; and *Pittsburgh Press*, 10 May 1946.

³⁴ *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 4 Oct. 1945.

³⁵ Pittsburgh workers could follow the progress of the FWA's Mutual Ownership Defense Housing Division's eight pilot projects in the *CIO News*. For example see, "Shipyard Union gets Housing Projects in Two Cities; Defeats Tory Real Estate Groups," *CIO News*, 9 Dec. 1940, and Henry C. Fleisher, "CIO Group asks U.S. to Extend Mutual Project Plan," *CIO News*, 21 April 1941.

³⁶ McGeary, *Pittsburgh Housing Authority*, 8.

³⁷ *New Kensington Dispatch*, 17 March 1948; *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 8 March 1948; and *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 17 March 1948. See also, "Memo to All Public Housing Administration Regional Directors" from Bernard L. Grove, General Counsel, Legislative Branch, Public Housing Administration (Washington, D.C.), 27 Sept. 1948, National Archives, Washington, D.C., RG 207, Box 778.

³⁸ Stark interview.

³⁹ Allegheny County Housing Authority, "Minutes of Meetings of Board of Directors," Minutebook No. 2, 30 Jan. 1947, 221; "Minutes of Meetings of Board of Directors," Minutebook No. 2, 21 Feb. 1947, 224-225. See also, "Allegheny County Local Housing Authority to Ask to Purchase War Housing," *Journal of Housing* 4, No. 2

(Feb. 1947), 28.

⁴⁰ For example, see: City of Clairton, Resolution 1081, 27 June 1950, copy located at National Archives, RG 207, Box 438A.

⁴¹ Office of the Director, Division of Compliance, Housing and Home Finance Agency, (Report of Office of the Director), Oct. 1955, National Archives, RG 207, 782.

⁴² *Victory on the Homes Front*.

⁴³ *Ibid.*

⁴⁴ Letter to Michael J. Galvin, Undersecretary of Labor, from Mrs. Joseph H. Moore, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., 25 June 1952, National Archives, RG 207, Box 483A. See also *Philadelphia Daily News*, 16 June 1952; 20 June 1952; 21 June 1952; 23 June 1952; 24 June 1952 and 25 June 1952.

⁴⁵ Panzio was represented by J. Alfred Wilner's brother and law partner, Arnold D. Wilner. For information on Panzio's appeal, see: *Turtle Creek Independent*, 17 April 1958 and 6 April 1960.

⁴⁶ The best discussion of this issue is found in Ronald W. Schatz, *The Electrical Workers at General Electric and Westinghouse* (Urbana: 1983), 199-

204.

⁴⁷ Thomas Hartland, Chairman, West Mifflin Borough Republican Committee, to Albert Cole, Administrator, Housing and Home Finance Agency (West Mifflin, Pa.), 24 June 1953, National Archives, RG 207, Box 483A.

⁴⁸ Ann Hausenberger, Allegheny County Taxpayers' Building and Homeowners Association, to Richard M. Nixon, West Mifflin, Pa., 30 Jan. 1950, National Archives, RG 207, Box 483A.

⁴⁹ Mrs. John Smith to Dwight D. Eisenhower, Munhall, Pa., 22 April 1953, National Archives, RG 207, Box 483A.

⁵⁰ The residents of Glen Hazel Heights were unsuccessful in attempts to buy the project under the Mutual Home Ownership Plan, and it was converted into a low-income housing project by the Pittsburgh Housing Authority. See National Archives, RG 207, Box 483A.

⁵¹ *Federal Housing Policy and Programs: Past and Present* (New Brunswick, N.J.: 1985), 194; Francis Walton, *The Miracle of World War II: How American Industry Made Victory Possible*, 65-66; and Abrams, 256.



■ Aluminum City Terrace, New Kensington, c. 1943.

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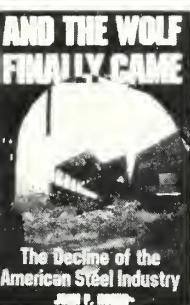
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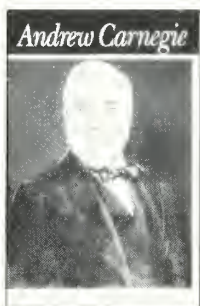
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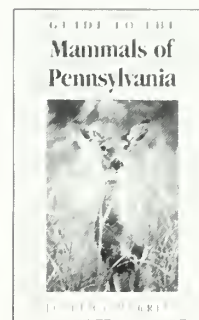
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A Tour of the Future at the Regional History Center

By John A. Herbst
Executive Director

At a press conference November 29, 1989, the Society announced the selection of the former Chautauqua Ice Company building as the location for the new Pittsburgh Regional History Center. This long-awaited news follows a number of years of careful planning by our institution and the Committee on Pittsburgh Archaeology and History to create a history museum and research center for the area which will serve as the Society's headquarters. The selection of this building comes after a report by the Ehrenkrantz Group and Eckstut, which surveyed the buildings that had been considered adaptable to the Society's needs based on our Preliminary Plan developed in 1987. This fall we obtained a two-year purchase option on the building we considered to be the best for our purpose.

This brief article will whet your appetite for this major addition to Pittsburgh's cultural resources and tourist attractions. Although much more planning and refinement, community input, and data gathering will need to take place, a vision can be shared with you about what a walk through the Pittsburgh Regional History Center will be like.

The Chautauqua Ice Company began erecting the 160,000-square-foot building in the late 1870s. The builder was concerned primarily with function, so the building has a minimum of architectural details, thereby allowing for our reorganization of the space. What detail does remain conveys an evocative sense of the past. The History Center, in occupying this

space, will span both the Golden Triangle with its central business area and Cultural District, and the Strip District, certainly one of Pittsburgh's most exciting mixes of shops and culture.

Visitors will enter the History Center on Smallman Street between 12th and 13th streets, through giant doors originally designed for loading ice onto wagons, and will find themselves in a grand, two-story cavernous lobby lit by the multi-powered arched doorway transoms. Brick vaulted ceilings and exposed steel beams remind one of the building's vintage, and the old rail spur sunk by the Ice Company has become the route of an 1890s streetcar in the lobby.

There will be areas for orientation and other visitor services, such as a comprehensive book and gift shop, restrooms and club room. Information will be provided for other area attractions, especially for other regional historical sites associated in various ways with the History Center. A 300-seat theater will be used for special programs, films, lectures, live theater and workshops. During regular hours visitors will stop to view a brief film introducing them to the history of Pittsburgh and the Western Pennsylvania region.

Exhibit galleries on the upper floors will feature a variety of permanent and changing exhibits. Here the visitor will enjoy a look at the social, industrial and ethnic history of the region. The central permanent exhibit will attempt to present and explore the "legends" of Pittsburgh — Iron City, City of Nations, and in so doing, distill for

the visitor "What makes Pittsburgh so unique!"

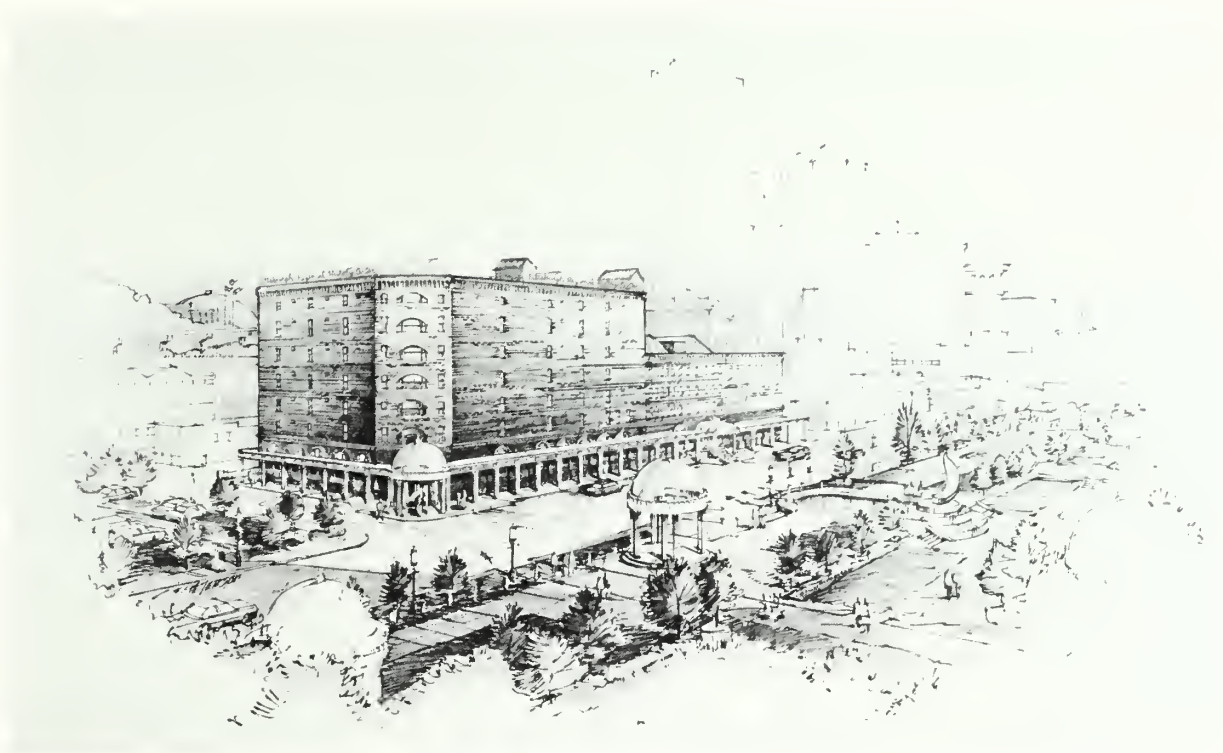
These exhibits will present some of the historical treasures housed in the Center. The visitor will hear the sounds of industry or find himself face-to-face with an immigrant of the early 1890s. Dramatic live presentations will help to bring these distant experiences to life.

The Society will provide hands-on activities for children, and present locally made, beautifully crafted, decorative and fine arts of wide appeal. Guided tours, especially those geared to school groups and senior citizens, will present material tailored to the learning needs of each group.

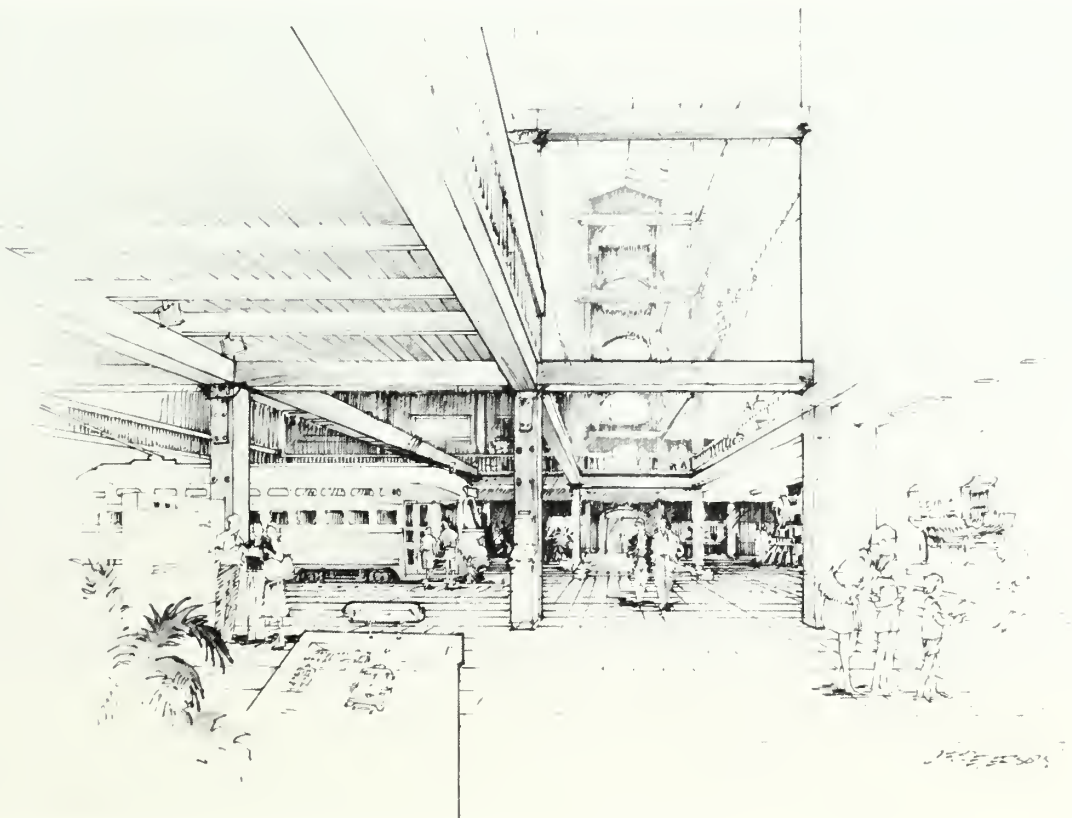
An attractive, thoroughly modern library and archives will enable every visitor to be his own historian; computers and a helpful staff will guide the researcher, whether student, scholar or genealogist. In fact, family history will be well-served by the associated office of the Genealogical Society, located within the library and archives.

With classrooms for continuing education, special events rooms for reception and group meetings, and food services for a variety of needs, the Pittsburgh Regional History Center will be a multi-purpose facility for expressing the collective memory of an area and understanding what we as a region have to offer.

I hope that this brief excursion has helped you to "see" a bit more clearly what the new Center is all about. I anticipate that the reality of the experience will be far more exciting than this description. ■



An artist's rendering of the History Center on Smallman Street.



An artist's rendering of the main lobby.



Monongahela Cemetery, Braddock Hills



THESE photographs, taken in cemeteries of the Pittsburgh region, reflect the distinctive social heritage of industrial America. Here lie many of those tens of thousands of immigrants from central, eastern and southern Europe who, beginning in the 1880s, came to work in Pittsburgh's industrial valleys until war in 1914 interrupted one of the largest migrations in modern history. Their story is not unique to Pittsburgh; it was repeated with changes of detail in scores of cities and towns in what we now denigrate as America's "rust belt."

These immigrants came with little, and many of them died with little more than

that provided plenty of cheap land. Soon new cemeteries, such as St. Nicholas in the hills above Millvale, St Joseph in North Versailles and the Workmen's Circle Cemetery in Reserve Township, spread across the landscape with rows of stones in languages — Croatian, Polish, Hebrew — strange to most Americans.

Walking along the rows I realized it was, in the eloquent phrasing of Wright Morris, "their pastness that I wanted to salvage." We respond immediately to the headstones and markers, but with a little effort we can also see a range of messages offered by such as the flowers (real and plastic) and even by the ever present van-

The First Generation

By Eugene Levy

with what they came. In those first decades of the twentieth century they were often buried in the obscure back lots of established cemeteries whose more desirable sections had already been claimed by better off "old" Americans of English, German or Irish descent. Walk the paths, for example, of Monongahela Cemetery in Braddock Hills or Calvary Cemetery in Greenfield. There, as you move up, or in the case of the latter, over the steep slopes, you will walk along a time line, with dates etched in stone, marking the successive waves of migrants to the Pittsburgh region. Before long, however, many newly formed ethnic churches, synagogues and fraternal groups sought their own land as a final resting place for their members. The Pittsburgh landscape led these groups to remote hilltops and steep slopes, terrain

that provided plenty of cheap land. Soon new cemeteries, such as St. Nicholas in the hills above Millvale, St Joseph in North Versailles and the Workmen's Circle Cemetery in Reserve Township, spread across the landscape with rows of stones in languages — Croatian, Polish, Hebrew — strange to most Americans. Walking along the rows I realized it was, in the eloquent phrasing of Wright Morris, "their pastness that I wanted to salvage." We respond immediately to the headstones and markers, but with a little effort we can also see a range of messages offered by such as the flowers (real and plastic) and even by the ever present van-

dalism. Poverty and harsh working conditions in the mills and mines produced homemade markers that, for all their simplicity, even crudity, evoke deep emotions in the viewer. Some messages look back to traditions carried over from a distant homeland: a first generation immigrant asks in Slovak for God's blessing, her photograph, a central European custom, carefully centered on a now worn stone; nearby, a vandalized triple cross marks the grave of an eastern rite Catholic. A different message declares a New World identity: an epitaph in English; a Memorial Day American flag fluttering over the grave of an Italian-surnamed veteran. Still other messages are unintended results of time's passage: the weathering away of names and dates; the neglect produced by a mobile society's scattering of friends and relatives. These scenes should be remembered, for they speak of the immigrant generation's hardships, of struggles between the new and the old, and of valiant but sometimes ineffective efforts of the living to commemorate the dead. ■

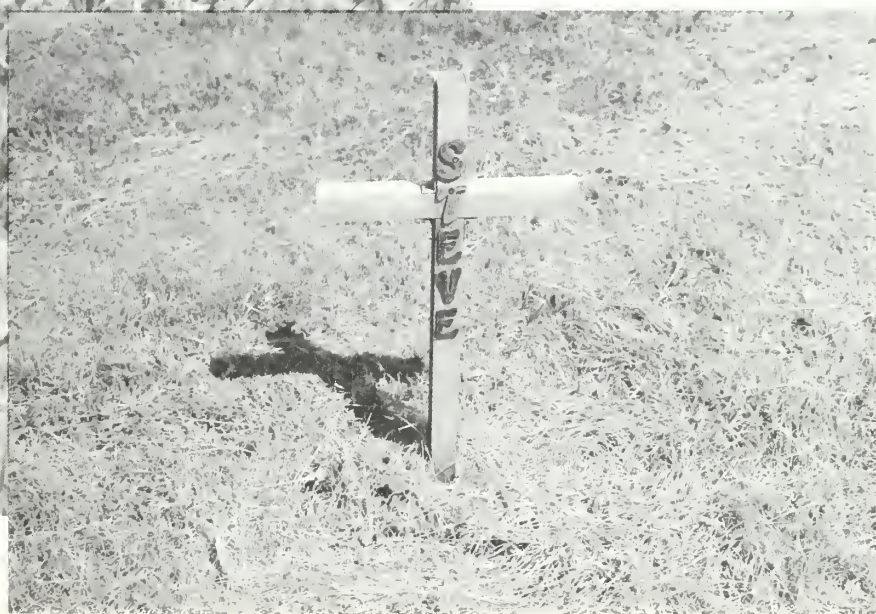
Eugene Levy is a Professor of History at Carnegie Mellon University. He last wrote for *Pittsburgh History* in Fall 1989 — as a co-author, with David Demarest — about a former zinc manufacturing site at Langeloth, Pa.



Workmen's Circle Cemetery, Reserve Township



Monongahela Cemetery, Braddock Hills

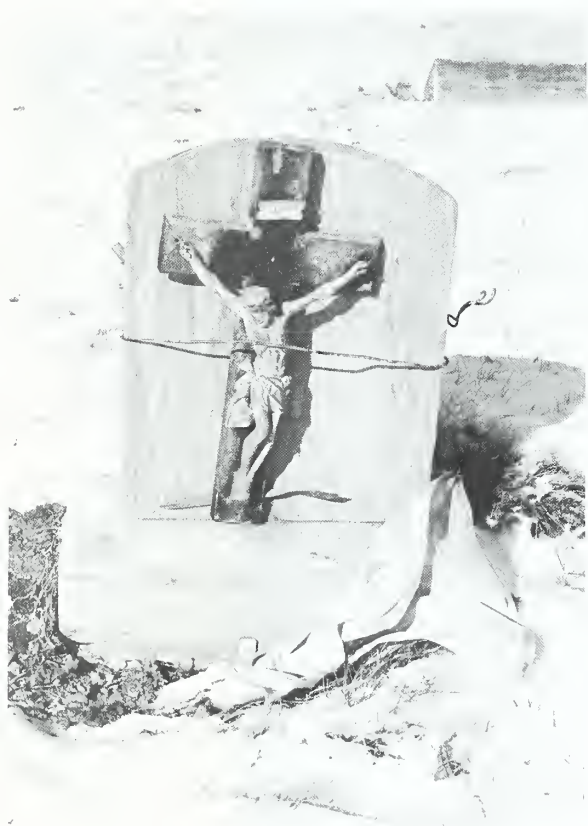


St. Stanislaus Cemetery, Shaler Township

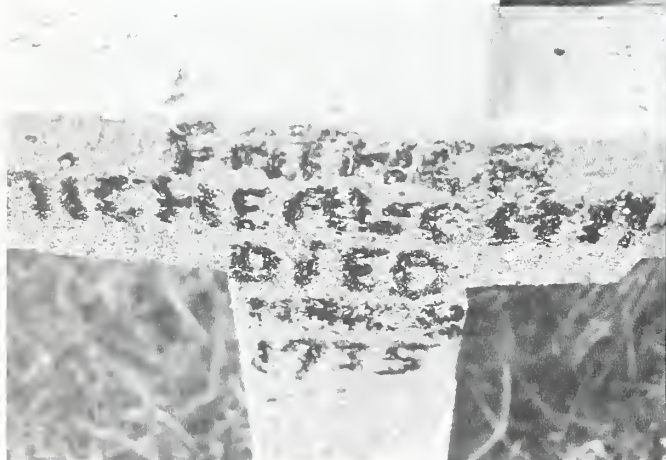
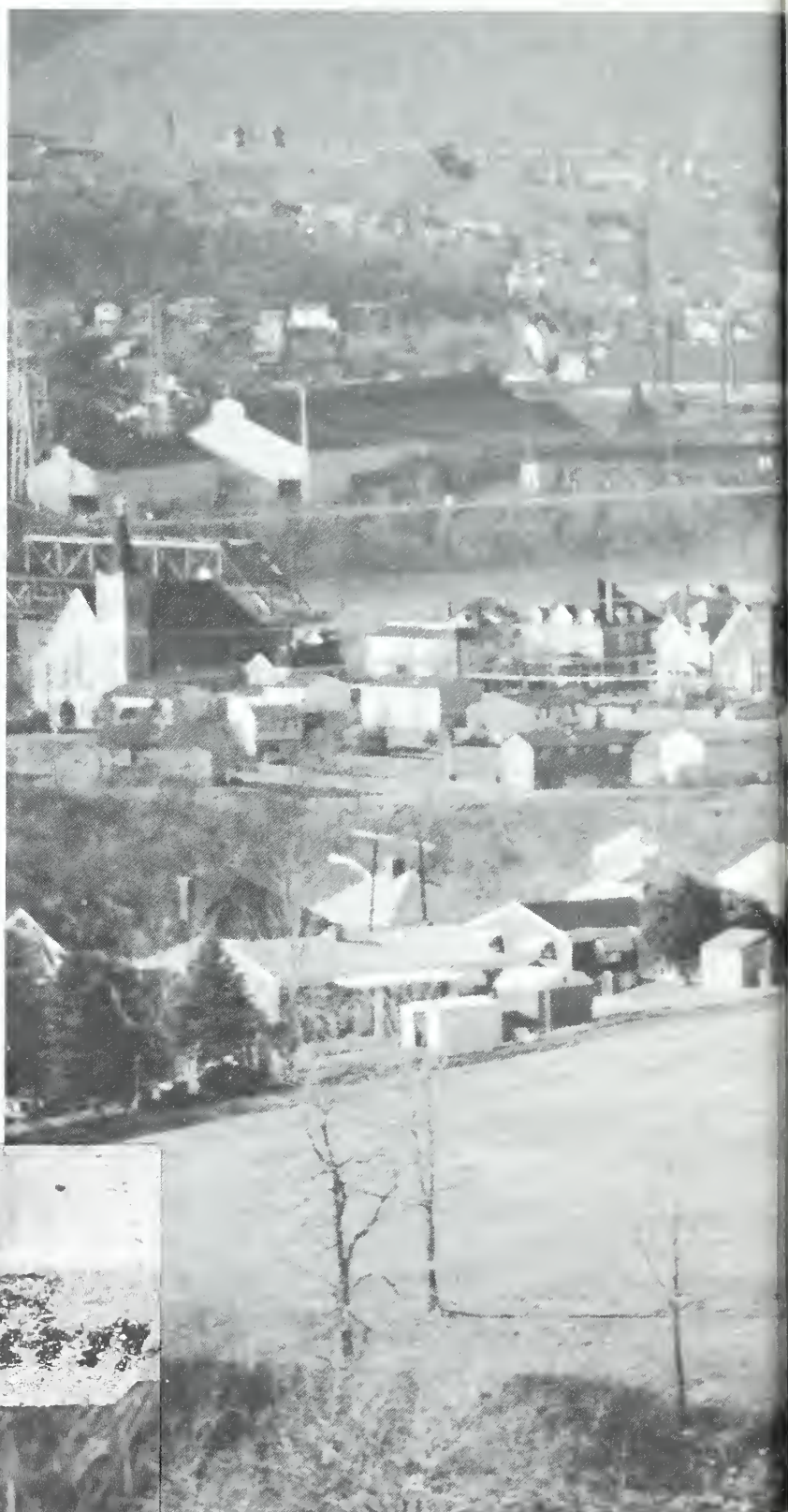


St. Petka Cemetery, Johnstown





Calvary Cemetery, Pittsburgh



Calvary Cemetery, Pittsburgh



Monongahela Cemetery, Braddock Hills



Monongahela Cemetery, Braddock Hills

The Progressive Origins of Housing Reform

By John F. Bauman

Making Better Citizens: Housing Reform and the Community Development Strategy in Cincinnati, 1890-1960

By Robert B. Fairbanks

Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1988. Pp. 243. Bibliographic note, index, maps. \$24.95

WHILE Washington, D.C. policymakers in the 1970s and 1980s scorned public housing and other vestiges of Progressive era housing reform, scholars began viewing these unloved artifacts of the mid-twentieth century as rich terrain for historical inquiry. Studies such as Fairbanks's, despite falling chronologically short of the recently scandalous Department of Housing and Urban Development era, afford insight into the ongoing dilemma of federal housing policy. Rather than concentrating on this important and timely issue, however, this review will emphasize the pertinent fact that, despite its focus on Cincinnati, Fairbanks's study can also afford insight into the history of Pittsburgh housing reform. Here, the linkage exists in twentieth century modernization that is in the Progressive origins of

housing reform, especially the movement's obsession with professionalization, efficiency, and bureaucratic means.

In his history of progressivism and housing reform, Roy Lubove traced the evolution of Progressive housing thought to the nineteenth century crusade against the tenement house. Lubove highlighted in particular the role of New York City's Lawrence Veiller, who not only wrote Gotham's 1901 Tenement House law, but in 1910 founded the National Housing Association, which led the battle to abolish tenements nationwide.¹ As undisputed dean of American "housers," Veiller schooled in housing not only Cincinnati's Bleecker Marquette and Philadelphia's Bernard Newman, but also John Ihlder, first field secretary of the National Housing Association, and the first executive secretary of the fledgling Pittsburgh Housing Association, founded in 1928.²

A deeper significance underlies the conjunction of these names, Veiller, Marquette, Newman and Ihlder. Progressivism reflected not only the professional values of housing experts trained in the sanitary sciences but also a belief that housing was a national cause transcending a particular geography, or the social, political and economic peculiarities of a given city. Housing reformers saw themselves as cosmopolites. They communicated with each other regularly and voiced familiarity with the housing problems and experiences of numerous cities in Amer-

ica and abroad. By 1930 the community of housers had been considerably expanded to include people like Edith Elmer Wood, Lewis Mumford, Henry Wright and Catherine Bauer, all deeply influenced by the English garden city movement and by Europe's flirtation during the 1920s with socialistic housing schemes.³ It is understandable, then, that when American housers declared a national crisis at the President's Conference on Housing and Homebuilding, convened by Herbert Hoover in 1931, many—but not including Veiller, Marquette, Newman and Ihlder—demanded federal involvement to overcome the nation's critical shortage of decent, affordable housing for the growing population of low income families.⁴

In *Making Better Citizens*, Fairbanks looks at one city where, like Philadelphia and New York, housing reform had rooted itself early. He especially focuses on the community development strategy implicit in Progressive housing reform. Early in the twentieth century Cincinnati's Chamber of Commerce, and the Better Housing League, which the Chamber helped launch, undertook to outlaw tenement housing in the city's notorious Basin area. During the 1920s Cincinnati housers helped develop Mariemont, a model, limited-dividend housing community, and in the 1930s they spearheaded the building of Laurel Homes, a federal housing project undertaken by Harold Ickes's Public Works Administration. Fair-

John F. Bauman, Professor of History and Urban Studies at California University of Pennsylvania, has authored numerous works in urban history. His most recent book is *Public Housing, Race and Renewal: Urban Planning in Philadelphia 1920-1974* (Philadelphia: 1987).

banks concludes by discussing post-war urban redevelopment, which he correctly sees as a significant departure from the community development strategy.

The author argues that from the 1890s till the 1950s Cincinnati housers emphasized community development as the primary goal of housing reform. Whether waging war on the city's fetid Basin slums or promoting metropolitan-wide housing plans such as Mariemont, these reformers, Fairbanks contends, sought to socially engineer good neighborhoods that would positively affect human behavior. This belief in the salutary effect of good school-centered neighborhoods was at the core of Progressive environmentalism popularized early by New York's Jacob Riis, Elgin R.L. Gould, and Carol Arnovici, and later by Marquette, Wright, Perry and other housers. These ideas, as Fairbanks notes, were given firm social scientific underpinning by such Chicago School social scientists as Robert Park, Ernest Burgess and Roderick McKenzie.⁵ During the 1920s Cincinnati housers mortared their beliefs about the normative function of good housing and good neighborhoods into the community development design of such places as Mariemont. In Pittsburgh, housers incorporated modern housing principles into Chatham Village, a celebrated limited-dividend housing development on Mt. Washington undertaken by the Buhl Foundation.⁶

In characterizing Cincinnati's housing movement in the 1920s, Fairbanks notes — but almost in passing — the more prosaic role of the Better Housing League (BHL) in enforcing the city's housing code, counting the number of tenement demolitions, and tabulating housing vacancies and housing starts. Pittsburgh's Ihlder was a dedicated enforcer of the steel city's housing code.⁷ Fairbanks emphasizes more the BHL's role

in promoting regional housing schemes. In fact, the author finds the BHL during the 1920s turning its back on the slums. According to Fairbanks, after World War I housers and social scientists increasingly discounted the power of heterogeneous — albeit reconstructed — urban neighborhoods to build good citizens. Clarence

‘Housers’ incorporated modern housing principles into Chatham Village.

Perry, the architect of the neighborhood unit idea, argued that effective modern communities must be spacious, self-contained, and above all, homogeneous, rather than socially and ethnically diverse. Not surprisingly, the modern housers of the 1920s envisioned this “housing for the machine age,” as Perry called it, constructed on vacant land located on the urban periphery — suburbia, if you will.⁸

At the same time housers, including Marquette, as Fairbanks observes, broadened their perspective to encompass the whole metropolitan region. In New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, as in Cincinnati, the private homebuilding industry boomed during the flapper era. Historians of modern suburbanization such as Kenneth Jackson have observed that much of this homebuilding in the 1920s consisted of the in-filling or extension of early twentieth century streetcar suburbs — Pittsburgh's Mt. Lebanon, for example.⁹ Slums, reasoned the housers, would disappear as better housing filtered from the middle class to the poor. However, reformers still bemoaned the fact that new private dwellings were priced well beyond the reach

of the working class.¹⁰ Therefore, in the 1920s, the housing problem of the low-paid factory worker, the begrimed mechanic and his family, most preoccupied housers of all stripes, from Bleecker Marquette and Bernard Newman to Edith Elmer Wood, Robert Kohn, Clarence Perry and Catherine Bauer. Moreover, it was the houser's conviction that social order hinged on the working class being safely and sanitarily housed in well-designed community developments. It was this same concern that compelled Marquette to favor such limited dividend housing ventures as Mariemont, Ohio, Radburn, New Jersey and Chatham Village, Pennsylvania. However, to Marquette's chagrin, none of these limited-dividend plans supplied housing affordable to the typical working man.¹¹

The Great Depression transformed this concern about working class housing and community development into a crusade for government involvement. Some of Fairbanks's strongest chapters examine the birth of public housing in Cincinnati. Like so many recent historians writing about the 1930s, he stresses that despite centralizing tendencies, the New Deal besought local input. Cincinnati's Metropolitan Housing Authority, like Philadelphia's Advisory Committee on Housing (later the Philadelphia Housing Authority), and Pittsburgh's Housing Authority, fully participated in the public housing decision-making process; therefore, local policy reflected a mixture of modern housing ideology and provincial socio-economic and racial biases.¹² Cincinnati's Laurel Homes, for example, epitomized modern housing principles in both design and management. Strict tenant admission and retention standards assured homogeneity. Only model families were admitted, and pets, gambling and home enterprises were proscribed. Pittsburgh's Terrace Village project,

located in the Hill District, not only forbade pets and gambling, but also cooking cabbage.¹³

It was in the area of racial policy, as Fairbanks makes clear, that local bias intruded most blatantly. Fairbanks positions the race issue where it properly belongs — near the heart of the housing conundrum. Although Fairbanks applauds the Cincinnati Housing Authority for its assimilationist goals (Philadelphia and Pittsburgh authorities had similar ideals during and after World War II), in the end, all three authorities produced segregated public housing. Blacks and whites lived together at Cincinnati's Laurel Homes and in Pittsburgh's Terrace Village; but they lived in separate buildings, with separate recreation areas.¹⁴

Racism particularly dictated where public housing projects were to be built. Blacks were the most wretchedly housed population in Cincinnati, as they were in Pittsburgh and elsewhere, and they suffered disproportionately from depression era slum demolition projects. However, local neighborhoods, where inexpensive vacant land existed, barred low-cost housing for blacks. Therefore, black projects whose names themselves (Lincoln Homes in Cincinnati, Richard Allen in Philadelphia, Ida Wells Barnett in Chicago and Frederick Douglas in Baltimore) offered egregious testimony to the project's segregationist purpose, sat on slum-cleared land. Fairbanks emphasizes that Cincinnati's World War II defense and war housing was not only segregated, but conspicuously failed to address black housing needs. An excellent recent article in this journal about the war time housing experience in Homestead makes a similar point about black housing needs there.¹⁵

Fairbanks concludes his study by looking at post-World War II housing reform in Cincinnati. Here again his points are echoed by the experiences of Philadelphia, Pitts-

burgh, Chicago and other northern "rust belt" cities, where by 1950 a combination of industrial decline, highway building, "ghettoization" and suburbanization had already girdled the central city with a belt of black slums. While Fairbanks finds less evidence of a downtown oriented pro-growth coalition in Cincinnati than historian Arnold Hirsch found in Chicago, strong parallels do exist with the experience of other cities, including Pittsburgh: individualism replaced community as the ideological underpinning of housing policy, and downtown renaissance supplanted both regionalism and low-income housing needs as the focus of planning.¹⁶

Fairbanks's study of the housing movement in Cincinnati is richly documented local history. While it downplays the critical national context of the Progress-

Fairbanks's study of the housing movement in Cincinnati is richly documented local history.

sive housing movement, the New Deal and post-war redevelopment, it rightfully stresses the important role of local participation in the shaping of modern housing policy. The author has provided an extremely useful analytical scaffolding for examining this local dimension in the housing movement. He reveals that while this movement was led by housing cosmopolites who subscribed to national housing goals, it thrived, nevertheless, on local initiative. Moreover, as the black housing imbroglio in Cincinnati and else-

where illustrates, it also mirrored the depth of entrenched social and racial bias. This is an important book, and a useful model for the yet unwritten definitive study of housing reform in Pittsburgh. It also, as noted earlier, provides a vantage point from which to better understand the dilemma of contemporary low-income housing policy. ■

¹ On Progressivism and the housing movement see Roy Lubove, *The Progressives and the Slums: Tenement House Reform in New York City 1890-1917* (Pittsburgh: 1962); also, John F. Bauman, "Disinfecting the Industrial City: The Philadelphia Housing Commission and Scientific Efficiency, 1909-1916," *The Age of Urban Reform: New Perspectives on the Progressive Era*, Michael Ebner and Eugene Tobin, eds. (New York: 1977), 117-130.

² On Veiller, see Lubove, *Progressives and the Slums*, 117-184; on John Ihlder in Pittsburgh, see Lubove, *Twentieth Century Pittsburgh: Government, Business and Environmental Change* (New York: 1969), 65-68.

³ For an excellent brief but insightful discussion of the progressive mind, see Arthur S. Link and Richard L. McCormick, *Progressivism* (Arlington Heights, Ill.: 1983); on housers, see Allen Davis, *Spearheads of Reform: The Social Settlement Movement, 1890-1914* (New York), 66-70, and Gwendolyn Wright, *Moralism and the Modern Home* (Chicago: 1980), 108, 170, 225; on Wood, Bauer and Wright, see Daniel Schaffer, *Garden Cities for America: The Radburn Experience*, (Philadelphia: 1982).

⁴ On President's Conference, see John F. Bauman, *Public Housing, Race and Renewal: Urban Planning in Philadelphia, 1920-1974* (Philadelphia: 1987), 20.

⁵ For an excellent discussion of the "neighborhood unit" idea, see Howard Gillette, "The Evolution of Neighborhood Planning: From the Progressive Era to the 1949 Housing Act," *Journal of Urban History* 9 (August 1983), 421-445.

⁶ Lubove discusses Chatham Village in his *Twentieth Century Pittsburgh*, 7-82.

⁷ See Bauman, *Public Housing, Race*

and Renewal, 14; and Lubove, *Twentieth Century Pittsburgh*, 66.

⁸ Gillette, "The Evolution of Neighborhood Planning."

⁹ On suburbanization in the 1920s, see Kenneth Jackson, *Crabgrass Frontier: The Suburbanization of the United States* (New York: 1985), 172-190.

¹⁰ On "filtering" middle-class housing to the poor and the failure of the process in the 1920s, see Anthony Jackson, *A Place Called Home: A History of Low-Cost Housing in Manhattan* (Cambridge: 1976), 136-158.

¹¹ See Wright, *Building the Dream: A Social History of American Housing* (New York: 1981), 193-215.

¹² For the story of the New Deal and the origins of public housing in Philadelphia and New York, see Bauman, *Public Housing, Race and Renewal*, 22-79; and Peter Marcuse, "The Beginnings of Public Housing in New York," *Journal of Urban History* 12 (August 1986), 353-391.

¹³ Franklin Toker, *Pittsburgh: An Urban Portrait* (Pittsburgh: 1986), 240.

¹⁴ Little has been written about Pittsburgh's public housing. Although Terrace Village was built originally for black and white occupancy, nevertheless, like Cincinnati's Laurel Homes, it was in reality divided into a black section and a white section. The twentieth century pattern in Pittsburgh, as in Philadelphia, Chicago and other large cities, was for the black community to become increasingly ghettoized; see John Bodnar, Roger Simon and Michael Weber, *Lives of Their Own: Blacks, Italians and Poles in Pittsburgh, 1900-1960* (Urbana: 1982), 207-233.

¹⁵ Curtis Miner and Paul Roberts, "Engineering an Industrial Diaspora: Homestead, 1941," *Pittsburgh History* 72 (Winter 1989), 4-26.

¹⁶ On Chicago, see Arnold Hirsch, *Making the Second Ghetto: Race and Housing in Chicago, 1940-1960* (Cambridge: 1983); on Pittsburgh, see Lubove, *Twentieth Century Pittsburgh*, and Robert Alberts, *The Shaping of the Point: Pittsburgh's Renaissance Park* (Pittsburgh: 1980).

A Perfect Bable of Confusion: Dutch Religion and English Culture in the Middle Colonies

By Randall Balmer

Oxford University Press, 1989. Pp. xi, 258. Index, bibliography, appendices. \$24.95

RANDALL Balmer has written a solidly researched, well-crafted monograph that should appeal to general readers interested in the ethnic and religious history of colonial America. His book describes the decline of Dutch language and culture in New York and later New Jersey, from the English conquest in 1664 to the later eighteenth century, through a careful examination of the development of the most important Dutch cultural institution, its Reformed church. The state church of the Netherlands and its new world colony, this denomination faced difficult times during the later seventeenth century as wealthier members became attracted to the Anglican denomination and English ways, while others, usually poorer, attempted to defend their Dutch identity.

This division eventually helped fuel Leisler's Rebellion. (Leisler represented the more staunchly Dutch Reformed religious sentiments in the larger social-economic rebellion that bore his name.) Many of the poorer Dutch who backed Leisler migrated westward into New Jersey, but enough remained in New York to continue the divisions among the Dutch. With time this dispute died down, but many prominent Dutch, and especially women, became interested in defending their denomination and language against Anglicization. The Dutch who migrated to New Jersey found themselves without ministers in a rapidly changing situation, and thanks to the efforts of ministers such as Theodorous Frelinghuysen and his relatives, became receptive to an

evangelical pietism that extended across national and denominational lines. By the American Revolution, the Dutch in New York had begun to surrender their language, and despite some resistance, had become Anglicized and ready to stand by the British Empire. At the same time, their pietistic, evangelical cousins in New Jersey, who had become Americanized, backed independence. Despite different itineraries, both groups had arrived at the same place, or as Balmer explains, "after more than a century of English rule the Dutch finally succumbed to the twin pressures of Anglicization, after the manner of the Church of England on the one hand, and assimilation to the broader, heterogeneous culture of the Middle Colonies on the other."

Balmer's work opens up a series of vistas for the general reader. His interest in Dutch acculturation to English and American patterns prevents it from becoming a narrow ethnic or denominational study. Having a fine political sense, he also gives a concise, well-written account of Leisler's Rebellion. In reading the work one will also realize the importance of the Dutch Reformed tradition and its ministers to the broader movement of evangelicalism known as the Great Awakening. In short, this well-written and organized book will be a good read for someone who has been looking for books about the Dutch, the middle colonies, or colonial religion. My only caution to the general reader is that Balmer fails to give a sufficient account of the organization or theological development of the Dutch church, and fails to indicate the links between that Calvinistic, reformed denomination and all those other Calvinists, from the Ulster Presbyterians to the Hungarian Reformed. This makes it difficult to place Frelinghuysen and the other Dutch evangelicals and pietists within a perspective of their own and other

BOOKCASE

reformed traditions. This becomes especially important since Frelinghuysen's "European" ideas seemed perfectly acceptable to many of his American Presbyterian and Reformed colleagues.

Scholars, who often take a narrower and perhaps more jaundiced view than the general reader, will be particularly thankful for the book's strengths, and will perhaps notice other positive contributions. The reader has never encountered as solid and succinct an account of the ethnic and religious background to Leisler's rebellion, and of the continuing battle between the Leislerians and their enemies for almost two decades following 1691. Balmer sheds significant light on the role of Dutch women and how their efforts helped to keep their denomination alive in New York City. He also has a good grasp of the close relationship between religion and state in colonial New York, and how politics affected the church even when the government established only a single Anglican parish.

But there are weaknesses. His failure to develop the European background makes it difficult to discover, let alone account for, changes over time within the Dutch Reformed church or the European roots for many of supposed "American" attributes of the Great Awakening. I am also doubtful if the line between the evangelical pietists and the more conservative New York based Dutch Reformed can be closely correlated, as he suggests, to social-economic differences of the poorer New Jersey Dutch attracted to evangelicalism and the wealthier ones, or at least their wives, who remained in the old tradition. My guess would be that both the poor and well-to-do Dutch in New Jersey supported pietistic ministers because they had little choice; in New York City, however, the congregation could always recruit a more conservative minister through Amsterdam. I also suspect that a close analysis of

Andrew Carnegie

By Joseph F. Wall

University of Pittsburgh Press, 1989 (new edition; first published by Oxford University Press, 1970). Pp. 1,168. \$49.95, \$19.95 paper

THE definitive biography of Carnegie and his times is widely considered an outstanding work of economic, political and intellectual history. The Press is the first to publish a paperback version, and an Andy Warhol painting of Carnegie graces the cover.

The American Steel Industry, 1850-1970

By Kenneth Warren

University of Pittsburgh Press, 1989 (new edition; first published by Oxford University Press, 1973). Pp. 386. \$34.95

Warren, a Lecturer in history at Oxford University (his article about Henry Clay Frick appears in this issue of *Pittsburgh History*), traces the changes in technology and in key geographic locations for iron- and steel-making since the industry's dramatic rise to prominence during the industrialization period. In sizing up the national industry, the Pittsburgh region obviously figures heavily in Warren's analysis: the interplay between physical factors, such as the area's abundant natural resources, and human machinations in market-making, corporate affairs, and government policy.

The Steel Workers

By John A. Fitch

New introduction by Roy Lubove
University of Pittsburgh Press, 1989 (new edition; first published by Russell Sage Foundation, 1911). Pp. 432. \$39.95, \$14.95 paper

Here lie the results of the famous Pittsburgh Survey inquiry into the life of the district's work-

ing class (steelworkers and their families in this volume). The book still stands as classic testimony on the 12-hour day, seven-day week while showcasing the investigative skills of Fitch, a social reform movement pioneer who devoted his life to improving owner-worker relations in industry. Lubove, as usual, minces no words in his usual engaging and provocative way; as a result, this new edition is far more than an old book re-done. Since 1974, the Press has republished three of the six Survey volumes.

Campaigning With the Roundheads: The History of the Hundreth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Infantry Regiment in the American Civil War 1861-65*

By William G. Gavin

Morningside, 1989. Pp. 749. \$40

This volume provides a thorough history of the famous 100th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Infantry Regiment, the "Roundhead Regiment," recruited from Lawrence and adjacent western Pennsylvania counties. It contains first-hand "human interest" accounts by members of the regiments and a wealth of original manuscript material, the bulk of which has never been published. The plethora of maps, photographs and primary documents makes this a valuable research volume. *Patience may be needed, however, when trying to find the book, titled variously *The 100th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers*, *The Roundhead Regiment* (on the cover), *The 100th Pennsylvania Roundhead Regiment 1861-1865* (on the spine), and *Campaigning With the Roundheads: The History of the Hundreth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Infantry Regiment in the American Civil War 1861-65* (on the title page).

some of the non-New York City churches in New York might disclose a considerable mixture of social-economic classes within these congregations. This also relates to an important conclusion of the book about which group took which side in the American Revolution. The New Jersey congregations undoubtedly included fewer Tories than did those in the City, but after all, the British had occupied New York City for over six years. I would suspect that many of the conservative Dutch Reformed in the Hudson Valley might have supported the Revolution.

Despite these criticisms I believe that Balmer has performed the exceptionally difficult task of producing a monograph that can be read with pleasure by the public, and with profit by the scholar. Read it and you will have better insight into the society that terrorized Ichabod Crane. ■

Van Beck Hall
University of Pittsburgh

Socialist Cities: Municipal Politics and the Grass Roots of American Socialism

By Richard W. Judd

Albany, NY: State University of New York Press, 1989. Pp. x, 254. Index. \$54.50, \$18.95 paper

RENEWED interest in community studies has sparked attempts to use local history to answer larger questions. This book illustrates that quest, as Richard Judd tries to explain the absence of a viable socialist movement in the United States by examining midwestern municipal politics. He describes and analyzes a handful of towns and cities where socialists experienced some success in the 1910s in order to pinpoint factors responsible for their more disappointing national record. This approach allows Professor Judd to

provide specificity in time and place which general accounts of socialism usually neglect. In addition, he attempts to transcend the bipolar explanations of the failure of socialism in the United States found in most studies; either they focus on external causes such as national affluence or on internal causes such as sectarianism and schism. Professor Judd describes an interaction of both factors in explaining socialist setbacks in municipal politics.

He traces the roots of socialist municipal politics to the late nineteenth century and the activities of working men's parties, the Knights of Labor and the Socialist Labor Party. In 1904 the Socialist Party of America endorsed candidates at the municipal level and tried to provide cohesiveness for scattered socialist efforts. Victories in Milwaukee, beginning with the election of Emil Seidel as mayor in 1910, became symbols of hope. However, Milwaukee proved to be an anomaly since socialists won most of their victories in the small towns and villages of the Midwest's industrial belt.

Working-class votes provided the main support for the socialist municipal victories, and strikes often served as a prelude to these successes. Urban workers garnered benefits from socialist administrations that brought sanitary improvements to working-class districts, often raised wages and reduced hours for municipal workers, and supported strikers. Socialist officials had a more complex relationship with urban progressives who sought a "good business climate" and professionalism but resented the class politics of the socialists.

Locals formed the backbone of socialist party activity and provided the testing ground for its ideas and policies, and the staging ground for its press, parades and picnics. In Ohio, grass roots activity reached a peak as socialists achieved their most substantial victories in

mayoral and council races. In 1911, and to a lesser extent in 1913, socialists translated labor support and socialist enthusiasm in combination with weakened, regular party machines into electoral victories. The 1911 victories in Lima and Lorain provide case studies of this process at work.

Once in office, however, the socialists faced many problems, particularly the conflict over

Once in office the Socialists faced many problems...

whether to fill appointive offices with expert, nonpartisan officials or socialists. This issue aggravated another conflict between those who sought to build class consciousness and those who focused on honest and economical government, and this dispute contributed to political defeats. In Dayton, the socialists faced other problems as a Citizens' Campaign targeted the middle class in its successful drive to establish a commission government. The Cleveland party took a more radical path, but a combination of external repression and internal factionalism undermined its efforts.

Events in two Pennsylvania communities should be of particular interest to readers of *Pittsburgh History*. In November 1911, New Castle workers elected a socialist mayor and several councilmen in the aftermath of a tumultuous steel strike in 1909-1910. This 16 month conflict pitted workers, supported by both the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers and a corps of organizers from the Industrial Workers of the World, against the mill owners, supported by local merchants and elected officials. The failure of the strike cost the steelworkers their voice in the industry, and they turned to political action

to redress some of their grievances.

The socialist platform combined an endorsement of the principles of the international socialist movement with "immediate demands" for better health programs in working-class districts, municipal ownership of public utilities and an eight-hour day for city workers. Working-class districts provided most of the electoral support for the socialists, with a scattering of votes coming from the middle class. Once in office they faced opposition from a businessmen's reform movement, and were also hurt by divisions among the moderate and more radical socialists, the latter group being sympathetic to the Industrial Workers of the World. Although the socialist mayor won re-election in 1913, he had little power, owing to the inauguration of a commission government; in 1915, the socialists lost the mayoral race. Despite this defeat, New Castle socialists took pride in holding the allegiance of a growing segment of working-class voters, and in their publication, *Free Press*, which depicted their struggles.

Socialists also made changes in very small towns such as Whitaker, an industrial community of 2,500 residents near Pittsburgh, where the new administration tore down the jail, abolished saloons and levied a "phone tax" on Bell Telephone. In the 1912 presidential election Eugene Debs, the Socialist Party candidate, won 60 percent of the Whittaker vote, and his supporters held a banquet to celebrate their victory.

The book discusses many socialist defeats and offers an interpretation of the factors responsible for these failures, but it concludes on an "upbeat note." The author reminds his readers about the enthusiasm generated by the socialists in their "golden age" which was reflected in their lectures, parades and picnics. He also sees the socialists' "proud heritage

of struggle for social justice" as their mark left on American society.

This volume adds important elements to the story of municipal socialism, contributing to our understanding of the interaction of national and local developments. It brings us somewhat closer to a synthesis which will integrate the insight and framework provided by Nick Salvatore in his biography of Debs with the grass roots perspective of this book. Ironically, readers interested in the details of socialist successes in Milwaukee and Reading, Pennsylvania, will have to turn to other sources, particularly for an account of the 1920s and 1930s. Also readers will miss a conclusion that draws the threads of the book together, or aids them in appreciating local episodes and the light they shed on larger questions. Nevertheless, this is a valuable and well-researched book based on archival materials, and secondary sources. Of particular note is the author's widespread use of local newspapers, and the labor and socialist presses. This volume adds to our knowledge of socialism, providing a fine complement to an earlier work edited by Donald T. Critchlow, *Socialism in the Heartland: The Midwestern Experience, 1900-1925*. ■

Irwin M. Marcus
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Rev. Charles Owen Rice: Apostle of Contradiction

By Patrick J. McGeever
Pittsburgh: Duquesne University
Press, 1989. Illustrations, endnotes,
Pp. xiii, 313. \$28.95, \$18 paper

IF you have lived in Pittsburgh during the last 50 years and have followed the city's political scene, you probably recognize the name of Father Rice, and if you know much about him, you

probably have strong opinions about his political involvements. For leftists in particular, Rice has been a vexing figure. An activist in most of the significant causes of the past half-century, Rice's politics seem to have vacillated from CIO supporter in the 1930s, to super-patriot during World War II, to red-baiter after the war, to anti-McCarthyite in the 1950s, to civil rights champion and anti-Vietnam War advocate in the 1960s, to supporter of eminent domain proceedings in response to corporate shutdowns of area steel plants in the 1980s. Professor McGeever's book, based on exhaustive research in the Rice Papers at the University of Pittsburgh, attempts to tackle these apparent contradictions and shed light on Rice's real politics. Rice's career deserves scholarly study because it is so clearly intertwined with the evolution of American liberalism during the last half-century.

McGeever vigorously debunks Rice's self-proclaimed radicalism. Defining radical as either a revolutionary, who desires a violent overthrow of government so that a new vision for society can be implemented, or as a rebel, who would use illegal methods to tear down a government with the hope that his own special demands would then be met, McGeever feels that Rice's activities at all points do not meet his demanding standards. Instead, McGeever places Rice into the category of liberal reformer. This label might be useful if it had been more clearly defined in the context of American liberalism in this century. As is, Rice receives this designation by default.

Despite the many rich and colorful vignettes of the various stages in Rice's career that he provides, McGeever fails to pose and develop a rigorous thesis regarding Rice's political ideology and behavior. For example, the author sees Rice's ardent anti-commu-

nism in the late 1940s and support of black civil rights in the 1960s as paradoxical. Although inconsistent for left-wing observers, these positions were not contradictory for cold war liberals or Catholic clerics. McGeever admits that Rice firmly adhered to the Catholic church's moral authority, and provides ample evidence of Rice's essential adherence to cold war liberalism, yet he does not push his analysis beyond the dismissal of the radical appellation Rice so ably cultivated for himself during his long political career.

As McGeever demonstrates, Rice was most adept at placing himself squarely in the midst of all the significant political frays of the past half-century to emerge as a central arbitrator in those debates. Although certainly not shy about capitalizing on his participation to bolster his own prestige, Rice undoubtedly perceived his social activism as "radical." Moreover, when he came to political maturity during the Great Depression, New Deal reforms were popularly viewed as "radical."

Beyond Rice's own impressions, and given the evidence McGeever presents, Rice might be seen more accurately as a Catholic cold war liberal. Specifically in regard to the apparent contradiction between Rice's anti-communism of the late 1940s and his support for black civil rights in the 1960s, Rice's anti-communist liberalism was solidly in step with the dominant liberal position of the period; his subsequent rejection of this position in face of contradictions raised by the Vietnam War was also not unusual, as Godfrey Hodgson and others have indicated. In addition, Rice's anti-communism and support of black civil rights have been positions that the American Catholic church has firmly supported in this century. Many of the seeming contradictions in Rice's politics echo the inconsistencies that radicals often see in the Catholic church and cold war liberalism.

The general reader will likely appreciate McGeever's solid research and presentation of Father Rice's activities. The scholar,

however, will likely take exception to the lack of rigorous historical analysis. McGeever cites relatively few secondary sources (I count fewer than 30), given his formidable task. Additionally, a firmer hand in the editing of the book would have improved it, I think; the number of glaring typos alone is difficult to forgive. It seems as though McGeever and Duquesne University Press simply wanted to get the first Rice book out and beat the rush.

As McGeever correctly notes during the course of his book, Rice has indeed been a central figure in American political developments in this century. Although his biography contains many of the essential elements necessary to understand the meaning of Rice's politics, McGeever's effort falls short of a satisfactory interpretation because he fails to place Rice's career in the deeper context of American liberalism. ■

Wilson J. Warren
Department of History
University of Pittsburgh

Photograph Credits

The Business Career of Henry Clay Frick

Page 3-6	Helen Clay Frick Foundation Archives, Pittsburgh
Page 7	<i>Top</i> , From <i>Henry Clay Frick — The Man</i> , by George Harvey (New York and London, 1928); <i>bottom</i> , Frick Archives
Page 8	West Virginia and Regional History Collection, West Virginia University
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Page 16	Defense Housing in Greater Pittsburgh, 1945-1955
Page 18	Photograph by Paul Roberts
Page 20-21	Map in possession of author
	Aluminum City

Page 22	Terrace Housing Association
Page 23	Courtesy of Edith and Rufus Simpson
Page 24-25	Aluminum City Terrace Housing Association
Page 26	Courtesy of Edith and Rufus Simpson
Page 27-28	Courtesy of Catherine Fish
	Aluminum City Terrace Housing Association
	The First Generation
	All photographs by the author, Eugene Levy

The TEAPOT' Carolino Ave.
Chester, W. Va.



T EAPOT anyone? The refreshment stand operated in Chester, West Virginia, for over half a century, until the local phone company bought the property in the early 1980s and donated the teapot to the town. A local volunteer committee has almost completely restored the teapot but has repeatedly run into obstacles trying to find it a new home. The landmark, red and white in its heyday, now waits on the edge of town.

Wilfred "Babe" Devon built the roadside attraction in 1933 at Carolina Avenue and First Street, on West Virginia's four-mile stretch of the nation's first trans-continental highway, the Lincoln Highway (now U.S. 30). Devon sold ice cream, hot dogs, and ceramic souvenirs made at his adjacent pottery business. The area around Chester and East Liverpool, Ohio, once boasted a world-renowned ceramics industry.

The highway now bypasses Chester's downtown, a fate shared by hundreds of other towns along the route. The restoration committee would like to display the teapot at the cloverleaf, but some fear the

novelty would cause accidents. Other townspeople feel the teapot would be an eyesore, though an informal ballot won it overwhelming approval.

Nearby towns have offered to take the teapot, but many Chester residents still regret the loss of Rock Spring Park, an amusement park erased in the mid-1970s by the new highway and cloverleaf. A hoaky relic to some, the teapot is a symbol of community identity to others

in a town whose pottery boom has passed and whose downtown has been bypassed. The teapot is a beacon of originality in a sea of standardization. —
Text and bottom photograph by Brian A. Butko; top photo courtesy of Ira C. Sayre, Chester, W. Va.



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Cover: A July 16, 1870, match between two women scullers on the Monongahela River. Rowing was America's first mass spectator sport; matches often drew thousands who lined the river banks or rooted the competitors on from boats. From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* of August 6, 1870. Courtesy of Don Schock, Pittsburgh. The article about rowing the rivers begins on page 51.

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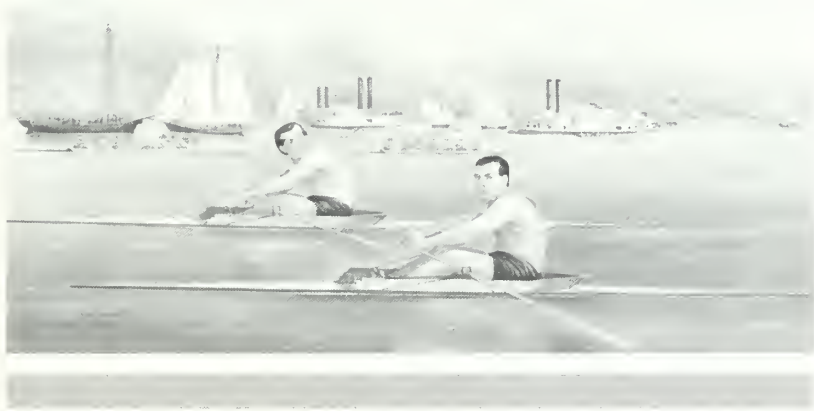
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You Couldn't Keep an Iron Man Down: *Rowing in Nineteenth Century Pittsburgh*

By John J. Kudlik

THE Monongahela, Allegheny and Ohio rivers had been, by the mid nineteenth century, home waters to every form of traffic from Indian canoes to steamboats. In the years just before the Civil War, the rivers at the heart of Pittsburgh began to host something new: competitive rowing.

The idea of recreational boating began in England at the end of the eighteenth century, and quickly spread to America.¹ The first recorded race of any fame on this side of the Atlantic took place in New York City in 1811. Within a few years, clubs were organizing competitions from New England to New Orleans.² By the 1850s, some American champions rode the wave of popularity to professional status and lived semi-nomadic existences from one metropolitan regatta to another.

Its topography of rivers and valleys made Pittsburgh a natural for such a sport. As early as the 1840s, several associations, among them the Keystone Boat Club, the Diamond Alley Boat Club, and the Eclipse Barge Club, attracted members from all social strata.³ As the name "Barge Club" implies, their flat-bottomed wooden boats could be large and heavy, up to 30 feet long and 4 feet wide, scarcely resembling the sleek racing shells of today. At one time the club

John J. Kudlik is a Professor of History at the Community College of Allegheny County in Pittsburgh and a Research Associate in the History Department at the University of Pittsburgh. A member of the Three Rivers Rowing Association, his enthusiasm for the sport began 10 years ago in a search for a healthy diversion from writing a doctoral dissertation at Harvard University. *Illustration:* James Hamill, foreground, probably was Pittsburgh's greatest champion. In a 20-year career, Hamill, an iron puddler, won many national and international matches. This drawing on the Hudson River is from 1867.

boasted a luxury craft with red velvet lining and silver trim on the bow.⁴ Far more common for competition, however, were ordinary rowboats. Dressed in flannel shirts, sailor pants and straw hats, the earliest Pittsburgh rowers looked more like crewmen from a man-of-war than sportsmen. But amateur and, on occasion, professional sportsmen, they were. Pittsburgh began producing rowers of renown as early as the 1850s. A championship race held in the city in 1859 saw \$15,000 in prize money change hands.⁵

By 1860, some 11 clubs had affiliated to form the Allegheny Association, an outgrowth of the earlier Row Boat Association. The rhythmic motion of single- and double-oared sculls as well as four-, six- and, on occasion, eight-man shells, became a fairly common sight on the local waters.

(One or two persons, each rowing with two oars, is sculling; a person handling a single oar in a larger multi-crewed shell is crewing or sweeping.) More serious rowing led to radical alterations in boat designs that improved their efficiency. Newer crafts were much lighter on the water than the old fashioned excursion barges and rowboats. Sliding seats replaced fixed platforms, bringing more freedom of movement and leg

Rowing was America's first mass spectator sport, and featured both male and female athletes. By the 1850s, its popularity had spread throughout the Pittsburgh region, both as a sport to watch and as a sunny afternoon pursuit.

power to the rower. Outriggers braced to the hull held the spruce oars firmly in place, increasing their sweep and balance. Sometimes, depending on the type of boat, a coxswain was added to steer the racing craft.

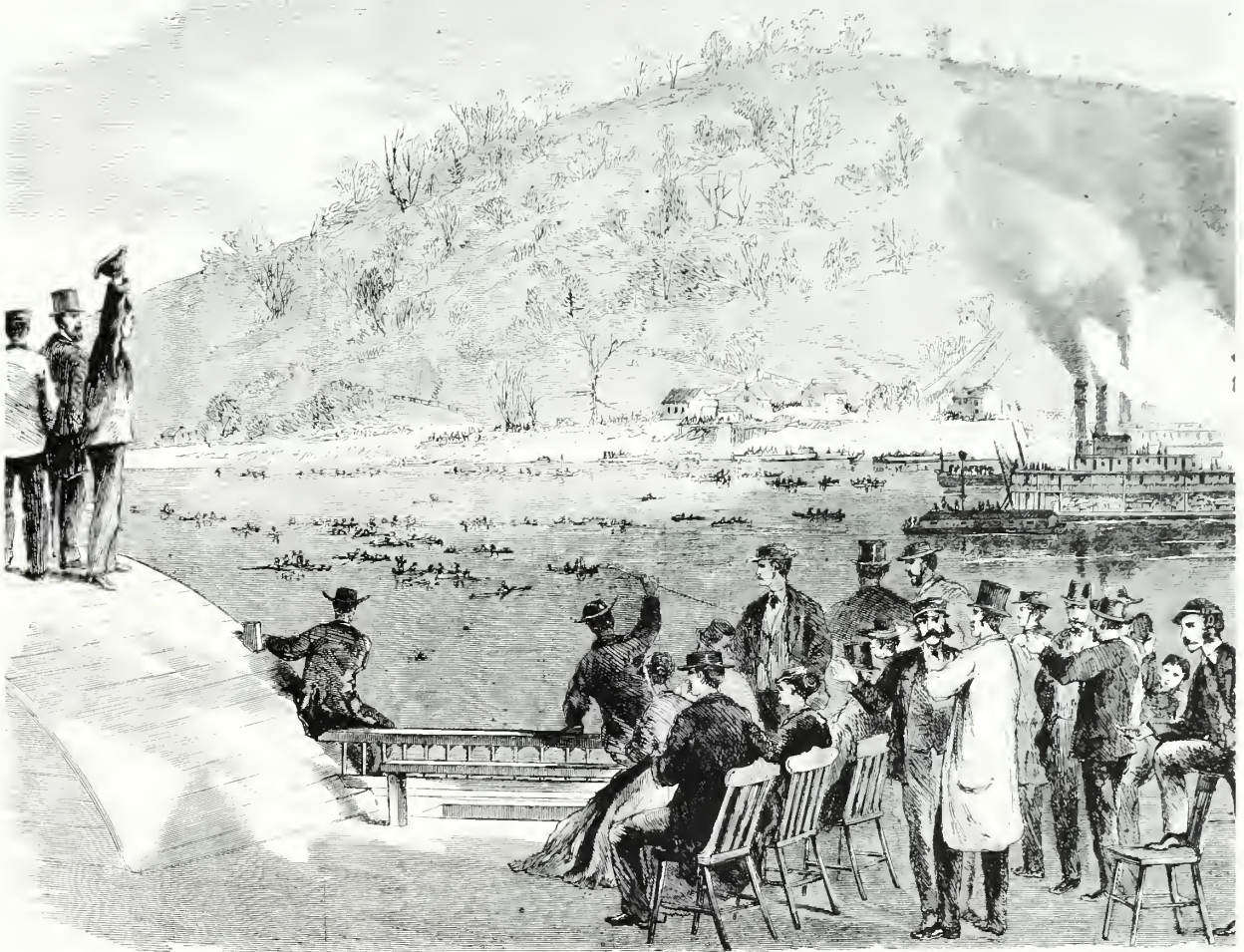
Nationally, events tapered off somewhat during the Civil War, but the sport was serious enough in Pittsburgh that races continued throughout the conflict. Following the war there was an even greater resurgence of activity. Across the United States, aquatic sports reached new levels of popularity. Public excitement for boat racing led to club organizations in more than 200 cities. It was actually part of a wider social phenomenon: the birth of urban leisure pursuits. Among the many root causes of this was the return home of thousands of veteran soldiers who ritualized in athletic clubs and other voluntary associations the camaraderie they had grown used to in the field.⁶ These organizations also added a bit of comfortable social upholstery to the rickety, often grim, world of the working and lower middle classes.

From the 1850s on in the Pittsburgh area, rowing more than any other sport evolved from the casual

pastime of a few into an immensely popular spectator and participant activity. And although primarily a male endeavor, rowing was one of the first public sports in America to include competitive contests for women. Non-competitive rowing was just as common, and there were dozens of points along the rivers where citizens could rent a boat and take to the water on a sunny afternoon. The sport's popularity may be attributed in part to the effects that the first phases of industrialization and rapid demographic growth were having on the city. Rowing associations took root, for example, in old and new neighborhoods, among groups of factory employees, craftsmen and artisans in glass works, or in the bustling iron and steel mills.⁷ As a form of popular culture, sporting associations were more than recreational outlets. They helped articulate the special ways citizens reinforced communal bonds and sublimated the tensions of neighborhood and workplace.⁸ From the mid-1860s through the 1880s, boat races captivated the imagination of the citizenry, and brought national attention to Pittsburgh's waterways. Now, after disappearing from the rivers for a century, competitive and casual rowing are making comebacks.

In the last century, factory employment was extremely strenuous and long work days did not allow much time for fun. Workers sought amusements when and where they could find them, especially in the summer months. The number of sporting activities that could attract huge crowds, however, was quite limited. Horse races had long been popular but were semi-legal at best, and dangerous, as they were often run on public roads. "Saloon sports" (as they were called) such as billiards had a strong following; bowling fell in the same category. But neither of these were particularly exciting to watch.⁹ German immigrants introduced organized gymnasium activities to the city. Footraces were more suited to an audience and were very common. Cricket (and later, baseball), football, boxing (legal and otherwise), and rifle competitions among militia companies were to the liking of many. In the pre- and post-Civil War days, genuine rivalries developed around these matches, but most were still "corner lot" affairs lacking the drawing powers of professional "stars" and big prizes. Urban growth in America was creating a different environment and demand for new forms of spectacle, camaraderie and ritual celebration.

With national-level baseball and football heroes still a thing of the future, rowers competing on highly visible stages became the first real mass spectator sport in Pittsburgh as the fever spread through the 1860s and 1870s. Boats were moderately expensive; but even the best imports from the East Coast were affordable to the collective purse of a club. Some clubs built their own craft, while others swore by the rowing sculls manufactured in south Pittsburgh by M.F. Cassidy.¹⁰

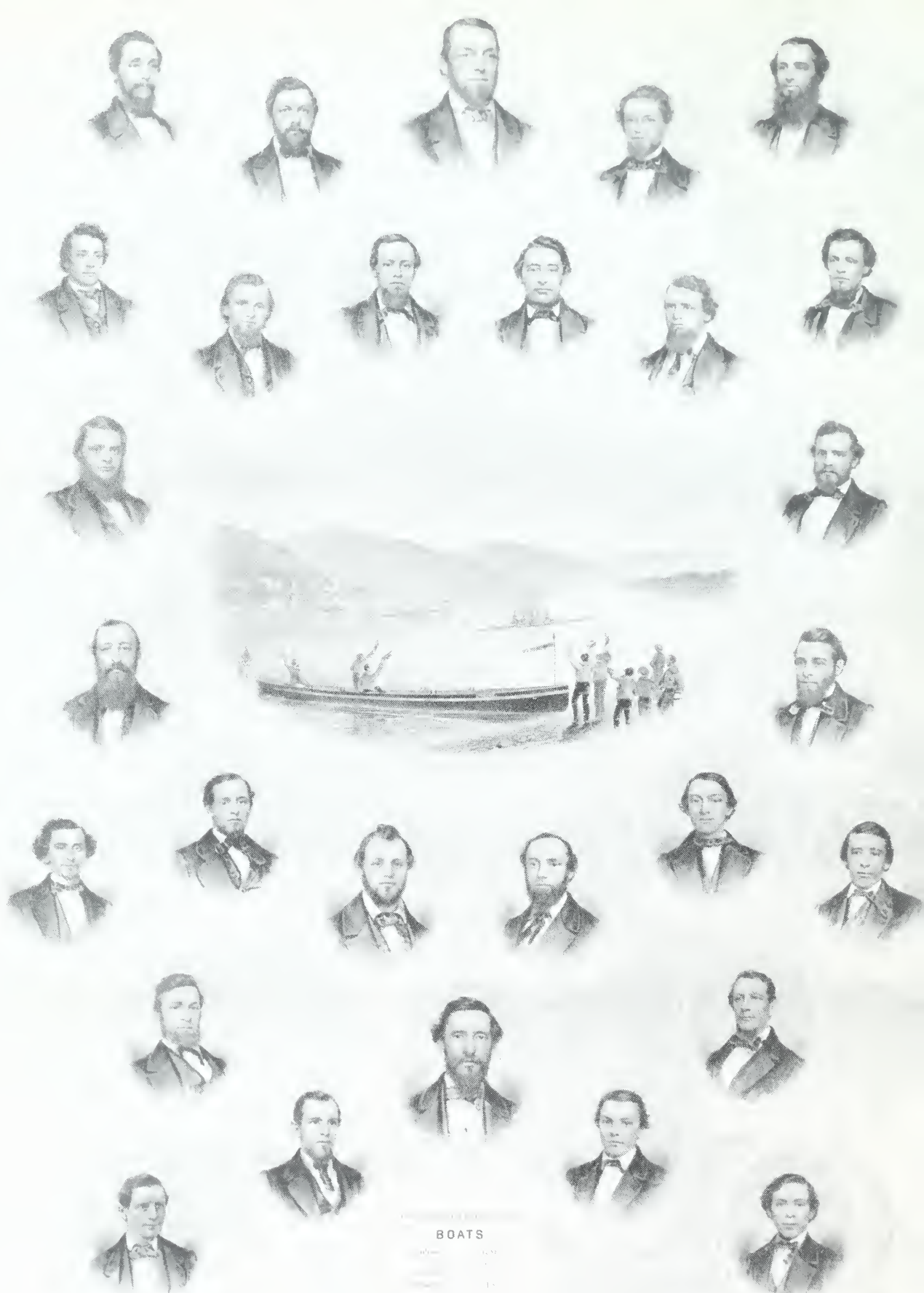


The requisite strength and stamina for pulling oars came naturally to many industrial laborers, and the waterways were well-suited, with their sloping banks providing a natural stadium. Regattas and individual competitions were the best-attended athletic events of the day in cities with watercourses all over America.¹¹ With sporting emotions running so high, a boat race was naturally enough one of the publicized highlights of the 1876 Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Several venerated Pittsburgh scullers participated.

Banner newspaper headlines were common: "Exciting Contest Upon the Allegheny," "The Pittsburgh Crews," "Championship of America on the Monongahela," or "The Female Regatta."¹² They heralded scenes of thousands of people crowding river banks, jamming suspension bridges, or standing on riverboats, railroad cars or cinder piles to applaud their favorite crew and shout malevolence at the adversaries. The greatest races were held in conjunction with picnics at various recreational groves along the water, or during holiday festivals such as the Fourth of July. Special trains and trolleys were put on the tracks to

Although the drawing suggests a sedate audience, sculling races, like this one on the Monongahela River on October 31, 1867, often were raucous events.

move fans eager to witness the excitement. One contest on the upper Monongahela was described as attracting not less than 10,000 people who arrived on 10 excursion trains and steamboats from as far away as McKeesport.¹³ Oil City, Pennsylvania, Wheeling, West Virginia, and Steubenville, Ohio, frequently sent their best oarsmen to Pittsburgh contests, but crews were just as likely to arrive from Boston, Philadelphia or New York. It was not unknown for prize winning purses to be enlarged with money from the railroads, whose managers rightly assumed the greater the purse, the greater the excursion traffic. When the fans arrived, beer flowed, fists occasionally flew and betting was usually quite heavy. The Pittsburgh experience of the 1850s-'80s was typical of American rowing in its exuberant infancy; mass leisure meant "relaxation" in the midst of high spirited eating, drinking and often tumultuous contests.



Dozens of clubs along the rivers, from McKeesport to Wheeling, promoted boating. Often founded and supported by neighborhood residents, iron and glass factory workers, or skilled artisans, the clubs embodied the values and attitudes of what some historians have called the “Craftsmen’s Republic” era.

As interest grew, racing sculls and shells were stored in 20 or more permanent boathouses along the three rivers' shores. Back in the 1850s, the clubs seemed to have been content with temporary tents set up during racing season. But according to city newspapers, by the end of the 1860s, elaborate two-story buildings complete with enclosed balconies and social facilities were being raised. Such a clubhouse was the Adrienne at 17th Street on the Allegheny River; equally famous for its splendor was the Clipper. The latter was home to red-shirted crews who brought back national honors many times to their double-decked boathouse in the Strip District at 14th Street.¹⁴ The names of the clubs often reflected their origins and membership: the Allegheny, the Diamond Alley and the Soho were neighborhood organizations, as were the McKee, situated along the Monongahela in old Birmingham, and the Xanthe on the Ohio in Manchester. The Columbia was originally organized in 1869 from the old Columbia Fire Company. The men of the Juniata mill formed a club of the same name in 1870 and trained several nationally renowned oarsmen.¹⁵ City maps do not indicate any structures specified as boathouses near the mills; possibly management permitted workers to use existing sheds for boat storage?

Politics were often mixed in with sports. Political activities were one of the great bonds of male sociability in the nineteenth century and often took on some of the trappings of a participant/spectator sport. A boathouse christened in 1867 was the Blackmore, named after a popular judge whose social sympathies were apparently identified with working-class interests. He later became a Democratic mayor of the city.¹⁶

Some boathouses well known by the 1870s and '80s were: on the Allegheny — the Chambers, Duquesne, Howard, Independent, J.R. Jones, Pittock, and Undine; on the Monongahela — the Beck, Pat Luther Club, and the Max Moorhead and the Juniata (neighbors to each other by the mouth of Soho Creek). There were other clubs — the Wave, the Atlanta, the Port Perry, the Fisherman and several more — but their locations are difficult to document. Over the years they came, went and amalgamated. Newspapers were filled with accounts of picnics, parades, dances and political rallies sponsored by oarsmen. They even attempted to elevate city culture with brass and banjo band serenades from the porches of their boathouses. When the Max Moorhead Club decided in June 1870 to put on an addition that included a library "with a fine selection of books," the *Pittsburgh Post* thought it worthy of an article.¹⁷

Pictures would speak louder than words, but unfortunately a search of local library and archival resources failed to turn up a single illustration of one of these buildings. This search led to another odd dis-

covery. Detailed city street maps of the 1870s-'90s do not reveal the existence of one single boathouse, even when specific site locations are known from historic sources. This curious fact is something of an enigma, but may be partly explained by one source:

The new boathouse of the Columbia boat club of Allegheny has been completed and is now moored at the Allegheny wharf between Hand St. and the 9th Street Bridge. It is probably one of the finest houses of the kind in the state. It is 110 feet long, 26 feet wide; the lower cabin is 95 feet long and 24 feet wide and 11 feet high...with 9 single sculls, 2 doubles and 2 four-oared boats on the rack.¹⁸

Apparently some of even the biggest and best clubs were on huge rafts anchored to the shore. The Columbia, for instance, had a 42-foot-long upper cabin neatly furnished with an apartment and a reception room. The latter was fitted with hanging oil lamps on bronze pendants, Brussels carpet, desks, chairs, bookcases and "handsomely framed photographs of all the prominent rowers of the country."¹⁹ It is difficult to generalize about whether this method of fixing buildings to the shore was common. Since the Columbia's house excited no special comment during its inauguration, it is probably safe to assume that the way in which it was moored was not unique.

Neighboring communities with rowing clubs received more than just passing attention in the Pittsburgh papers.

Commenting on a race in McKeesport, one paper mentioned that the "little town had every occasion to be proud of their regatta."²⁰ But the competition could just as easily turn nasty. During a race in McKeesport, a drunken individual on the Market Street wharf "drew a revolver and fired twice in the direction of the (Pittsburgh) rowers...while two policemen standing beside the shooter made no attempt to arrest the man!" No one was injured, but the bullets did strike the boats.²¹ Under another headline, "Saturday's Sham," trouble between towns was again reported. It seems one Mike Filan, the "Italian Champion of Pittsburgh," was denied entry into a high prize race when his opponent, Jim Bulger of Wheeling, refused to row against him. A Pittsburgh reporter wrote a blistering article admitting that Filan did have a sleek, modern 28-pound boat and was trained by the best rowers available, while Bulger's boat was an

Sporting clubs had broad social and cultural purposes, promoting not only their special interest — rowing — but also civic celebrations and political rallies. Some clubs even sponsored brass bands and libraries.

ancient 400-pound "tub." What's more, the West Virginia novice learned a bit late that a training diet of "beer and ice cream" was possibly ill-advised! The Pittsburgh visitors found all of this no excuse for the race being cancelled and were even more indignant when Bulger saw fit to consult a lawyer. "The whole matter is a subject of regret...our hard-working, down-trodden millmen had denied themselves actual necessities for the last week...to lose their hard earned money by such sculduggery!"²²

Many of Pittsburgh's top rowers were true sportsmen and gentlemen throughout their careers and retired on prize purses honestly won. Patrick Luther was one; he later opened a boat rental business at Ninth Street. James Hamill, retired as a national champion of the 1860s, returned to Pittsburgh to what seems to have been the favorite occupation for

a number of ex-oarsmen: he opened a saloon. Much more so than today, saloons served as semi-official neighborhood recreational centers. The Belvedere House, an inn on the Allegheny River some distance south of Sharpsburg, was a favorite meeting place at the conclusion of many a race.²³ At Alex Murray's Saloon in Manchester, many serious, high stake challenge or acceptance contracts were drawn up. Big races were always well-planned events, and newspaper coverage en-

sured that many sportsmen would achieve local "immortality." Legally binding nine-point articles of agreement were always published and quite precise as to prizes, location, judges to be employed, terms of forfeiture, acceptable weather conditions and the like.²⁴

Rowing did indeed attract all classes, but in the Pittsburgh area, it was particularly thought of as a working man's sport, and working men of those days were a bibulous lot, as highlighted in an 1871 newspaper account:

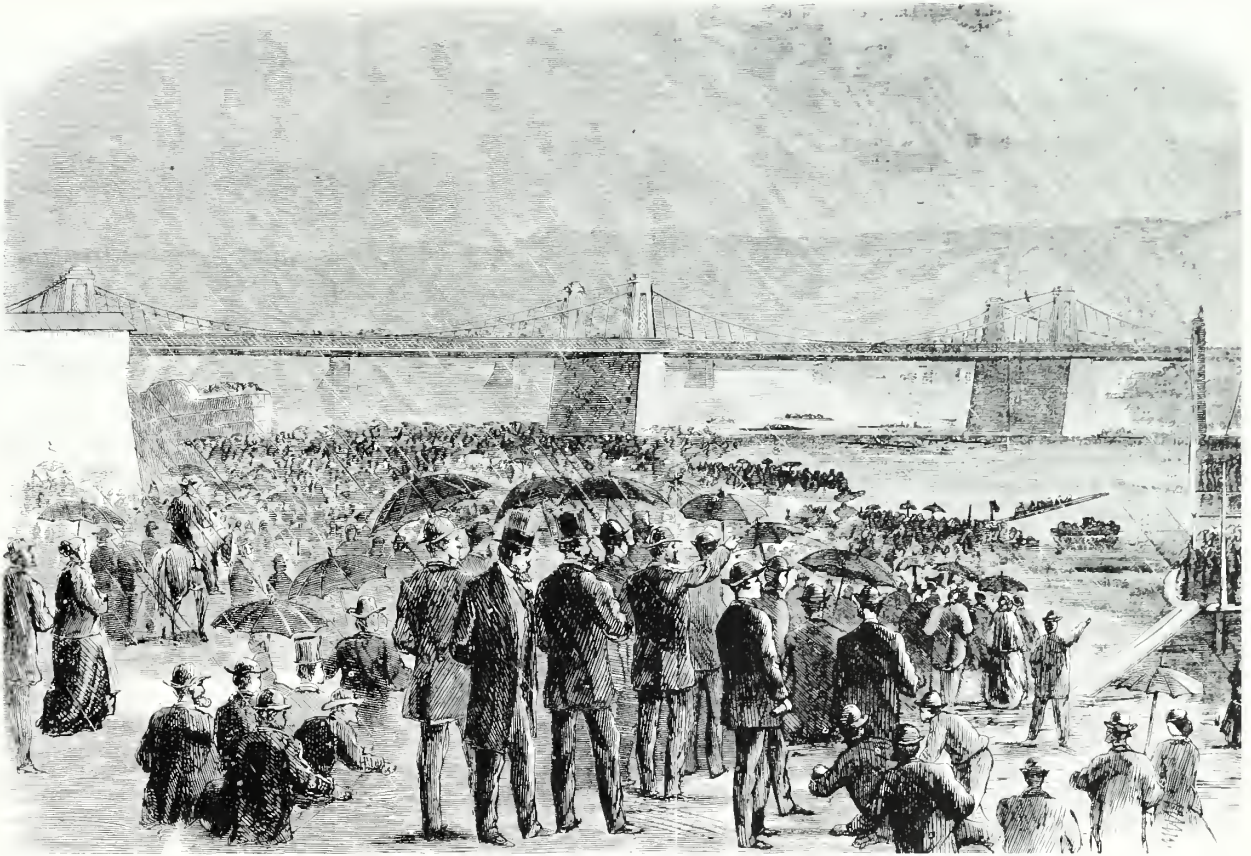
Two well known amateur handlers of the "spruces" belong to the Columbia boat club of Allegheny; while sitting the other evening over their beer, the conversation turned to boating, and after considerable chin music from both of them and their respective friends, an impromptu race was agreed upon...the stake to be a half barrel of beer...either party failing to put in his appearance to forfeit double the wager.

At the appointed time both men were on hand neither having slept any of the previous night and both having gone through a severe course of training which consisted of taking a half tumbler of water mixed with whiskey, that dose repeated at intervals of twenty minutes.²⁵

During the race, the oarsman in the "The Noisy B" faltered after a short while, when "the effect of the severe training he had undergone the previous night began to tell fearfully on him." He recovered to win the 25-minute, 3-second race in a torrent of rain. (His opponent had stroked so furiously that at one point he flew into the air and landed in the river a length ahead of his own boat!) Both men, pretty much soaked inside and out, proceeded with their friends to "demolish beverages and fluids in the quickest time on record considering the size of the layout" and proposed another race at double the wager. Men were men in those days!

Various historians and anthropologists have written that sports serve as an important emotional release among workers, neighborhoods and social groups. In Victorian America, fellowship commonly extended to various sports clubs, plus volunteer firehouses, glee club or barber shop singing groups and so forth, all of which enabled folk to better cope with the tensions of their world and harden their social bonds. Unfortunately for the historian, popular recreations leave few remains after their days are over. Very few membership lists, bylaws, photographs, and other historical data for rowing associations of the 1860s-'80s have survived. As nearly as the story can be reconstructed, the individuals most prominently mentioned in association with Pittsburgh aquatics rarely were listed in the city directories.²⁶ There were hundreds of them in the old city wards, but many, if not most, apparently were younger workers who did not own property. When the names and professions of oarsmen can be recovered, they most typically are tradesmen, iron workers, nail workers, forge operators or akin laborers, and skilled industrial craftsmen.²⁷

The glassblowers and iron workers of old Birmingham seem especially to have favored rowing as a recreational experience. Among them, the iron puddlers lifted 200-pound ingots of molten metal many times a day as part of their work. The lung capacity of glassblowers and the brawniness of iron workers provided them with the endurance for strenuous river sports. If they chose to row, it must have been for the sociability and the urge to compete, not because they lacked good aerobic workouts. Newspaper sports columns testify that these individuals frequently rowed three- and six-mile course races — half upstream, half downstream — turning around a stationary stake boat. During a singles scull race on the Allegheny in the 1870s, one "Neut" Feigly came in second in a three-mile event by frequently spurting at a remark-



able 42 or 43 strokes a minute, to compensate for 3 inches of one oarblade having accidentally broken off!²⁸

Brawn was not always the key to success; some of the finest rowers were not giants. James Hamill, born in Pittsburgh in 1838, began rowing races at age 20; he was 5-foot-8 and weighed only 150 pounds. But his years as a glassblower at Bakewell, Pears and Co. must have developed his powers of endurance remarkably. The full power, short, choppy rowing burst of 60 strokes a minute gained him great fame and the nickname "The Little Engine."²⁹ By the 1860s, he had become a national figure, winning purses as high as \$2,000 in Philadelphia and New York regattas. In Boston, he once crossed the finish line so far ahead of the competition that incredulous judges refused to declare him the winner, until other rowers confirmed that he had indeed completed the full course.³⁰ Once in England, he was presented with a fine pocket watch inscribed: "Presented to James Hamill, Aquatic champion of America, as a mark of respect from his friends in Newcastle, England, for the honourable and manly manner in which he conducted himself when residing there; and for the honest and straightforward way in which he rowed two races on the Tyne, July 4 and 5, 1866." Hamill went on to become a Yale University coach for a time.³¹ He died in Pittsburgh in 1876, truly a fine symbol of his era.

"Eph" Morris, an iron puddler's helper in a rolling

Races attracted thousands, with railroads running special excursion trains to handle the load. Spectators sometimes jammed the bridges but always lined the rivers where slanted banks formed a natural stadium.

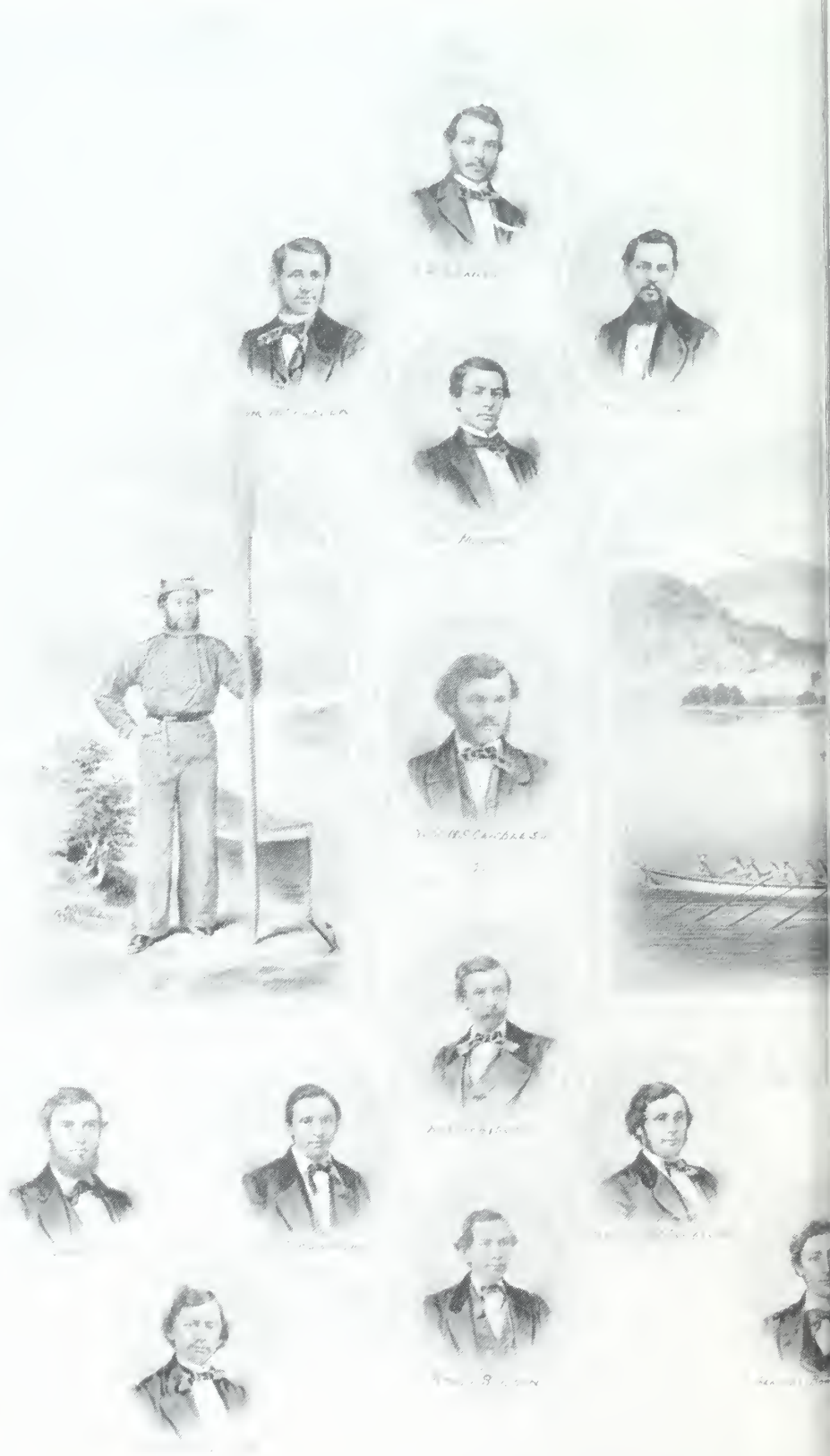
mill, was a local sculler in the 1870s. He began his sports career with the Clipper Club and went on to achieve national recognition. He shocked the established rowing fraternities of Boston and Toronto by beating their top oarsmen in five-mile contests. At Toronto, he once rowed a double scull in a regatta with another Pittsburgh-area champion, Henry Coulter from Manchester; the two succeeded easily in cleaning out all competitors, including the crack oarsmen of Canada. At the time of his first contests on the East Coast of the United States, Morris was a total unknown; after defeating Boston's best in a Fourth of July regatta, his competitors asked, "Who are you?" "Oh I'm just a scrub-rower from Pittsburgh, that's all," he replied. An astonished spectator then asked why they had never heard of him in the rowing gazettes; "Well we don't do our rowing on paper in Pittsburgh," he said with a laugh.³² He permanently resided in old Allegheny when not on the road and died there in 1897. His partner in the Toronto event — "Hank" Coulter — had been an apprentice plough-share caster, but at an early age mastered "the science

off feathering the spruces" with the Xanthe Club on the Ohio.³³

By no means was the aquatic scene wholly dominated by men. This was quite an achievement, given Victorian America's preoccupation with the social conventions of patriarchy. In August of 1870, a Rose Steele of McKees Rocks published a challenge "...to any lady in America...to row me a two mile scull race over the Allegheny River course."³⁴ Several females were headline rowers and active club members. On July 16, 1870, the Nonpareil Club sponsored a women's regatta in tandem with a festival at the Glenwood Grove picnic area on the upper Monongahela. The Max Moorhead entrant in this contest was 16-year-old Lottie McAlice of "Pipetown" in the Sixth Ward. Newspapers described her as residing in a boathouse and having been practically reared on the water. The Chambers Boat Club was represented by Maggie Lew of Brownstown. This one-mile event was attended by an estimated 8,000 to 12,000 spectators, drawn no doubt by the gold watch-\$2,000 prize purse and all the national attention. A headline in Frank Leslie's popular *Illustrated Newspaper* read: "The Women's Rowing Match at Pittsburgh, Pa." An illustration showed throngs of fans lining the shore and hanging from trees. McAlice was the winner. The *Pittsburgh Post* and other newspapers described everything from her athletic training (she had been rowing her father to work across the river since she was 7) to her costume (tights and a loose white dress with a red jacket) and her rosy cheeks (slightly browned from exposure). Accounts of her victories also were published over the years in prominent European sporting journals.³⁵

McAlic's race was won on the

The Eclipse rowing association, or "barge" club, was one of the city's first.





upper Monongahela. This was one among several courses preferred by Pittsburghers when rowing their home waters. The Hulton Dam area on the upper Allegheny was frequently mentioned, as was another three-mile course on the lower Monongahela in the Saw Mill Run area. In the 1850s and 1860s, competitions on the Allegheny, from the Sixth Street Bridge to the south tip of Herr's Island, appeared in the sports columns, as did a one and a half-mile Allegheny course from the Columbia boathouse at the Hand Street Bridge (now Ninth Street) to the railroad suspension bridge to the south. Most of these contests were rowed at a full clip, upstream and downstream around a stake boat.

It was not unusual for regattas and famous oarsmen in one-to-one competition to be, as one newspaper put it, "the talk of the town for weeks." In the spring and summer, three- or four-column articles fueled the public interest under headlines such as "Sketches of the Men and their Rowing Methods" or "The Boating Season is Here!"³⁶ Sporting news was filled with personal data and racing records of various champions, and details of their boats with such names as "Rum," "Blood Tub," "Let Her Go By" and "Maggie May." Judging by the local coverage, the newspapers must have calculated the events to be a great bonus to circulation.

Whether a spirited local race, a regional competition, or a regatta in a distant city, betting could be furious. Financial backers frequently sponsored their favorite rowers and set up big money contests. Under the headline "Exciting Exhibition of Science and Muscle," we are informed in a Pittsburgh paper of the 1870s:

The sculling championship of America was lost and won yesterday on the upper Allegheny course, amid the vociferous plaudits of ten thousand persons who lined the shore. It was not to calculate the science of physical forces, however, which attracted thousands to the spot. To most it was a matter of curiosity, to a great many a matter of money...beer stands were improvised and an occasional fight broke the monotony.³⁷

On another occasion, after many "small pieces of green paper began to fly around the crowd," several crews came into the home stretch, and an anxious cry

went up from the losing parties, "Where are the others?" Some looked suspiciously at the winners and "even ventured an opinion that the missing crews had been foully murdered and their bodies sunk into the Monongahela River!" Fortunately the tardy crews showed up before a riot broke out.³⁸ The *Pittsburgh Post* was pleased to note that during McAlice's celebrated victory in 1870, many prominent clerics, bankers and merchants were in attendance, as was "the full delegation of the rough element," which on that occasion, at least, contained itself with proper respectability and decorum.³⁹

Victorian moralists were rarely pleased with the form or consequences of popular pastimes, especially if they had a reputation for concomitants such as gambling and drinking. The special comment the McAlice race received is perhaps better understood when seen in the context of an era in which it was not uncommon for contests to be quite rowdy. Crowds were less than disposed to applaud the opposition. Judges who went against a local hero or civic pride in favor of visitors risked mob fury. Falling prey to gambling interests was another serious problem. Boats occasionally were sawed in half on the eve of a big contest. Pittsburgh celebrity "Eph" Morris was unfit to row one race in Boston because, he alleged, a drink of water had been purposely drugged to make him sick.⁴⁰ In some American cities, scullers were often followed by pilot boats crewed by men who "protected" their favorites and intimidated others with every imaginable sort of scurrilous trick. During one of James Hamill's five-mile Hudson River races, two men armed with pistols backed him up, as 50,000 New York City spectators were betting more heavily than anyone had ever witnessed before and could not be trusted to allow an honest contest.⁴¹

For certain members of the "sporting set," competing for high wagers in specially arranged matches was a source of income and the central experience in an athletic contest. The attention that came with these events accounts for some of the mass excitement these matches could generate, as well as the occasional scandals that marred them. For the majority of Pittsburghers, however, rowing was an honest recreational outlet through the 1880s, a sociable escape from the doldrums of summer when the glass factories and iron mills customarily closed down due to the heat.⁴² On this level, the sport retained a mixed amateur and semi-professional character. For a neighborhood club, the most exciting moment was a victory that brought home the silkened flag of an opponent organization. Only for a few local men like Hamill, Morris, William Scharf and Patrick Luther did rowing mean distinguished careers, national recognition, gold and silver trophy cups, cash prizes, and medals.

Towards the end of the 1880s, Pittsburgh's 58-member Columbia Boat Club was praised by local

newspapers because its reputation and that of the city had not been smudged "in the various match races that have made Pittsburgh notorious in the boating world as a place where no fair racing could be had."⁴³ Pittsburgh was by no means alone in being so tainted. Professional rowing across the United States became heavily stigmatized by misconduct. The general public grew more convinced that any race involving big money would be dishonest. It was perhaps for this reason that some of the best professional oarsmen gave up and began new careers as college coaches.⁴⁴

The Columbia was an old organization and the new boathouse members built in the early 1880s was one of the last to be established. Not long afterwards, rowing began to rather quickly disappear from the rivers. A race held on the Allegheny River in the autumn of 1886 or 1887 between members of the Columbia and Adrienne clubs is thought to have been one of the final public contests. Scandals had really hurt the sport. Francis G. Couvares, in his excellent book, *The Remaking of Pittsburgh*, mentions:

...changes were occurring in the realm of sports. The last boat race on the Allegheny River took place in 1887, and the clubs soon passed out of existence. Their disappearance was the result of growing demand on river property by industry and of the departure of the skilled craftsmen from the old city. For years thereafter professional oarsmen from Pittsburgh continued to race in national competitions, but they were increasingly plagued by scandals involving gambling and race-fixing.⁴⁵

The social and economic structure of Pittsburgh was changing by the late 1880s, as well. With the eventual arrival of large amusement parks, professional boxing, and regular team baseball, these and other things became the preferred amusements among the class of people who had been rowing's staunchest supporters.⁴⁶ Baseball seems to have especially suited the fiber of the new urban America. Until the turn of the century, football remained pretty much either local, neighborhood or college entertainment. Baseball, however, began to take on new respectability, and eventually became something of a national mania with the founding of the National League in 1876.⁴⁷

Popular recreations reflect the socio-economic life of the times. With the arrival of new factory technology, a more consolidated corporate structure and acrimonious labor-management relations in the later nineteenth century, a different attitude toward the value of leisure time began to emerge. Gone were the

summer breaks that afforded workers an opportunity for concentrated periods of recreation involving travel and regattas. Rowing lost much of the sustaining public spirit it had enjoyed, as the traditional manufacturing/artisan society of mid nineteenth century Pittsburgh gave way to a new industrial economy bent on effective and often remorseless labor discipline. The new immigrant populations flooding into "Big Steel" Pittsburgh gave their attention to many popular enthusiasms, but rowing was not among them.

Times were changing on the national scene as well. As workplace or neighborhood clubs disappeared, amateur rowing reformed around colleges. Varsity crews cleaned up competitive events and radically transformed the rule books to conform with established European, especially British, university programs. By the 1890s, the sport was socially redefined as well, resulting in a narrower appeal to the more educated middle and upper classes.⁴⁸ Gone were the days of professional cash prize rowers who had been so popular among the public. As rowing contests became more League or

relegated to the Ivy the remaining, somewhat exclusive, private East Coast clubs, the sport "created fewer and fewer ripples in the public consciousness."⁴⁹

By this time, the once scenic contours of Pittsburgh's rivers



Members of the University of Pittsburgh team work the Allegheny River during a match in 1989.

had radically changed as well. Shore property became too valuable commercially to allow open space for boat-related recreational facilities to remain. Period photographs show coal barges sided up and docked sometimes six or eight across, along river fronts that once had been open enough to have served as sports arenas. The three rivers had become so heavily travelled by industrial traffic that safety concerns rose, recreational use dwindled, and aquatic sports became a thing of the past that would not be revived again until modern times.

After a couple of false starts in the 1970s, rowing again became part of the aquatic scene in Pittsburgh, with the founding of the Three Rivers Rowing Association in the 1980s. Their new two-story rowing center on Washington's Landing (formerly Herr's Island) rivals its nineteenth century predecessors, the Clipper and Adrienne clubs, in providing accommodations for a workout on the Allegheny River.

The Three Rivers facility is now home to crews from Duquesne University, the University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Mellon University and Chatham College, along with non-collegiate rowers of both sexes and all ages. Also promoting activities on the water are the Allegheny River Rowing Club, the North Hills Rowing Club, several local high schools, and hearty crews of Irishmen who have revived a

tradition of pulling oars in "currachs," an ancient type of Celtic fishing boat. Pittsburgh has regained a national reputation with the annual Head of the Ohio regatta held every September along the Allegheny banks of Roberto Clemente Park. Once dislocated from our rivers by economic and social change, rowing is alive again. It is very much part of a new Pittsburgh and a renewed community attitude toward our rivers.⁵⁰ ■

¹ Robert W. Malcolmson, *Popular Recreations in English Society* (London: 1973); Hugh Cunningham, *Leisure in the Industrial Revolution* (London: 1980).

² Samuel Crowther and Arthur Ruhl, *Rowing and Track Athletics* (New York: 1905), 152, 165.

³ Soeren Stewart Brynn, "Some Sports in Pittsburgh During the National Period, 1775-1860 — Part Two," *The Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine* 52 (January 1969), 57-79.

⁴ *Pittsburgh Gazette*, 16 July 1870.

⁵ *Pittsburgh Post*, 9 Nov. 1859.

⁶ Francis G. Couvares, *The Remaking of Pittsburgh: Class and Culture in an Industrializing City, 1877-1919* (Albany: 1984), 31-50.

⁷ Couvares, 31, 44.

⁸ William J. Baker, *Sports in the Western World* (Chicago: 1988), 107-112.



⁹ Baker, 110-111.

¹⁰ Brynn, 68.

¹¹ Baker, 111.

¹² *Pittsburgh Post*, 18 July 1870; *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* (New York), 6 Aug. 1870; *Pittsburgh Gazette*, 16 July 1870.

¹³ R. Brown, ed., Scrapbook of articles on sculling, rowing, swimming and boxing from unidentified newspapers (Pittsburgh, c. 1860-1880), Western Pennsylvania Historical Society Collection.

¹⁴ James A. Beck, "The Old Fifth Ward," *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine* 28 (Sept-Dec. 1945), 123-24.

¹⁵ Couvares, 44.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*

¹⁷ *Pittsburgh Post*, 6 June 1870.

¹⁸ Brown, "The Columbia Club's New Boat-house."

¹⁹ *Ibid.*

²⁰ Brown, "The McKeesport Races."

²¹ Brown, "McKeesport Aquatic."

²² Brown, "Saturday's Sham."

²³ Brynn, 68.

²⁴ Brown, "Published Challenges-Challenge Accepted."

²⁵ Brown, unknown newspaper, 27 Aug. 1871.

²⁶ Couvares, 45.

²⁷ Couvares, 45, 142.

²⁸ Brown, "Sculling Contest."

²⁹ Crowther and Ruhl, 149.

³⁰ Crowther and Ruhl, 150.

³¹ Robert F. Kelley, *American Rowing: Its Background and*

Traditions (New York: 1932), 28-9.

³² *Pittsburgh Gazette*, 16 July 1870.

³³ Brown scrapbook.

³⁴ Brown, unknown newspaper, 27 Aug. 1870.

³⁵ *Pittsburgh Post*, 18 July 1870; *Illustrated Newspaper*, 16 Aug. 1870.

³⁶ *Pittsburgh Evening Telegraph*, 15 July 1876, 12 July 1873, 12 July 1883, and 4 July 1887. *Pittsburgh Gazette*, 4 July 1867. *National Labor Tribune*, 19 Dec. 1874, 10 July 1880.

³⁷ Brown, "Morris the Champion."

³⁸ Brown, "The Boat Races."

³⁹ *Pittsburgh Post*, 4 July 1870, 18 July 1870.

⁴⁰ Brown, "Eph Morris after Ellis Ward."

⁴¹ Crowther and Ruhl, 156-7. As early as 8 July 1856, the *Pittsburgh Daily Dispatch* complained of "sold" races and too many "bruised heads and bloody noses" at purse races.

⁴² Couvares, 10.

⁴³ Brown, "Columbia Boat Club."

⁴⁴ Crowther and Ruhl, 162-202.

⁴⁵ Couvares, 123.

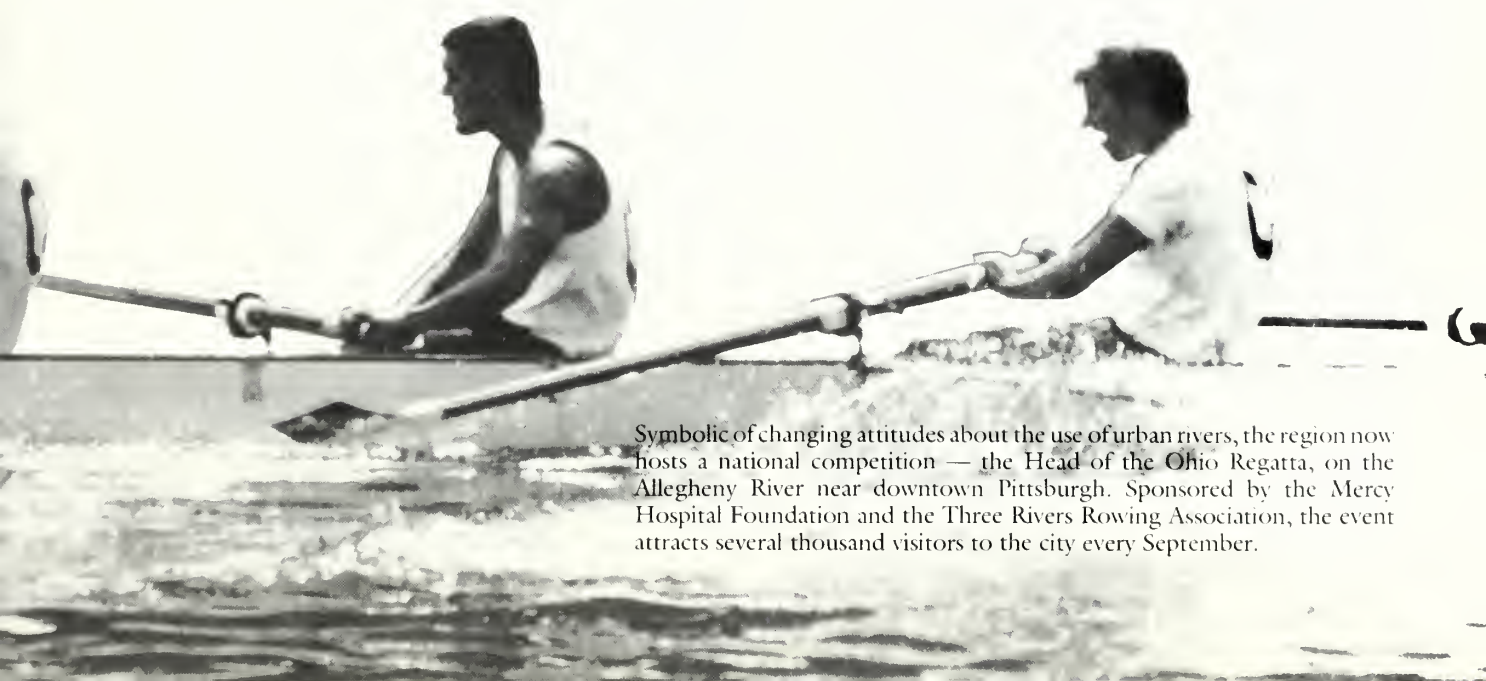
⁴⁶ Couvares, 120-23.

⁴⁷ Baker, 115-17; 138-150.

⁴⁸ Couvares, 123.

⁴⁹ Baker, 176.

⁵⁰ For an excellent historical perspective on some of the causes for these changing attitudes, see Edward K. Muller, "The Legacy of Industrial Rivers," *Pittsburgh History* 72 (Summer 1989), 64-75.



Symbolic of changing attitudes about the use of urban rivers, the region now hosts a national competition — the Head of the Ohio Regatta, on the Allegheny River near downtown Pittsburgh. Sponsored by the Mercy Hospital Foundation and the Three Rivers Rowing Association, the event attracts several thousand visitors to the city every September.

Concert Note

The Rolling Stones at West View Park, 1964

By Brian A. Butko and Paul Roberts, *Pittsburgh History*

IT'S been about a year since the Rolling Stones last played in the area. Just as interest was starting to wane, who steps forward but Paula Cline of Dormont, Pa., — with her photos of the Stones in their first Pittsburgh gig, on their first U.S. tour, in 1964.

On the evening of June 17, a Wednesday, the Stones capped a six-act show at West View Park's Danceland. About 400 people showed up at the old dance hall — Danceland burned in 1973 and the rest of the amusement park north of Pittsburgh closed in 1977 — to see Bobby Comstock and the Counts, the Fenways, Patty and the Emblems, the Pixies Three, Bobby Goldsboro, and the Rolling Stones. KQV radio, neck-and-neck with KDKA as the city's pop music voice of the day, sponsored the show. The only advertising was on KQV and on its play list, and a concert re-cap doesn't seem to have even made the papers. Tickets cost \$1.50.

Cline, who works downtown at Wheelabrator Air Pollution Control, was 16 at the time. She doesn't remember much about the concert, and really hadn't thought of it as anything historic.

One person who remembers plenty is Dave Goodrich. Everyone is fortunate that he was not only at the concert but is also sort of Pittsburgh's rock historian. The British Invasion during 1964 was born in Beatlemania, though the Beatles were the last to visit Pittsburgh. The first Brits to come, the Dave Clark Five, headlined a five-group Civic Arena show on July 5 sponsored by KDKA. The show was stopped midway through because the 5,000 fans refused to sit. Typically, they finally rushed the stage.

The only other British group to hit town before the Beatles was the Stones.¹ Relatively unknown in America, they had one minor hit, "Not Fade Away," from their first album. They were primarily a rhythm-and-blues group, but the success of other groups that year led to their billing as "England's Newest Hitmakers." They made their U.S. television debut on the Hollywood Palace Show, where host Dean Martin repeatedly derided them.² Then they toured America, stopping in Pittsburgh.

The Fenways were the act most people came to see at the Stones show. "They were really the first

Pittsburgh group spawned by Beatlemania," said Goodrich. In fact, the Stones got a lukewarm reception in a town proud of its home-grown R-and-B. Goodrich remembers that the Stones had to push their way through the audience from the dressing room — no police clearing a path in those days. The crowd, raised on Porky Chedwick and Pittsburgh's own "underground" music, stood with their arms crossed and watched the eight-song, half-hour set — no screaming, no stage rushing.³

Often called dirty and long-haired, the Stones were mostly well dressed, in jackets and ties.⁴ Mick Jagger played maracas and sang. Drummer Charlie Watts was interviewed by Chuck Brinkman on KQV later that night.

The Rolling Stones returned four times: the Civic Arena in 1965, 1966, and 1972, and Three Rivers Stadium in 1989. These shows, after the Stones's rise to nasty stardom, were a far cry from their Danceland debut, when they were just another struggling band. ■

¹ The Beatles played the Civic Arena on Sept. 14, at the height of their early popularity. They only stayed long enough for the show, according to Dave Goodrich, because no hotel would have them after "problems" with the Dave Clark Five.

² Among Dean Martin's comments: "Their hair isn't that long, ...[i]t's just smaller foreheads and higher eyebrows..." Later, when introducing a trampolinist, he joked, "That's the father of the Rolling Stones. He's been trying to kill himself ever since." Philip Norman, *Symphony For the Devil: The Rolling Stones Story* (New York: 1984), 123.

³ This reaction was much warmer than in San Antonio, where "they were required to play standing on the edge of a water tank full of trained seals...." The *London Daily Mirror* reported that the Stones had been booed — although a tumbling act and a performing monkey on the same bill were both called back for encores." Norman, 124.

⁴ The Rolling Stones were much rougher in appearance than the Beatles, who still outraged many with their hair length and music. The Stones manager played on this image to win teenage fans, calling his band the ugliest group in Britain, and having magazines ask, "WOULD YOU LET YOUR DAUGHTER GO WITH A ROLLING STONE?" Then they were presented to fans "as rebels who were nice boys when you got to know them." Norman, 113.



Mick Jagger, voice. Guitars: Bill Wyman,
Brian Jones, in the light coat, and Keith Richard,
barely visible between Mick and Jones.
Drums: Charlie Watts.

Early Printing in Pittsburgh, 1786-1856

By Audrey Abbott Iacone

'All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been: it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books.' — Thomas Carlyle

JOHANN Gutenberg's invention in 1453 of movable metal type spawned a revolution. His techniques spread rapidly from Mainz to other cities in Germany, and soon, throughout Europe. Recognized as a major innovation of man, this invention had tremendous impact on the course of human events. Once the art of printing arrived in the New World, it travelled ever westward — never many steps behind the earliest pioneers. Eventually, Gutenberg's invention arrived in Pittsburgh.

Before the Revolutionary War, Pittsburgh was a small village sleeping on the fringe of civilization, but with the conclusion of the conflict, the citizens crowded on the eastern coast turned their eyes westward to the open lands just over the Allegheny Mountains. Pittsburgh, nestled where the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers meet to form the Ohio, was a natural gateway to the vast lands that lay to the West. Over roughly a half-century, Pittsburgh became an important publishing center, crucial in the dissemination of written material to frontier areas. The Library of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania has a number of publications from this period. The following sketch of Pittsburgh's early publishing community places some of these works in historic context. (Those works in the Historical Society's collection are denoted by HSWP.)

Among the early settlers to Pittsburgh was Hugh Henry Brackenridge, a Philadelphia lawyer of tremendous insight and vision. Arriving in 1781, he saw great opportunity in Pittsburgh and felt that the tiny hamlet of less than 40 log houses "would one day be a town of note."¹ He quickly decided that Pittsburgh's potential would not be realized without a means to advertise it. In 1786, when Pittsburgh's population scarcely numbered 300, he enticed two young printers from Philadelphia to come set up a printing shop.

Audrey A. Iacone is the Librarian at the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania. *Opposite page:* One of the city's large bookstores announces its new location after the great fire of 1845.

John Scull and Joseph Hall, both 21, accepted the invitation and carried their printing equipment over the mountains to establish the first printing press west of the Alleghenies.² Thus began a fascinating association between Brackenridge and the publishing community of Pittsburgh. Indeed, Brackenridge was not only responsible for encouraging the city's first press, but played a part in promoting many of the early publishers in the region.

At the corner of Water Street and Chancery Lane, Scull and Hall issued the first weekly newspaper, *Pittsburgh Gazette* (HSWP) on July 29, 1786. This pioneer press encountered many obstacles in obtaining materials and in distribution. Since the printing office was also the first post office, the problems of distribution were perhaps reduced; however, troubles with the Indians in Western Pennsylvania affected distribution, and these conditions persisted until 1794, especially in areas west and northwest of the town. As a consequence, the early settlers (and subscribers) lived mostly in the east and southeast.³

Scull and Hall also published a number of books and pamphlets. For example, they reproduced in pamphlet form a Fourth of July oration by Major William Jackson, given in Philadelphia. No known copies of this first Pittsburgh pamphlet exist today.⁴

Joseph Hall died shortly after his arrival in Pittsburgh. The *Gazette* announced his passing on November 18, 1786, reporting that he died at age 22 after a short illness. Brackenridge continued as a patron of the fledgling newspaper, contributing articles and probably financial assistance as well. Scull persisted in the enterprise, forming a brief partnership with John Boyd of Philadelphia, on the advice of Brackenridge. The *Gazette* announced the partnership on January 6, 1787.⁵

In May, 1787, the firm of Scull and Boyd published *The ABC with the Shorter Catechism*, and soon followed with Pittsburgh's first almanac, encouraged by Brackenridge; the *Gazette* announced the sale of the *Pittsburg Almanac, or Western Ephemeris, For the*

1846

Removed to No. 39 Market Street.

JOHNSTON & STOCKTON, BOOKSELLERS, PRINTERS & BOOKBINDERS,

Corner of Market and Third Streets, Pittsburgh,

Made always on hand,
Most of the Popular

CLASS BOOKS

USED IN

Schools & Colleges

Throughout the Union;

BOOKS

For School Libraries

AND

For Teachers' Libraries;

A general assortment of

DAY-BOOKS, LEGERS,

Journals, Cash, Invoice,
Letter, Receipt, Memorandum,
AND OTHER

BLANK BOOKS,

OF VARIOUS

STYLES OF BINDING;

Quarto, Pocket, Commercial and
Folio Post, Cap, Bill and
Wrapping

PAPERS;

Steel Pens, Quills, Ink,

And all other articles of

STATIONERY,

Suitable

For the Counting Room.

Family, Pocket and School

BIBLES;

AND

PRAYER BOOKS,

TOGETHER WITH

A large assortment of Books

IN THE

Various Departments

OF

Science & Literature.

They also execute

BOOK AND JOB

PRINTING,

In Gold, Black and Fancy Colors,

WITH DESPATCH; SUCH AS

Mercantile and Visiting

CARDS,

CHECKS, CIRCULARS,

BILLS OF LADING,

Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes,

STEAM BOAT BILLS,



Steam Boat Registers & other Blanks,

CANAL BILLS,

Dray Tickets,

CANAL & RAIL ROAD BLANKS,

STAGE BILLS,

Bill Heads, Invitations,

LABELS,

Magistrates' Blanks,

DEEDS, MORTGAGES,

HAND BILLS, &c.

ALSO,

BOOKS & PAMPHLETS,

Printed on the most reasonable terms.

PAPER RULING,

AND

BOOK BINDING,

In all its various branches.

1846.	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	1846.	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
January.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	July.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
February.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	August.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
March.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Septem.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31						29	30	31				
April.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Octob.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31						29	30	31				
May.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Novem.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31						29	30	31				
June.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Decem.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30							29	30	31				

1847.

1847.	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	1847.	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
January.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	March.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31						29	30	31				
February.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	April.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30							29	30	31				

BANKS.

Bank of Pittsburgh.—Capital \$1,200,000.—President, John Graham.—Cashier, John Snyder.—Directors, C. Ashutz, Geo. Hoge, Malcolm Leech, David Shields, John Irwin, Geo. A. Berry, D. T. Morgan, C. F. Spang, John Bissell, Lewis Hutchison, Alex. Laughlin, G. W. Jackson.
DISCOUNT DAYS, Wednesday and Saturday.

Merchants & Manufacturers' Bank.—Capital \$600,000. President, Thomas Scott.—Cashier, William H. Deany.—Directors, Geo. R. White, F. G. Bailey, G. E. Warner, J. W. Burleigh, P. McCormick, Morris Jones, John Anderson, R. C. Towse, J. H. Shoenberger, Wilson McCandless, R. Galway, W. Morrison.
DISCOUNT DAYS, Monday and Thursday.

Exchange Bank of Pittsburgh.—Capital \$1,000,000. President, Wm. Robinson, Jr.—Cashier, Thos. M. Howe.—Directors, G. A. Bayard, Morgan Robertson, Wm. Lippincott, James Anderson, Tobias Myers, Wm. McCully, Harwar Denny, Harvey Childs, B. A. Fahnestock, S. Stoner, George Weyman, James R. Duck.
DISCOUNT DAYS, Tuesday and Friday.

Farmers' Deposit Bank.—Capital \$200,000, privileged to increase to \$500,000.—President, J. Marshall.—Cashier, Thompson Bell.—Directors, Joseph Long, Joseph Love, Rob't. Knox, J. Carson, John Dean, J. Painter.
DISCOUNT DAY, Tuesday.

EXCHANGE BROKERS.

N. HOLMES & SON, Bankers and Brokers, No. 55 Market Street, one door below 4th.

SIBBET & JONES, Bankers & Brokers, corner of Wood and Fourth Streets.

W. H. A. HILL & Co. Bankers and Exchange Brokers, No. 64 Wood Street, one door from N. E. corner of 4th.

WARRICK MARTIN & Co. Exchange Brokers, N. E. corner of Wood and Third Streets.

ALLEN KRAMER, Exchange Broker & Banker, S. W. corner of Wood and Third Streets.

J. W. ROBERTSON & Co. Bankers & Brokers, St. Charles Hotel Buildings, corner of Wood & 3d Sts.

WM. LARIMER, Jr. Exchange and Money Broker, one door from Bank of Pittsburgh, Fourth Street.

W. S. HARRIS, Exchange Broker, corner of Wood Street and Virgin Alley.

THE
NAVIGATOR,
 CONTAINING
 DIRECTIONS FOR NAVIGATING THE
**MONONGAHELA, ALLEGHENY,
 OHIO, AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS;**
 WITH AN AMPLE ACCOUNT
 OF THESE MUCH ADMIRERD WATERS,
 FROM THE HEAD OF THE FORMER
 TO THE MOUTH OF THE LATTER;
 AND A CONCISE
 DESCRIPTION OF THEIR TOWNS, VILLAGES,
 HARBORS, SETTLEMENTS, &c.
 WITH MAPS OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI
 TO WHICH IS ADDED
AN APPENDIX,
 CONTAINING
 AN ACCOUNT OF LOUISIANA,
 AND OF
 THE MISSOURI AND COLUMBIA RIVERS,
 AS DISCOVERED BY THE VOYAGE UNDER
 CAPTS. LEWIS AND CLARK.
 TENTH EDITION.
 PITTSBURGH,
 PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY CRAMER & SPEAR,
 FRANKLIN HEAD, WOOD STREET.
 1818.

Title page from Zadok Cramer's *The Navigator*. Published in 1801, this famous river guide was almost indispensable to settlers traveling west through Pittsburgh.

mountains. When his supplies did not arrive in time, Scull had to obtain cartridge paper from the nearby military post. In June, 1797, the publisher announced that this problem had been alleviated by the recently built Jackson and Sharpless paper mill on Redstone Creek in Fayette County; this also reduced the subscription price.

In 1793, Scull published Volume III of Hugh Henry Brackenridge's *Modern Chivalry*, the first novel printed in Pittsburgh. John McCulloch had printed volumes I and II in Philadelphia in 1792. Volume IV appeared in 1797. One of the earliest examples of American fiction, this picaresque novel relates the adventures of Captain John Farrago and his trusty servant, Teague O'Regan. Although this popular book appeared in 10 editions in the first half of the nineteenth century, the Pittsburgh edition remains relatively rare.

Scull undertook the printing of the laws of the U.S. government in 1799. He did not print them within

Year of our Lord, 1788. This is the earliest known Pittsburgh imprint extant today.

In July, 1788, Boyd attempted to establish a circulating library, having a goal of 500 volumes as well as the newest American magazines, but this enterprise was never realized. The next month, the partnership ended when Boyd hung himself; the reasons for his suicide are not known.⁶

Scull continued the firm by himself until 1816. He endured many frustrations; subscribers were slow to pay; sources for articles and financing were limited; paper was scarce and expensive since it had to be carried over the

the columns of the newspaper, but took a unique approach. For six months, the *Gazette* published laws on the last two pages of each issue. The pages could then be detached by the reader and folded into an eight-page pamphlet with consecutively numbered pages. Eventually all the pamphlets could be bound together into a permanent book.

As westward migration increased, so did the population of the city, and John Scull's printing office grew and prospered with Pittsburgh. After his retirement in 1816 — he died February 8, 1828 — the firm continued under the guidance of his son John Irwin Scull, working with Morgan Neville. The young Scull sold to William Eichbaum and Samuel R. Johnston in 1820.

Soon the city grew large enough to accommodate other newspapers. John Israel established Pittsburgh's second press, the *Tree of Liberty* (HWP), an anti-Federalist paper, in August, 1800. He had previously published the *Herald of Liberty* in Washington, Pa., but came to Pittsburgh at the request of Brackenridge, who had fallen out with Scull over political issues. Subsequently, Israel and Scull engaged in a long and bitter battle which ended with Scull pressing and winning a libel suit against Israel. In 1806, Israel retired from the *Tree of Liberty*, but the paper continued until about 1810 under the leadership of Walter Forward and then, William Foster.⁷

Ephraim Pentland began a third Pittsburgh press in July 1805 known as the *Commonwealth* (HWP); in 1810, Benjamin Brown replaced Pentland. The paper continued until 1818, when Pentland re-established control in partnership with Silas Engles, and renamed it the *Statesman* (HWP). A fourth early newspaper of note was the *Mercury* (HWP), begun in 1811 by James C. Gilleland, and purchased the next year by John Snowden.

Brackenridge also had a hand in the establishment of the first bookstore west of the Alleghenies by encouraging John C. Gilkison to settle in Pittsburgh for this purpose. Gilkison opened his shop in 1798, chiefly offering textbooks for sale or borrow. The store passed into Brackenridge's hands when Gilkison died in March, 1800, but soon was sold to Zadok Cramer, who reopened the store in June under the name "Sign of the Franklin Head." Originally a bookstore and book bindery, Cramer soon added publishing to the business.

The Franklin Head Bookstore, located on Market Street between First and Second streets, provided a variety of books for westward migrants. The most important imprints were almanacs and books on religious topics, followed closely by textbooks, undoubtedly regarded as necessary for the home-bound instruction of isolated farm children. Books on government and music were also popular.⁸

Cramer became an important figure in the publishing community, making a career of "firsts," and pub-

lishing about 70 books and pamphlets. He succeeded in establishing a circulating library. Cramer had learned printing and book binding early in his career in Washington, Pa. Although Cramer lacked a printing press until 1805, he used other printers. He was responsible for two series of almanacs, *Pittsburgh Almanack for the Year of our Lord 1802* and the *Pittsburgh Magazine Almanac*, the latter including selections of the best verse and prose of the day. Israel printed these almanacs. Cramer authored a famous river guide, *The Navigator*, printed by Scull, which first appeared in 1801, and saw numerous editions, the first two being very rare today. This popular book, which was produced in a new edition almost every year, described in great detail the Ohio Valley to the Mississippi River. Detailed maps printed from woodcuts accompanied the navigational information. As the inevitable multitude of settlers arrived in Pittsburgh, pausing on their journey West for provisions, Cramer's *Navigator* became almost indispensable. The significance of this book cannot be overstated.

Once Cramer had a press, he continued his career as a publisher, producing a number of important books. In 1807, he printed John Brown's *A Dictionary of the Holy Bible* in two volumes (HWP). This may have been the first illustrated book issued west of the Alleghenies. These two octavo volumes contained a total of 24 plates, including a folded frontispiece, and were printed on fine paper. The plates were the work of W. Kneass of Philadelphia. Subscribers to these volumes included Scull, Pentland and President Thomas Jefferson.

In 1807, Cramer published the first printed account of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Briefly entitled *A Journal of the Voyages and Travels of a Corps of Discovery, Under the Command of Capt. Lewis and Capt. Clark of the Army of the United States, From the Mouth of the River Missouri Through the Interior Parts of North America to the Pacific Ocean, During the Years 1804, 1805, & 1806...* (HWP), it was written by Patrick Gass, a member of the expedition. In the same year, Cramer produced the *New System of Mercantile Arithmetic* (HWP), and in 1809 he applied for a copyright for the *United States Spelling Book*. Cramer eventually formed a partnership with John Spear and William Eichbaum, Jr., and the firm in 1813 issued *The Western Gleaner*, one of the earliest magazines west of the Alleghenies.

When he died on August 1, 1814, Cramer's wife, Elizabeth, continued in his place. Eichbaum retired in 1817. Cramer's daughter, Susan, replaced her mother in 1818, and the firm of Cramer and Spear continued until 1835.

Other early Pittsburgh printers included James M. Riddle, who issued the first *Pittsburgh Directory* (HWP) in 1815, and Patterson and Lambdin, (*Pittsburgh Town and Country Magazine Almanac*, HWP), and

Henry Holdship (*The Western Farmer's Almanac for the Year of our Lord...*, HWP), all of whom published the exceedingly popular almanacs of the day. By 1856, there were 35 printing firms in the Pittsburgh area. Brackenridge, who died in Carlisle, Pa., in June, 1816, played, as did his sons to a lesser extent, an important role in the establishment and promotion of printing in Pittsburgh.

After the Revolutionary War, the rapid growth of Pittsburgh spawned printing enterprises and allowed them to flourish as printers supplied those books deemed necessary by settlers migrating west. As the flow of migrants waned, as the modes of transportation became more efficient (train rather than wagon or raft), and as the centers of printing became entrenched in the East — New York, Philadelphia and Boston — the importance of Pittsburgh as a printing center diminished. But for roughly 60 years, the city and its pioneer printers rendered a vital service to the expanding nation. ■

¹Hugh Henry Brackenridge, *Gazette Publications* (Carlisle, Pa.: 1806), 7.

²They carried perhaps the most celebrated of early American presses, a small wooden hand machine, fashioned by Adam Ramage. See J. Cutler Andrews, *Pittsburgh's Post-Gazette: The First Newspaper West of the Alleghenies* (Boston: 1936), 2.

³Rollo G. Silver, *The American Printer* (Charlottesville, Va.: 1967), 142.

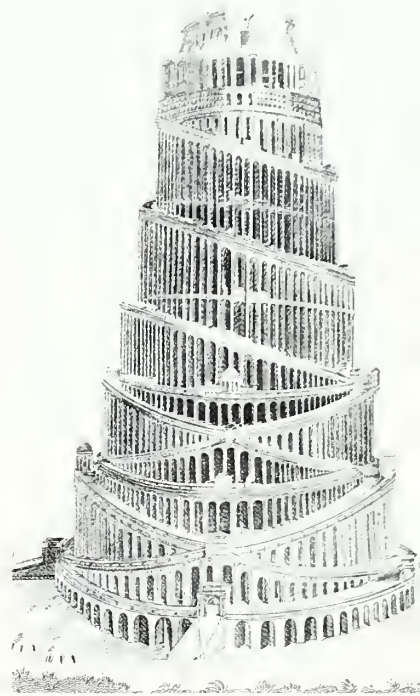
⁴Douglas C. McMurtrie, *A History of Printing in the United States*, 4 vols. (New York: 1936), Vol. II, 88. This pamphlet sold for a half-dollar.

⁵*Ibid.*, 90.

⁶Boyd hung himself on the bluff that overlooks the Monongahela River (in the area of present-day Duquesne University). The hill subsequently became known as Boyd's Hill.

⁷McMurtrie, *A History of Printing in the United States*, Vol. II, 92.

⁸Evelyn C. Edie, "A Checklist of Pittsburgh Imprints From 1821 through 1840, With A Historical Introduction" (unpublished diss., Catholic University of America, 1955), 19.



Engraving depicting the Tower of Babel from *A Dictionary of the Holy Bible*, 1807. Engravings for the book were imported from Philadelphia.



Central High School:

PITTSBURGH'S FIRST

By S. Trevor Hadley

ANY weekday morning it is perfectly natural to see teenagers boarding buses on their way to high school. Today, employment in our technologically advanced society virtually requires a high school degree, but in the past even attendance was not compulsory.

The prominent role of public secondary education in our culture tends to obscure its early history, which in Pittsburgh began modestly 135 years ago.

S. Trevor Hadley is a Pittsburgh writer.



Top: Central in 1855, in what today would be the 500 block of Smithfield Street. *Above:* Third graduating class, 1861.



In September 1855, the Board of Education in Pittsburgh opened its first high school. It rented rooms on the third and fourth floors of a building on Smithfield Street for \$450 per year, and once the owner installed gas lights, the school opened.¹ Located where the Mellon Bank building now stands across from Kaufmann's Department Store, the school had primitive facilities with rooms poorly lit, improperly ventilated, oddly arranged, and rarely warm enough.

Here old "Central High School" eked out a meager existence for years — very meager according to one student's account; he found it to be a colorful, although not educationally conducive, setting:

Smithfield Street in those days was paved with cobblestones, and there were no car tracks beyond Fifth Avenue. Drays were numerous and noisy; there were no railroad sidings to the mills and factories, consequently teaming was an important business. The heavy wagons hauling iron products of all sizes and shapes, massive timber wheels with unwieldy castings of many tons weight swinging from their beam and hauled by numerous horses, as many as 30 frequently, clattering omnibuses, the rattle of the mail wagons coming and going almost hourly, all the conveyances in common use combined to make Smithfield Street, a bridge street, a bedlam, and then as now, one of the most travelled thoroughfares in the city.

The pandemonium of noise necessitated closed windows and brought out their repeated admonition from the professors, "Louder. Speak more loudly, please."

Even when there occurred a lull in the traffic on the street, from one of the store windows downstairs, where "Cheap John," an auctioneer, held forth, there came the reiterated cry, "I have one dollar; who'll give the half?" And always on the street below a busker played antiquated tunes on an accordion, both wheezy and breezy, and to make matters worse his repertoire was small, hence we knew all his tunes and were full up with accordion malady.

It was a blessed relief when one or more of the predatory rats that infested the place or even some quick action mice, emboldened by hunger, would emerge from one of the numerous crannies in the old building and begin to forage from the leftovers from the lunch pails. This sort of invasion invariably led to action. Any missile in reach — a piece of chalk, a small lump of coal, an inkwell or its cover, perhaps a surreptitious bone would be hurled at the rodents, and with the resultant racket, the recitation would be interrupted.²

This eyewitness account of education in the Smithfield Street school hardly engenders nostalgia for the "good old days."

The first principal of the school, Reverend Jacob LaGrange McKown, a graduate of Wesleyan University, had been hired or drafted from Cooperstown, New York, at a yearly salary of \$2,000.³ Early faculty

members included Philotus Dean (natural sciences), William Dickson (mathematics), and Mary Maitland, who was the "female assistant."⁴

Central's first class consisted of 18 boys and 16 girls, only three of whom graduated three years later. Graduation exercises were held before a large crowd of parents and friends in Lafayette Hall, an L-shaped, four-story brick building on the corner of Fourth and Wood streets which was used for many years for all kinds of public meetings. Miss Heppie Wilkens, the first graduate of Central High School, had the honor of receiving the first diploma because she was a girl; later she became Mrs. Joseph S. Hamilton and made her home in Bellevue for many years. William C. King, another graduate, founded the King Glass Company and became a successful businessman in Pittsburgh. The third graduate, Kuno Kuhn, spent his life working in the oil business in Bradford, Pennsylvania.⁵ The small size of the class caused the major Pittsburgh newspaper of the day to editorialize: "The mountain has labored for four long years at great expense to the city and produced only three live mice."⁶

Thus Pittsburgh's first high school made its premiere in shoddy facilities, more than six years before the Civil War. One of the last eyewitness accounts of life in the old high school indicates that even though the student body did grow, few capital improvements were made:

There were 80 students admitted with my class, but all did not attend. We spent seven dreary months there, mostly winter months with the grime, smoke, and murkiness characteristic of Pittsburgh in those years when the consumption of our juicy bituminous coal was universal. It was a rare day when recitations were held without having the gas lights lit. From the rear windows we looked down into the gloomy depths of Splane's Court, very much like looking into the mouth of a coal pit, as the drift entries then common in the city were called. This court was always dark and repressive, a real gloom provoker. We did not know what class of people were domiciled there, but we pitied them. We thought they might be some of the few descendants of Caesar's who had strayed out to Pittsburgh.⁷

Support for public education of any kind in Pittsburgh was relatively new. It had taken more than two decades early in the nineteenth century to develop popular support for public elementary schools, and it took even longer to extend that support to secondary school. So, when Central High was established, the school was unpopular with the general public. The ordinary citizen grouched that he was having to help support a school which primarily served the children of the rich. And economic hard times meant that most children went to work at 14 to help support their families.⁸ In fact, at one point, opposition to the high school became so strong that the alumni banded to-

gether and passed a resolution which was published in all the city's newspapers:

Whereas the attack lately made upon the Faculty of the high school has, though unsuccessful, attained a widespread publicity and has left a prejudicial impression on the minds of some, therefore, be it Resolved:

The Alumni Association of Pittsburgh Central High School, than whom none are in a better position to judge, do hereby express our entire confidence in the faculty as now constituted and our hearty appreciation of the marked success that has attended their earnest efforts in the cause of higher education of the people at large.⁹

Whether this resolution changed anybody's mind is unclear, but opposition to the school appears to have died away; at least no serious attack against the school followed.

The populist charge that Central was a rich man's school is not borne out by the records, which indicate that among the children of the first class admitted, 32 percent of the parents were involved in business, 31 percent were laborers, and 10 percent were professionals, although how the administration defined these categories is unknown.¹⁰

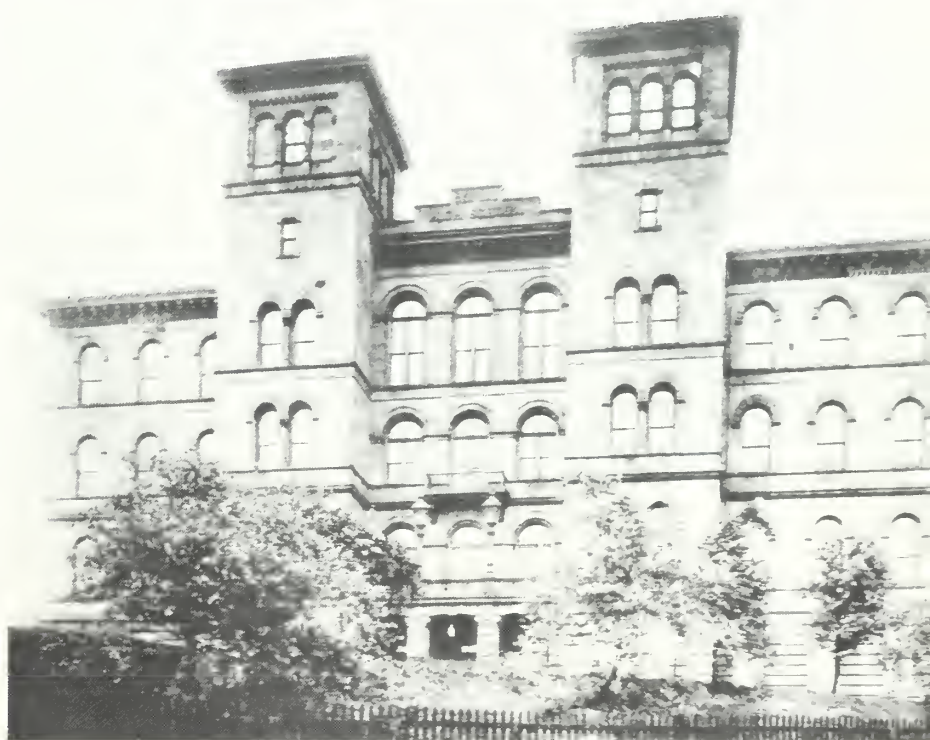
From 1861 to 1865, the Civil War seriously interfered with education and touched the lives of many students. By the end of the war, 254 men had graduated from Central High School; of that number, 81 served with the Union Army, seven were killed, 10 were wounded, two died of disease, and one was a prisoner of war. Central boasted that 25 percent of its graduates had served their country, and that this percentage could not be matched by any other school in the United States.¹¹

Despite slow growth and public opposition, Central's enrollment increased to approximately 170 and larger quarters became necessary. In 1868, the school moved to the Bank of Commerce Building at Wood Street and Sixth Avenue. The new facilities were markedly better, although not ideal. The building had five floors with long, steep stairs; it had light, airy rooms, steam heat, and a large chapel room. Improved conditions no doubt raised student morale, as perhaps is evidenced by their nicknaming of the school's custodian, Hughey Boice, as "The Professor of Dust and Ashes." Wood

Street, paved with wooden blocks, proved much quieter than the Smithfield Street location. A student at the school recorded that "after lunch our pastime was watching the boys from Rinehart's Tobacco Factory (adjoining us) playing baseball on Wood Street."¹²

The school stayed there only three years. Growth in enrollment from 169 to 370 made effective teaching almost impossible. Separate classes often had to meet in the same rooms, demonstrating that the school had outgrown its building. In the meantime, Principal Philotus Dean began an almost one-man

campaign for the construction of a new building.¹³ Under pressure from several citizens' groups, the Pittsburgh School Board purchased a tract of land on the corner of Fulton Street and Bedford Avenue in what is now known as the Hill District. When construction began on the new school, a gala cornerstone-laying ceremony marked



From 1868 to 1871, Central High was at Sixth Avenue and Wood Street, *top*. The school moved in 1872 to Bedford and Crawford streets, *above*.

the occasion and a newspaper called it “an epochal day in the history of education in Pittsburgh.”¹⁴

The gigantic celebration took place on September 29, 1869. Fully 10,000 students and friends of public education marched in a parade from Penn Avenue and Fifth Street to the new building site, just beyond the present-day site of the Civic Arena. The Iron City Brass Band, the Germania Turners Brass Band, the faculty of the school, and the members of the Board of Education all marched in the parade. Four thousand school children participated, and spectators thronged the streets. A beautifully decorated arch at



Novelist Willa Cather taught at Central 1901-02.

the entrance to the grounds led to platforms built for the speakers. When the parade reached its destination, police opened a path for the marchers, and then permitted the crowd to assemble on the hillside.¹⁵

A lengthy program of speeches and music preceded the ceremony in which a variety of objects, including Bibles, directories, lists of alumni, school codes, and

histories of the school were deposited under the cornerstone. Principal Dean gave a long oration; pupils sang “America” to the accompaniment of six Etsey organs played by the city’s music teachers.¹⁶ John Kerr, an alumnus of the school, delivered the final oration:

We are gathered here today to hear the first sound of the hammer upon the walls of a permanent structure for free academic education. This age is progressive; we must not stand where our fathers stood. We must not wait on the portals of the future with the rust-stained key of the past. The High School approaches that true ideal of public instruction, where the schools shall be free to all, good enough for all, and attended by the children of all.¹⁷

All the children wore large badges identifying their elementary schools; many carried huge banners and girls carried bouquets of flowers. It was a foot parade; no vehicle was permitted. One newspaper noted: “The whole affair was one of the grandest and most imposing spectacles ever witnessed in the city.”¹⁸ Central High School, built at a cost of \$200,000, must have seemed like a state-of-the-art facility when completed in 1872. Designed for 600 students, it

contained 14 classrooms, a large lecture room with raised seating, two apparatus rooms for chemistry and physics, a drawing room, a library, a 1,000-seat auditorium, a stage with proscenium and footlights, and the requisite restrooms and offices.¹⁹

The first principal in the new building, Benjamin Cutler Jillson, headed a faculty of 18 full- and part-time teachers. There were 436 pupils enrolled the first year. The typical school day began at 8:45 a.m. and ended at 2:15 p.m. — not much different than today’s schedules. There was a daily recess of 20 minutes. Two bells rang to signal a change of classes; the first bell signalled room changes for the girl students, and with the second bell, three minutes later, the boys moved to their new classes.

The man given the most credit for the creation of the new school, Philotus Dean, had tirelessly lobbied and planned for the school and even had bought the equipment for it. He developed typhoid fever during the summer of 1871, and after only a 10-day illness, died at age 49, never living to see the school’s opening. Dean was never properly memorialized for his sacrifices. Many years later, when Pittsburgh built its first great, modern high school, the school board chose to name it for a Captain Windham Harrington Schenley, a British citizen who lived in Pittsburgh for a brief period before 1863 and whose connection to education in Pittsburgh was tenuous at best.

Over the years, several prominent people served on the Central faculty. Willa Cather, clearly the most famous, was one of America’s major female novelists. She came to Pittsburgh from Nebraska in 1897 and spent four years working for the *Pittsburgh Leader*, a literary magazine owned by the Nevin family. At that time, Willa began to write, but found that her work on the magazine left her little time for writing. Thus she began her teaching career at Central in March, 1901, as a replacement for a Latin teacher, Belle Weidman, but after Burkey Patterson resigned in 1901, Cather became a full-time English teacher the following autumn.²⁰

Norman Foerster, one of her pupils and later a renowned teacher, editor, and critic, notes that this newer school, despite its pristine beginnings, eventually become marked by Pittsburgh’s distinctive turn-of-the-century signature:

The Central High School was a dismal grimy structure on a bluff looking down on the Union Station. The darkness in fog and smoke in fall and winter, the dirt of the squalid streets that led up to it, must have made Willa Cather feel that the great plains and the skies of Nebraska were very far away, as they were.²¹

Students remembered Cather as the only young teacher in a faculty of formal, grey-haired veterans. She inspired her students by what they called her “breezy, Western way with people,” and folklore has

it that she startled students on the first day of class by greeting them while seated on the top of her desk. She was considered an able English teacher and a strict disciplinarian. Cather eventually left Central for a new teaching position in the English Department at Allegheny High School at an annual salary of \$750. When she resigned from that position in 1906, she was earning \$1,300.²²

Another well-known faculty member at Central was Sara Soffel, also a graduate of the school. Later to become Judge Soffel, she was a good basketball player and coached the girls basketball team at Central. She used to boast that her 1911 team was the outstanding girls team in Western Pennsylvania.²³

Clearly life at Central was not all academics. Its budget for athletics in 1907 totaled \$2,500. Central also boasted a chorus of over 100 voices, an orchestra which played at many civic events, and a newspaper it claimed was one of the best in the country.

To gain admission to the school, students had to pass strict examinations in arithmetic, grammar, geography, U.S. history, orthography, and algebra to quadratics.²⁴ The school enforced academic standards by dismissing students regularly for "habitually neglecting their studies." Laws in those days did not require high school attendance, so permanent suspensions were not hard to enforce.²⁵

A disciplinary log from the high school provides insight into turn-of-the-century ethics. In 1901, the principal suspended a student from school for opening a note intended for his father. The log reports that he was suspended for two weeks, but was reinstated "at the intercession of the Mayor of the city." That same year, one student called the principal a liar. The principal replied, "I am no more a liar than you are," whereupon the student struck the principal a blow on the ear. The student was suspended for two weeks but was reinstated after one week.²⁶

Despite these incidents, teachers in the early twentieth century were highly esteemed, but like many of

their modern counterparts, they were poorly paid. Beginning teachers usually started at \$500 per year, with the top salary not much above \$1,000. Six-room houses at the time rented for \$55 and \$60 per month without heat, so clearly, teachers did not live very graciously.²⁷

In 1916, Central's life as a public secondary school ended. The faculty and student body moved to the recently completed Schenley High School. From 1916 to 1933, Central's building housed what was known as the "Short Course Business High School." Many Pittsburghers learned their secretarial and clerical skills there and fondly remembered their school days at "Old Central." After that program ended, the building was used during the Depression years as the local offices of the National Youth Administration and



Class of 1908

the Works Progress Administration.

Central High School was the first and oldest high school building in the city; Fifth Avenue High School was the next oldest, followed by South High School; only the latter is still in use as a school building.

In 1946, Central High, by then an old landmark known for its twin towers, was torn down. Much of its building material was hauled to Mt. Lebanon and

used there in the construction of that rapidly expanding suburb. In the 45 years of its existence as a high school, almost 5,000 young men and women were graduated into the professional, business, and social life of the city of Pittsburgh. That number includes over 1,500 teachers, most of whom taught for some time in the Pittsburgh public schools.²⁸

Long after the building had disappeared, alumni kept Central's spirit alive with annual class reunions. The class of 1912, for example, held regular reunions every five years up to 1957, when the reunion in the Carlton House on Grant Street included alumni from as far away as Hollywood, Montreal, Dallas, and San Diego.²⁹ It was the last recorded celebration for many of the students who punctuated Central's checkered history. ■

¹ W.D. McCoy, "Establishment and Development of Pittsburgh Central High School," *Educational Bulletin* (1959), a regular Pittsburgh educational publication.

² George T. Fleming, "The Old Central High School," *Gazette Times*, June 13, 1920. Fleming was a member of the last class to attend Central at its Smithfield Street location. He reminisced about the long walks that most students took to get home, but said that most welcomed them after six hours of study in sitting positions. He also described the transit vehicles, which were horse drawn and "slow to exasperation."

³ McCoy, *Educational Bulletin*. Rev. McKown, who, like most early male school teachers was a minister, stayed on the job for only one year. He was succeeded by Rev. David H.A. McClean, a 30-year-old mathematics professor from Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa., who held the job for three years.

⁴ *Pittsburgh's Schools* 33 (Sept.-Dec. 1958), publication of the Board of Education.

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ George T. Fleming, *Flem's Fancies, Volume 2: My High School Days* (Pittsburgh, 1904), 111ff.

⁷ Fleming, *Gazette Times*.

⁸ *Ibid.*

⁹ McCoy, *Educational Bulletin*.

¹⁰ *Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph*, Oct. 14, 1946. This charge of elitism probably reflected the success of its graduates. By the early 1900s, Central's alumni included 100 attorneys, 59 physicians, seven dentists, and 17 clergymen.

¹¹ McCoy, *Educational Bulletin*.

¹² Fleming, *Gazette Times*. He described the transfer of the high school to its new quarters on Wood Street as "a move from darkness into light; air and comfort made happier pupils and gave them a new thrill to their high school life."

¹³ *Pittsburgh Teachers Bulletin* (Nov. 1946), and *Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph*, Oct. 14, 1946. The only effort to recognize Philotus Dean's contribution was the establishment of a Dean's Literary Society, which remained active for many years after his death.

¹⁴ "A Gala Day of a Half Century Ago," *Gazette Times*, Oct. 10, 1920.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ "The People's College," newspaper clipping, Oct. 1, 1869, name of newspaper unknown, clipping file, Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁹ G.M. Kelly, *Handbook of Greater Pittsburgh* (Pittsburgh, 1895).

²⁰ Leonora R. Elkus, ed., *Famous Men and Women of Pittsburgh*, (Pittsburgh, 1981).

²¹ *Ibid.*

²² *Ibid.* Willa Cather's students at Central praised her talents. They recalled her meticulous attention to detail, her forthright manner, her demands that they write every day for class — a perfectionist who often demanded too much from her students.

²³ *Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph*, Oct. 14, 1946.

²⁴ *Ibid.*

²⁵ Board of Education Minute Books, 1855-1890, vol. A, Special Collections, Hillman Library, University of Pittsburgh.

²⁶ *Ibid.*

²⁷ McCoy, *Educational Bulletin*.

²⁸ "Old Central High Building in Process of Being Razed," *Pittsburgh Teachers Bulletin* (Nov. 1946).

²⁹ Class reunion programs for Central High School, Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania Archives, Pittsburgh.

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With History On Our Side

By John A. Herbst
Executive Director

WE are feeling very evangelical these days about the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania. A growing body of people in the area support our mission to protect and present an important regional heritage. As with any good proselytizer, our zeal is reinforced by an increasing number of converts and we are

150 faithful attendees focused on exhibit planning for the Pittsburgh Regional History Center, and engaged in spirited small group discussions followed by a reporting session. They considered plans for the Society's headquarters that will be located in the former Chautauqua Ice Co., and how renovation of this 160,000 square foot space will transform the building into an exciting museum, educational and research center. This large turnout, and more importantly, the degree of participation, indicated a high level of interest.

Another sign of interest was the actual membership growth in 1989. Membership doubled in that busy year of new exhibits, industrial salvage efforts, ethnic history collection projects, special tours, lectures, and educational programs such as National History Day. Of course, members receive the quarterly, *Pittsburgh History: A Magazine of the City and Its Region*, which has proven to be a major attraction for new members.

We still have more adherents to gain. If you are reading this issue of our magazine and are not a member, we invite you to join and support the vital work our curators, archivists, librarians, editors and educators do in bringing history to the public. If you are already a member, how about sharing the spirit of a region by bringing Society membership benefits — tangible and intangible — to the attention of a friend? Passing the word is the most effective method of evangelism for the best of causes. ■

encouraged by other signposts indicating the interest of area residents in our cause.

Take, for instance, the large visitation which the exhibit, "Homestead: The Story of a Steel Town," enjoyed in its first year — more than 10,000 people. Or consider the enthusiasm at the Society's Annual Membership Meeting, held on February 17, 1990; although it was not attached to an exhibit opening, as in the three previous years, nearly



The exhibit "Homestead: The Story of a Steel Town," drew some 10,000 people to the Society last year. At the February 1989 opening ethnic music and food were added attractions.



The Society's tour last year of Pittsburgh's North Side, rich in German heritage, was immensely popular. Tom Pastorious, *above*, who follows strict German traditions to make his high-quality beer at the Allegheny Brewery & Pub, — once the Eberhardt and Ober Brewery — leads a group past the copper kettles in the main brew room. "Steel Valley Night," an evening event, *left*, that gave Mon Valley residents a chance to see the Society's Homestead exhibition, drew more than 500 people in May 1989.

An American Dark Age: Echoes and Memories

By Robert G. Colodny

It Did Happen Here: Recollections of Repression in America

By Bud and Ruth Schultz

Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988. Pp. xv, 427. Preface, foreword, suggestions for further reading. \$22.50

TO publish a book which reveals the dark side of American political history in the first three quarters of this century, a book which exposes the extra-constitutional activities of all branches of the American political

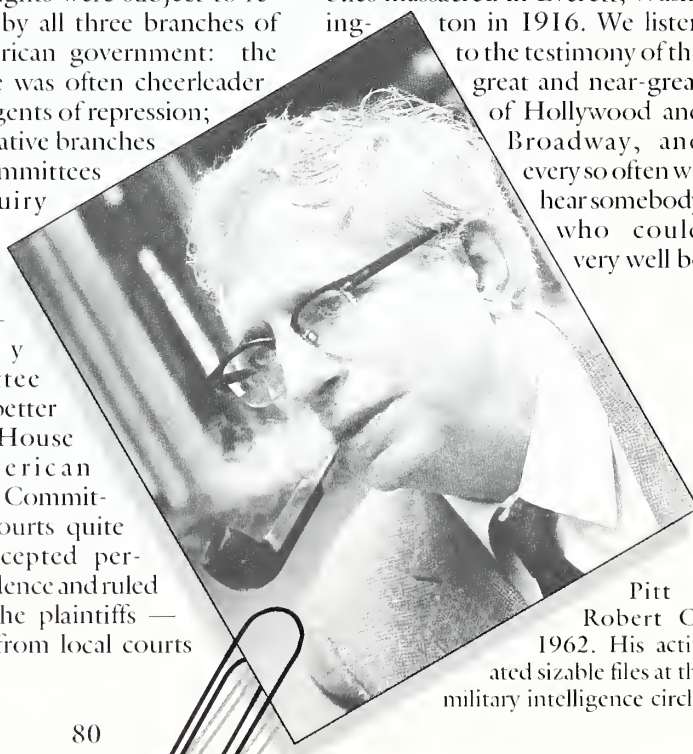
Robert G. Colodny, Professor Emeritus of History at the University of Pittsburgh, is the author of numerous works on modern European history and is also an authority on the history and philosophy of science. He was asked to contribute this review because of his personal experiences: during World War II, he was among those soldiers suspected of espionage or subversion and held at a military base in Western Pennsylvania; in January 1961, a *Pittsburgh Press* article intimated that Colodny was a communist subversive, and politicians and the *Press*, in particular, fanned it into a two-year-long controversy. Colodny, then a professor at Pitt, endured federal inquiries as well as the scrutiny of a special panel set up by Pitt Chancellor Edward Litchfield; that panel found no truth in the allegations. The "Colodny Case" led to what many consider a classic plea for free speech in a democratic society, delivered by Litchfield. The reasons that police and intelligence agencies harassed Colodny for 20 years form a major part of his story, which appears here for the first time.

institutions, was an act of great civic courage. I am proud that the University of California, which by 1950 had awarded me three degrees, has put its imprimatur on this volume. I say this now, because later on I must refer to events at that institution which show it in a more dubious light.

This book is the oral history of 35 victims of political repression; its great value is that the victims speak for themselves unencumbered by sociological jargon or political explanations. The book does not attempt to justify the ideas that were repressed or the actions that were advocated. Its focus is simple and clear. American citizens attempting to exercise rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States and the Bill of Rights were subject to repression by all three branches of the American government: the executive was often cheerleader for the agents of repression; the legislative branches set up committees of inquiry such as the Senate Internal Security Committee and the better known House Un-American Activities Committee; the courts quite often accepted perjured evidence and ruled against the plaintiffs — this ran from local courts

to the Supreme Court itself. The bulk of the book covers the period from the end of World War II up to the early 1970s. There are flashbacks to the early part of the century which give historical depth to what is certainly going to be considered an American tragedy by our descendants.

Probably no part of American society was completely immune to acts of political repression on the part of police agencies or congressional committees. The witnesses who are heard in the pages of this book run from the famous or near-famous to the totally anonymous and obscure. We hear the voices of Scott Nearing, busted out of the University of Pennsylvania in 1915, folksinger Pete Seeger, the baby doctor Benjamin Spock, the Wobblies massacred in Everett, Washington in 1916. We listen to the testimony of the great and near-great of Hollywood and Broadway, and every so often we hear somebody who could very well be



Pitt Professor Robert Colodny, c. 1962. His activities generated sizable files at the FBI and in military intelligence circles.

the man across the street, the anonymous neighbor. In most cases we are confronted with a body of ideas and actions that were perceived to be a challenge to the existing order in American society or to power relations or to segments of society who believed their property might be put in jeopardy. Generally speaking, the more important ideas subject to thought control were those pertaining to the rights of labor to organize, to racial minorities seeking redress of ancient grievances — above all, the civil rights advocates of the 1950s, '60s, and '70s, and American Indians responding to centuries of abuse by the federal government — and to that hardy band of scholars and ordinary citizens who suggested that socialism was a viable alternative for organizing the common life of the American people.

A Catalog of Heretics and Heresies

The title of this magnificent book derives, of course, from Sinclair Lewis's 1937 book, *It Can't Happen Here*. This was a fictional account of the takeover of the American republic by elements resembling fascists. Whether or not the events chronicled herein portend the takeover of this republic by fascists is a judgment that must be made by each reader. Americans are notorious for their short historical memory, and I suspect that it is only the graybeards among us who can recall the precise steps by which Mussolini's blackshirt thugs conquered Italy in the early 1920s, or can recall the long death agony of the Weimar Republic of Germany which eventuated in the takeover by Hitler.

Most of the events recorded in the testimony of these victims took place within my own lifetime, and as a professional historian, I was generally aware of their nature. Yet in reading again some of the more brutal episodes recounted, I had a feeling that this could not

happen here. I felt quite often that I was listening to testimony from some alien land; but the brutalization of the steelworkers in Aliquippa and Woodland by the Pennsylvania Coal and Iron Police in the early years of this century is part of the history of Allegheny

There developed a fear of a monolithic communist conspiracy...

County. The witness, Pete Muselin, recounts how the Coal and Iron Police, largely made up of Anglo-Americans, terrorized the Slavic immigrants who were working in Jones and Laughlin Steel mills. These were the men, women, and children who had been thought of as "the huddled masses yearning to be free." Often they were brought here by agents of the steel companies. Why were they repressed, why were they brutalized? Largely to keep them docile, and to prevent the idea of unionism from taking root. All this was 70 years ago, and yet towards the end of this book, in the testimony of Tom Quinn, once again a union, the United Electrical Workers, in Pittsburgh, is terrorized by agents of state and church because they wish to build a grassroots, militant union. Then there were the Palmer raids, right after World War I, when thousands of immigrants were picked off the streets and deported without recourse to the courts, treated like garbage and dumped beyond our shores. This was orchestrated by a young bureaucrat in the Department of Justice whose activities run throughout all of the book, J. Edgar Hoover, and the newly formed Federal Bureau of Investigation. And then there were the agents of the Immigration and

Naturalization Service, who also figure in repressive activities in the South. Given the influx of refugees from Central America clawing at our southern border, has this Immigration Service developed any deeper sense of humanity and compassion than it displayed in the epoch of Hoover and Attorney General Palmer, in the 1920s?

The Palmer raids may be thought of as a paranoid response by American authorities to the Russian Revolution and to the fear that all immigrants from Eastern Europe were somehow or other infected with the virus of Bolshevism. This reminds historians that the first paranoid response to foreign affairs was the Alien and Sedition Laws of the eighteenth century, a response to an equally paranoid fear of the French Revolution. Closer to our own time, an age of revolution and counterrevolution, as American policy was confronted with revolutions in China, Cuba, and Indo-China, there developed a fear of a monolithic communist conspiracy bent on taking over the world and subverting the foundations of American society.

Broadly speaking, one can say with some certainty that most of the political repression chronicled in this volume was the Cold War abroad being brought home, particularly after the outbreak of the Korean War in the early 1950s. The long agony of American involvement in Vietnam produced the last wave, so far, of political paranoia. To understand much of the testimony in this volume, it is necessary to bear in mind that, pursuant to their ruthless quest to identify suspected subversives and to silence them, all branches of the government recruited armies of informers. This was done not only by the FBI and other federal agencies. The same practice was carried out in practically every major industrial center of the United States.

Police-controlled "red squads"

and "industrial squads" were most active in pursuit of union organizers, often referred to in police dossiers as "alien agitators." The most notorious units were in Chicago and Los Angeles. In those cities the expert advisors were

In the penetration of revolutionary groups, Hoover borrowed unconsciously again from the czars.

refugees from the Russian Revolution. In addition to the informers was the blacklist; in his foreword to the book, Alexander Navasky, editor of *The Nation*, writes,

"Not only was there a Hollywood blacklist, but there was also a blacklist in the academic community from elementary school on up to graduate school, in the trade union movement, the scientific community and throughout all branches of government. Conductors on the New York subway system were fired from their positions because of their politics. The blacklist was a pervasive system, a part of the dark side of the American legacy that goes all the way back to the Alien and Sedition Laws."

There was nothing new about informers. They have been part of human society since at least the days of the Roman republic. Tacitus complained that they corrupted the foundations of civic life and the Romans called them "*delatores*." But in the American experience, particularly after World War II, the informers were joined by a host of professional perjurers, a

stable of kept witnesses, who, almost like circuit riders, went from hearing to hearing to bear false witness. And as we shall see later on, there were also professional forgers. In all of this, as I have said, there was not much new. What Hoover added to a litany of U.S. secret police activities was the use of agent provocateurs, infiltrators put into legal organizations to encourage criminal activity so that the organization could be indicted, dragged before a grand jury, and put out of business. However efficient these activities may have been in the furtherance of the plans of Hoover and his associates in other branches of the government, the hard fact is that these activities poisoned justice at its very root and made a mockery of the democratic processes which the investigators and inquisitors publicly said they were attempting to defend. Another Hoover twist was that he attempted to find replacements for leadership that he had destroyed or hoped to destroy. This was particularly true during the time of his relentless pursuit of Martin Luther King, Jr. We know now from information gathered by the use of the Freedom of Information law that Hoover wanted to replace King with Samuel Pierce, the lamentable figure who was center stage last year in the great Housing and Urban Development scandal. In doing this, Hoover unconsciously borrowed from the practices of the *Okhrana*, the dread secret agency of the czars of Russia. The Russian police agents not only attempted to break up revolutionary groups in the Russian empire, they also attempted to organize the workers in unions which the police would control. This was the root of what became known as Zubatov socialism. And in the penetration of revolutionary groups, Hoover borrowed unconsciously again from the czars. We need only consult the career of Azeev, the terrorist who was controlled by the secret police. An-

other fact to be borne in mind is that all of the post-World War II activities take place in that new age of real terror, the age of nuclear weapons. After the Soviet Union broke the American monopoly, it was quite easy for the FBI and similar agencies to play upon a deep-seated American fear that somehow or other the security enjoyed by their fathers and grandfathers had been frittered away or lost by treason. Now the hunted subversives could be linked to a hostile and alien power armed with atomic weapons. In this condition, it was rather easy to create the public opinion without which the witch hunts would have died aborning.

Reading the testimony of most of Schultz's aggrieved witnesses, one is struck by the fact that even when recollecting their ordeal in the tranquillity of the 1980s, their words bear a sense of the terrible isolation which they felt at the time. Few, if any, grasped the total picture or understood that they were the victims not of a personal vendetta, but were engulfed in a political process that had intensified after the election of Dwight Eisenhower and the takeover of Congress by the Republicans.

One exception was Professor Burrows Dunham, chairman of the philosophy department at Temple University in Philadelphia, who was driven out of the teaching profession for 15 years because he pleaded the Fifth Amendment before the House Un-American Activities Committee. In his testimony Dunham states:

The point at which the attack on constitutional rights was leveled was not at us lefties. We were unimportant except to be used as pawns. The attack, I am quite sure, was aimed at breaking up the coalition Roosevelt had established between the liberals at the center and the socialist left. There was a group of people you could call left wing liberals, and these were

the chief victims, the spectacular victims. Alger Hiss was one, Professor Owen Lattimore was another. These guys, along with others, were connected with developing our policy towards China during and after the war. They argued for a coalition government between Chiang Kaishek and Mao Tse Tung, a coalition between the capitalist and communist forces. Those who held that view, Owen Lattimore and John Service and Edmund Club, lost their jobs in the State Department. I mention this because the victims show you where the attack was aimed. The phrases of the period, like 'fellow traveler,' and efforts to prove guilt by association were aimed at splitting the center off from the left. It was very effective. The liberals were scared of being called reds, from Truman on down. They showed you in those days a clean pair of heels. Most did. Of course there were some who were quite stalwart, who really believed in the doctrine of free speech.

Dunham's thesis of a well-thought-out Republican strategy is supported in part by the fact that in the 1950s, where Republicans had gained the majority in a number of states, inquisitorial committees were established. Among these were the Tenney Committee in California and the Canwell Committee in the state of Washington, which ravaged the University of Washington and drove out of the profession a number of its most famous scholars. Most vicious was the Rapp-Coudert Committee in New York. These widespread state committees, by their very ubiquity, maintained in the public mind the notion of a widespread threat to national security. They competed with the congressional committees for prime time coverage, and if one adds up the number of their victims, the state committees ruined more lives than did those of Congress.

I have one quarrel, however, with the Dunham thesis: the inquisitors did not begin during the Eisenhower presidency, they began with the Dies Committee in the late 1930s. And the Cold War did not begin with the election of Harry Truman. The Cold War, if we mean the unremitting hostility between the Soviet Union and the United States, should be dated at least as far back as 1924, when Lenin's Red Armies crushed the White Armies of the counterrevolution and the Soviet Union emerged in the ranks of the great powers. Some of the more bizarre episodes of the witch hunts took place far from the glare of klieg lights and television cameras — behind closed doors. These were events whose records are still locked in secret cabinets in Washington, D.C. To shed some light on this and perhaps throw some refracted light on the themes developed in the Schultz book, it may be useful if I relate a few episodes in which I was directly involved and which have not been reported hitherto.

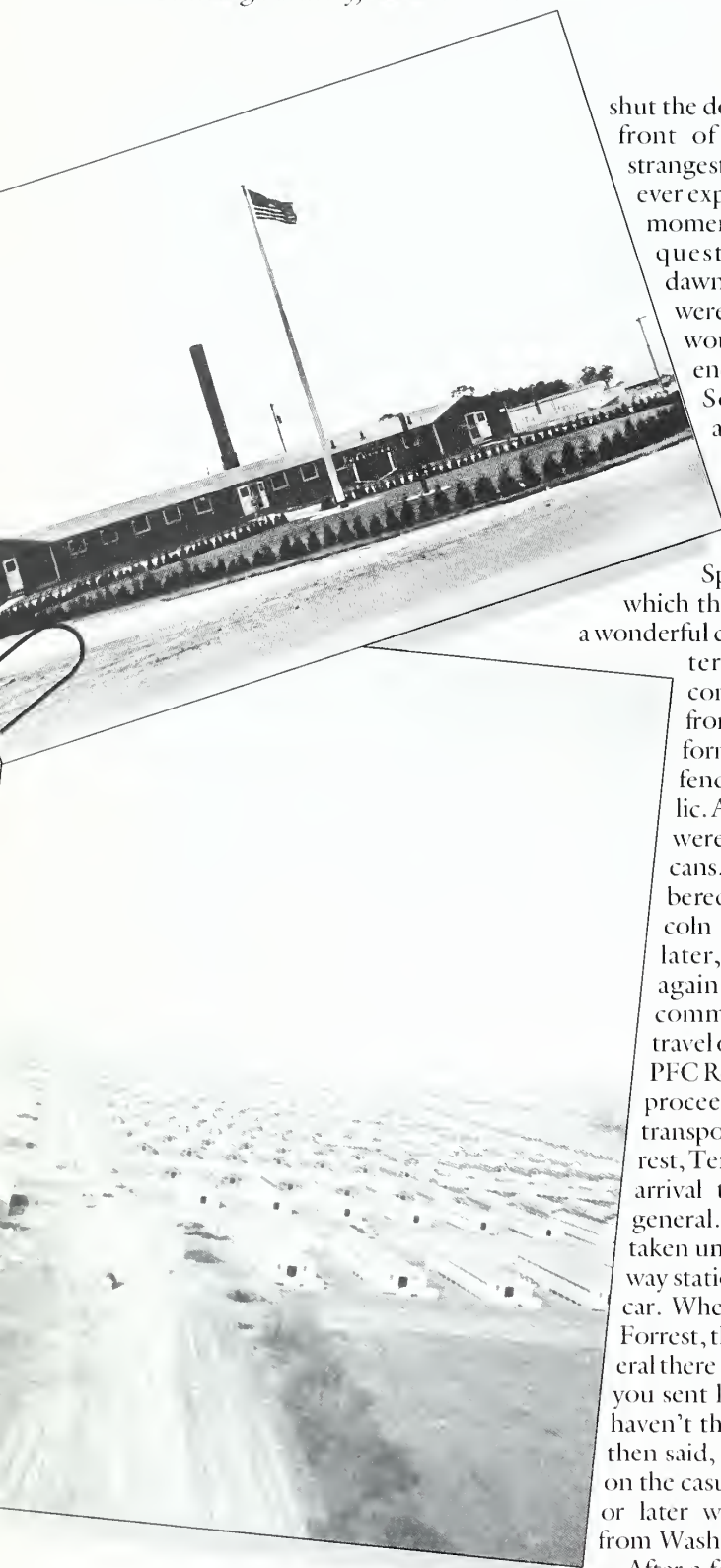
The United States Army, 1941-1943

I had volunteered for military service in late September of 1941 and was inducted in November. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, the Army combed through its files to find soldiers who had some scientific training. My name dropped out and I was transferred to a new unit that had been established to man the new radar installations that guarded the Pacific Coast of North America. After some initial training I was transferred to the Fourth Interceptor Command headquartered in San Francisco. Here an elaborate detection service scanned the Pacific sky and sea for approaching enemy aircraft or surface vessels. I was asked to join a very small group that was attempting to discover why certain test airplanes flown by the Air Force could not be picked up by radar. This involved rather complex

mathematical analysis of where and when the airplanes disappeared from our scopes. This activity was conducted in a small room where every document had punched through it the words "top secret." In the course of my work, I became involved in discussions with the intelligence officers from the Western Defense Command and the Army Air Force on the activities of Axis espionage, and was asked to write a small piece for the house organ, *The Sky Writer*, about how small bits of information, apparently innocuous and harmless, could be fitted into a kind of jigsaw puzzle, to develop a more complete picture of what we were doing. After this was published, a number of the officers asked me to give what would be the equivalent of mini-lectures on the technique of Axis penetration of North and South America, which I did, based on my experience in Spain and Mexico. In the latter country, I had been attached to what was called the *Oficina Interaliada de Informacion*, or Inter-Allied Information Office, which was monitoring Axis activities in Mexico and throughout the hemisphere. There was a peculiar sequel to these discussions. A certain colonel, who could only be described kindly as an imbecile, came to the conclusion that nobody

'I was taken under guard to the railway station....'

could know that much about Axis activities without having participated in those activities. The consequence of that conclusion was a communique sent to Washington, and after some weeks, I was summoned one Sunday morning to the offices of the regimental commander. Awaiting me were three civilians from the War Department. They took me to a small office,



Headquarters, *top*, and barracks at "Camp Shenango" near Greenville, Pa. (Mercer County), c. 1942, where U.S. soldiers suspected of political crimes were held. Renamed Fort Reynolds in 1943, this massive camp became the principle personnel depot for European-bound troops. It was closed after the war.

shut the door, placed a guard in front of it, and began the strangest inquiry that I have ever experienced. After some moments of answering their questions, it suddenly dawned on me that these were questions that one would put to a suspected enemy espionage agent. Somewhat exasperated, I said, "Don't you know that I was a volunteer in the International Brigades during the Spanish Civil War?," to which the answer was, "What a wonderful cover story." (The International Brigades, composed of volunteers from 53 countries, were formed in 1936 to defend the Spanish Republic. Among the volunteers were about 3,000 Americans, collectively remembered as the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.) Some days later, I was summoned again to the regimental commander and handed travel orders which said that PFC Robert G. Colodny will proceed by first available transportation to Camp Forrest, Tennessee, reporting on arrival to the commanding general. A few days later I was taken under guard to the railway station and put in a sealed car. When I arrived at Camp Forrest, the commanding general there asked me, "Why were you sent here?" And I said, "I haven't the slightest idea." He then said, "Well, we'll put you on the casual battalion. Sooner or later we'll hear something from Washington."

After a few days in these barracks, a number of new arrivals turned up, a strange group: CIO executives from Los Angeles, union organizers from John Lewis's District 50, reporters from the *Daily Worker* and other radical

journals, and a number of other characters with a similar background — all soldiers. After perhaps two or three weeks, when there were 30 or 40 of us gathered in the casual battalion at Camp Forrest, we were taken one morning to the railway station in Nashville and put aboard a train. We noticed that on this particular train, next to the cars that we were in, there was a group of military police. The train proceeded east and north for some days and nights during which it kept stopping to pick up other cars. These carried, in addition to a few more International Brigade veterans, a large group of longshoremen from Harry Bridges' union, and a contingent of sailors from the maritime unions. We entered the Monongahela Valley, moving through the roaring series of blast furnaces and endless rows of red-hot pig-iron ingots. This was my first introduction to Pittsburgh. At Penn Station, we were let out to wait for another train. Then, drenched in soot, we resumed our journey on a northerly course. Sometime in the evening, we passed through the town of Sharon, Pennsylvania, and then were ordered out of the train. We were lined up and began a march. Rain began to fall. We walked over roads that ran through swamps on both sides, and finally, in the distance, we began to see flashing lights. We thought they were searchlights attached to anti-aircraft batteries. We reached the crest of a hill and looked down into the valley and there, scattered over flat lands, was an enormous encampment. Through the lights we could see that this was not an ordinary encampment. It was ringed with a high metal fence topped with barbed wire. At regular intervals, we could make out watch towers. As we approached, I recalled a song that I had heard sung by the German volunteers of the Thaelman Battalion in Spain. They called it "*Die Moorsoldaten*" — "the peat

bog soldiers." It went: "Far and wide as the eye can wander, heath and bog are everywhere. Not a bird sings out to greet us. Guns and barbed wire everywhere."

When daylight came and we had been assigned to barracks within the camp, we looked around and discovered that this was indeed a very unusual place. It was called "Shenango," a rather ordinary military training base but surrounded by stockades, each stockade heavily wired off from the neighboring one. We learned later that one of the stockades was for members of the German-American Bund, the Sons of Italy, and other ultra right-wing groups. Another stockade held deserters. Still another held cashiered officers. It was these cashiered officers who served us in the chowlines. Though it was a long time ago, I still remember the faces of those men. Never had I seen such sorrow stamped on the human visage. In the beginning, though there were no passes, no mail in or out, we were not harassed in any way. We were put through the normal kind of infantry training, route marches, gas mask testing, small light weapon activity, and so on. Then one of the internees, a journalist, managed to get in touch with Drew Pearson, and he informed that famous journalist that in this encampment were held militant trade unionists, ordinary trade unionists, and the veterans of the International Brigades. In later years, I learned that Drew Pearson took the story to his good friend, Eleanor Roosevelt, who placed it on the desk of her husband. President Roosevelt, commander-in-chief of the armed forces, had adhered to an embargo against the Spanish Republic, but later recognized it had been a terrible blunder. He, as well as a number of the members of his cabinet, such as Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau and Interior Secretary Harold Ickes, had been quite fervent partisans of the Spanish

republicans. The president, we learned, was appalled at the information that Pearson gave him. The result was that after a few more weeks, an order came through that all of the trade union internees, as well as the veterans of the International Brigades, should be sent immediately to ports of embarkation and shipped out to the war zones where their services would be most useful.

The fact that such an encampment as Shenango existed should surprise no one, because a year before this place was set up, the Western Defense Command had rounded up 120,000 American citizens of Japanese ancestry, the

**'I learned that
[journalist] Drew
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famous Nisei, and had placed them in concentration camps scattered all across the more remote parts of the West. At the time that we were being released to go into the combat zones, the Nisei of military service age were also being enrolled in all-Nisei regiments, one of which became the most highly decorated infantry outfit of the entire U.S. Army, for its magnificent service in Italy and Germany. (For details, see the testimony of Minori Yasui in the Schultz book).

Not long after we left Shenango, a violent race riot broke out, with both sides armed with rifles and carbines. It is sometimes forgotten that Mr. Roosevelt's army was completely segregated. Black soldiers were often subjected to gratuitous humiliations, particularly with reference to recreational facilities. (For details about the Shenango incident, see

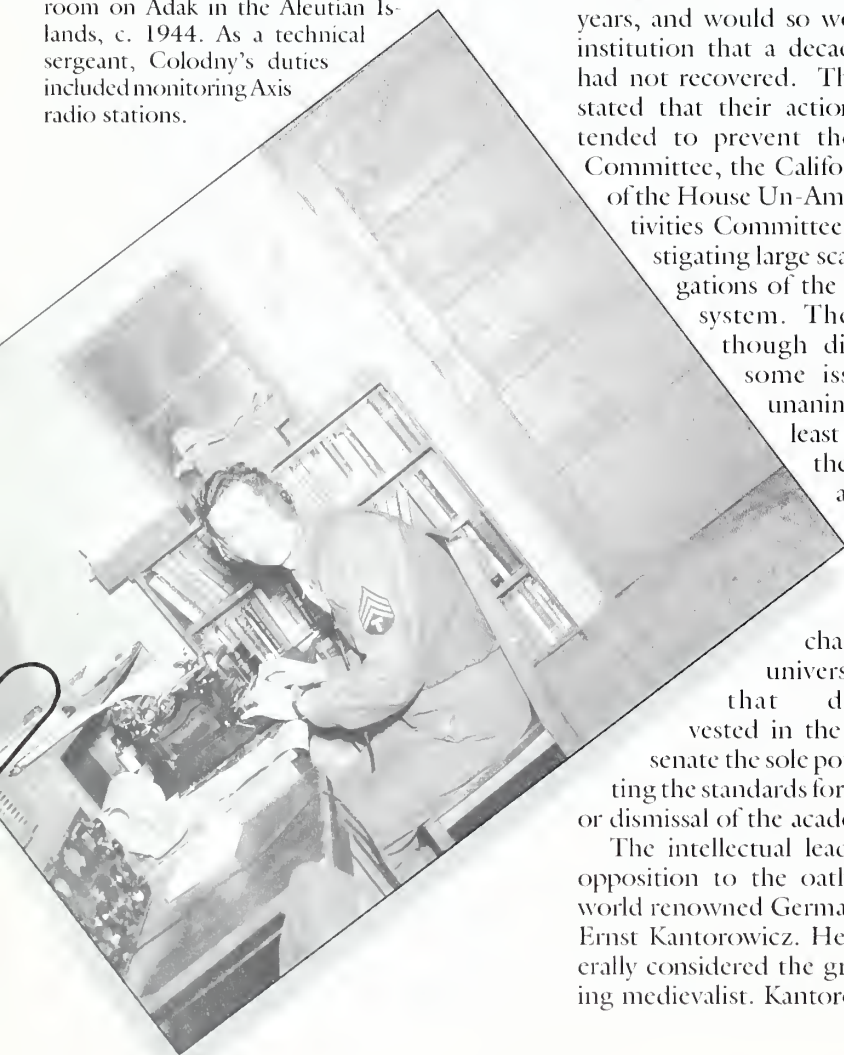
the interview with Dempsey Travis in Studs Terkel's *The Good War* [Pantheon Press, 1984]).

Our small band of International Brigade survivors were scattered throughout the services and the various combat zones. I must note that when we got there, the field commanders were delighted to have us. Members of our small band landed with the assault waves on Normandy and before that at Salerno and Anzio, later at Leyte Gulf. But let me conclude this part of this episode by noting that when the war was over, despite our medals, honorable discharges, etc., the FBI renewed its relentless harassment, a harassment that continued for almost 40 years. Harassment in this context meant: surveillance, tapping of telephones, opening of mail, visits to employers and landlords with the aim of obtaining firing and eviction. Rarely were these "suggestions" ignored.

My destination after leaving Shenango was Fort Lawton in the state of Washington. There, with several hundred other infantrymen, we trained for a few weeks and then boarded ships for the North Pacific. My many months of service in the Aleutian Islands were relatively uneventful and undramatic, but I think useful to the war effort. Among other duties, I had that of monitoring Axis radio stations, analyzing their propaganda line, suggesting appropriate responses, etc. I stamped my reports "Confidential" and a messenger took them to advance command headquarters for transmission to "G2," Washington. The commanders on Adak in the Aleutians knew all there was to know about me and were not only understanding, but quite pleased to have my services. Part of my function was to brief the colonels and generals once a week on the progress of the war on all of the fronts. In 1944, Dashiell Hammett, the detective story writer, and I were asked to write a brief history of the

war in the Aleutians, primarily, I suspect, to give those terribly isolated soldiers some sense of the role they were playing. I was offered a field commission but declined it, not out of false modesty, but because the vicious weather and the endless winters had made alcoholics out of most of the officers. Sergeants could not afford to get drunk at \$85 to \$100 per fifth, and I preferred to remain quartered with them. As '44 became '45, a great fleet of battleships, carriers, and other transport vessels began to gather in the great harbor of Adak, for it was at this time that the Army, the Navy and the Air Force were preparing to use the Aleutian Islands as a jump-

Colodny in the short-wave receiving room on Adak in the Aleutian Islands, c. 1944. As a technical sergeant, Colodny's duties included monitoring Axis radio stations.



ing off point for the invasion of the northernmost Japanese island. After the dropping of the atom bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki ended the war, 50,000 of us, who had served on what we called the northern highway to victory, were repatriated. Recalling the earlier suspicion that I was an Axis agent, I am reminded of a line from the German poet-dramatist Schiller: "Against human stupidity, even the immortal gods are helpless."

University of California, Berkeley, 1949-1952

On March 25, 1949, the regents of the University of California at Berkeley, by a very narrow majority, voted to require a loyalty oath by all employees of the University. This touched off a firestorm that would last for three or four years, and would so wound that institution that a decade later it had not recovered. The regents stated that their action was intended to prevent the Tenney Committee, the California clone of the House Un-American Activities Committee, from instigating large scale investigations of the university system. The faculty, though divided on some issues, was unanimous on at least one point: the regents' action constituted a violation of the charter of the university, since that document vested the sole power of setting the standards for the hiring or dismissal of the academic staff.

The intellectual leader of the opposition to the oath was the world renowned German scholar, Ernst Kantorowicz. He was generally considered the greatest living medievalist. Kantorowicz was

a man with impeccable conservative credentials. As a young officer returning from the Lionel von Sanders imperial German mission to the Ottoman Empire, he had joined *Frei Korps* units which fought the Spartacists in the streets of Berlin. Thereafter he went to the University of Heidelberg, where he had a distinguished career. Then he had gone to teach in Italy, and sometime in the late '20s, was expelled from that country for refusing to take an oath to the government of Benito Mussolini. In Germany, he was tolerated because his great work on Friedrich Hohenstauffen, the German emperor who had opposed the papacy in the thirteenth century, clearly praised the principle of strong leadership. This was picked up by a few of the intellectuals in the high command of the Hitler movement. However, when World War II broke out on September 1, 1939, he fled the country to avoid having to take an oath to Adolph Hitler and his regime.

I was one of 10 history graduate teaching assistants when the controversy developed. We met together and decided that either all of us would sign the oath or none would. Practically all of us had studied under Kantorowicz and had taken his two famous seminars, one on Europe in the thirteenth century and the other on the Byzantine world from Diocletian to Stalin. It was our unanimous conclusion that if we signed the oath, we would disavow and dishonor our principle mentor within the history department.

When the Korean War broke out in the summer of 1950, the position of the non-signers became extremely critical. Most of the foreign born, who included some of the stars of the university, felt they had to sign or face the wrath of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Despite the fracture in its unity, a significant minority of the faculty held firm.

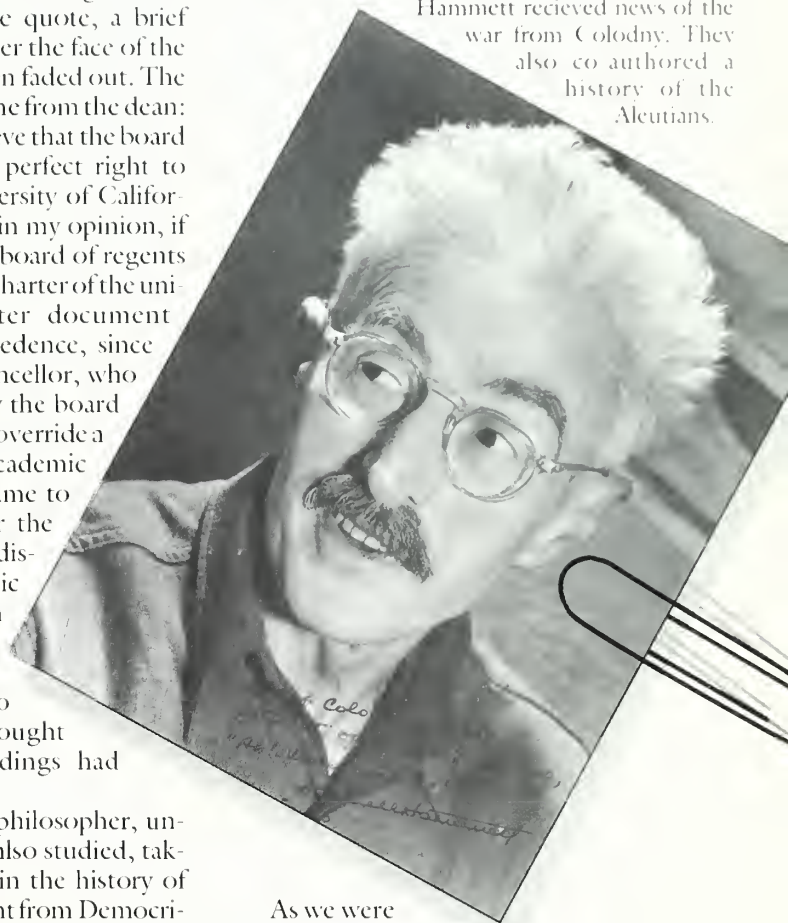
Finally, with the controversy unresolved, the administration hit upon what they thought was a compromise. They established a special committee, the Committee on Academic Tenure and Privilege, which was empowered to hear the cases of all of the non-signers; there would be secret sessions in which the non-signer would express his or her reasons for not signing the oath. The committee would then make a report to the chancellor. Our little band of 10 gathered again, and since I was the oldest, they asked me if I would go before the committee first to test the water, learn what the procedures were, and what the attitude of the committee would be. On the appointed day and hour in a room guarded by the campus police, I came in and saw the committee seated behind a huge mahogany table. Before each of the members was a yellow pad. They did not ask me to take a seat at the table, and so I remained standing. The committee was made up of an historian who was a nationally recognized expert on the career and teachings of Thomas Jefferson, a senior member of the philosophy department, and a dean of one of the science departments who was acting as chairman.

The first question came from the chairman: "Have you written or published anything which could be construed as espousing communist doctrines?" I replied that the university library had bound copies of my masters thesis, "A Study of the Foreign Genesis of the Franco Regime," and of my doctoral dissertation, "The Struggle for Madrid;" that altogether there were 1,000 manuscript pages, and that these documents had been accepted as meeting the highest standards of scholarly work. As to what might be construed from these writings, I said, "I am reminded of the statement of Mazarin (the great French prime minister of the seventeenth century). He said: 'Show me six

sentences written by the most innocent of men, and I will show you six reasons to hang him.'" When I cited the quote, a brief smile flickered over the face of the historian, and then faded out. The next question came from the dean: "Do you not believe that the board of regents has a perfect right to protect the University of California?" I said that, in my opinion, if the action of the board of regents contravened the charter of the university, the latter document should take precedence, since not even the chancellor, who was appointed by the board of regents, could override a decision of the academic senate when it came to the standards for the hiring and the dismissal of academic personnel. With that exchange, committee members rose to their feet and I thought that the proceedings had concluded.

But then the philosopher, under whom I had also studied, taking his seminars in the history of materialist thought from Democritus to John Dewey, and in the philosophy of history from Plato to Spengler, said: "Before you go, is there any question you want to put about the proceedings of this committee?" I asked, "What do you propose to do with the evidence before you?" The answer came not from the philosopher but from the dean: "We will examine everything that has gone on here; and we will write a confidential report to the chancellor and relevant authorities." I then asked, "What principles will guide you in your evaluation?" To this, at first there was no answer from any member of the committee. Finally the dean said, "The purpose of this committee is to determine whether or not your statements can be considered a valid replacement for the oath demanded of you."

Dashiell Hammett of detective story fame served with Colodny. As editor of the post newspaper, *The Adakian*, Hammett recieved news of the war from Colodny. They also co authored a history of the Aleutians.



As we were breaking up, the philosopher intervened again. "Mr. Colodny, is there anything you wish to add?" In retrospect, I think that if I had remained mute, it might have been of better service to the cause. But standing there with the light in my eyes, and getting somewhat angry, I said, "I am reminded that when the captors of Joan of Arc were prepared to execute their captive, they requested the learned doctors of theology at the University of Paris to answer two questions: 1) were the procedures in accordance with canon law?; 2) had the statements of the captive revealed adherence to heretical doctrines? In both cases," I said, "the learned theologians had answered yes." There was a dead silence, and I departed.

I told my colleagues that in my

judgment it would be futile to use historical arguments. It would be much better to stand on as abstract a moral principle as one could formulate. I do not to this day know what all of them said before the committee, but I know that one, a young lieutenant commander who had been badly wounded on a destroyer off Okinawa, had told the committee that the Japanese, before they began

**‘We didn't burn
books in
democratic
America....We
merely took them
off the shelves.’**

their aggression, had constituted an agency called thought police, or *kampei*. This organization had been instrumental in preparing the way for the consolidation of the power of the militarists that had led eventually to Pearl Harbor. And I know that another one of my colleagues had reminded the committee that in boot camp we had all watched the film “Why We Fight” and had seen hysterical crowds pledging fealty to Adolph Hitler, to Il Duce, to El Caudillo, and to his imperial majesty, the Emperor of Japan.

Despite drawing on our limited pools of historical learning, all of our contracts were cancelled.

In my case, this was not the end of the matter. My doctorate had been awarded in September 1950, and like all fresh Ph.D.s, I was anxious to find employment in my chosen profession. The University of California maintained a large office of teacher placement. This office compiled dossiers consisting of academic transcripts, letters of recommendation from members of the faculty, statements about honors and scholarships,

etc., and sent them to requesting institutions where applications had been filed. Months went by and none of my applications led to an offer of a position. This was rather puzzling, because at that time the universities and colleges were stumbling all over each other to recruit faculty to meet the influx of the soldiers coming out of the armed forces under the G.I. Bill. The '40s had far from exhausted this pool. Then one night at home, I received a telephone call from the dean of a small college in northern California. He told me never to ask the University of California office of teacher placement to send my file. I asked why. He said that in addition to usual documents, there were about a dozen pages of raw material from the files of the FBI. I found this rather astonishing; however I can report that when the information was taken to the office of the chancellor, the policy was discontinued. Most of us eventually found employment. Ernst Kantorowicz, dismissed from the University of California, found a permanent home at the prestigious Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton. One of my colleagues became the Mellon Professor of History at the University of Pittsburgh, and others were scattered through good universities.

After four decades of thinking about these incidents at the University of California, I still remain convinced that since what happened at Berkeley happened throughout the country, the universities, having abandoned the high moral ground, lost something very precious. I might add as a footnote, that when my case was *sub judice* at the University of Pittsburgh — a few remarks on the public debate involving me in the early 1960s appear later in this essay — the philosopher who had queried me so many years before at Berkeley was now chancellor there. He wrote an eloquent and powerful letter in my defense,

addressed to Pitt's Chancellor Litchfield.

San Francisco, 1956

In 1956, having breached the barrier of the academic blacklist, I was teaching a course in modern European history at San Francisco State College. This institution had recently been upgraded from a teacher training institute to a liberal arts college. Consequently it had a very small and inadequate library. When, in my course I came to the Russian revolution, I found that our library had no books for the use of my students, but I knew that the San Francisco public library had a quite large collection of Russian and Soviet materials. I suggested to three students that they go as a group to the library and borrow as many books as they could, to be circulated through my class of about 35 students. The titles I selected included such classics as John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World*, General Kornilov's *From the Double Eagle to the Red Flag*, Vernadsky's *A History of Russia*, and Edmund Wilson's *To the Finland Station*. The next day my students came back empty-handed. They reported that the librarian had demanded their social security numbers, their home addresses and telephone numbers, and furthermore demanded to know who had selected this group of books. The students had refused on all counts.

When I reported this to the administration, they took it up with the head librarian at the San Francisco public library. It turned out that this was far from the policy of the library; the particular librarian the students encountered had imposed this screening on his own initiative. I mention this because, as I have noted, for McCarthyism to reach the peak that it did, it required not only acts of Congress, but the direct intervention of thousands of small-scale bureaucrats. This, after all, was the same moment that that miserable pair,

Roy Cohn and David Schein, under the protection of Senator McCarthy, were ravaging the libraries maintained by the U.S. government overseas. At the same time, in what we now call the Sun Belt, local zealots and bigots were beginning to purge high school libraries of such dangerous literature as the works of Mark Twain, Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, Howard Fast, and John Steinbeck. We didn't burn books in democratic America the way the Nazis did in Germany. We merely took them off the shelves. It might also be recalled that in these same years, 1952 to 1958, some postmen delivered the names of subscribers to *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and other such magazines to their local police, not realizing that as far as the subscription lists of liberal and radical journals were concerned, the FBI had pilfered these years before, and were probably kept pretty up to date on who subscribed to what.

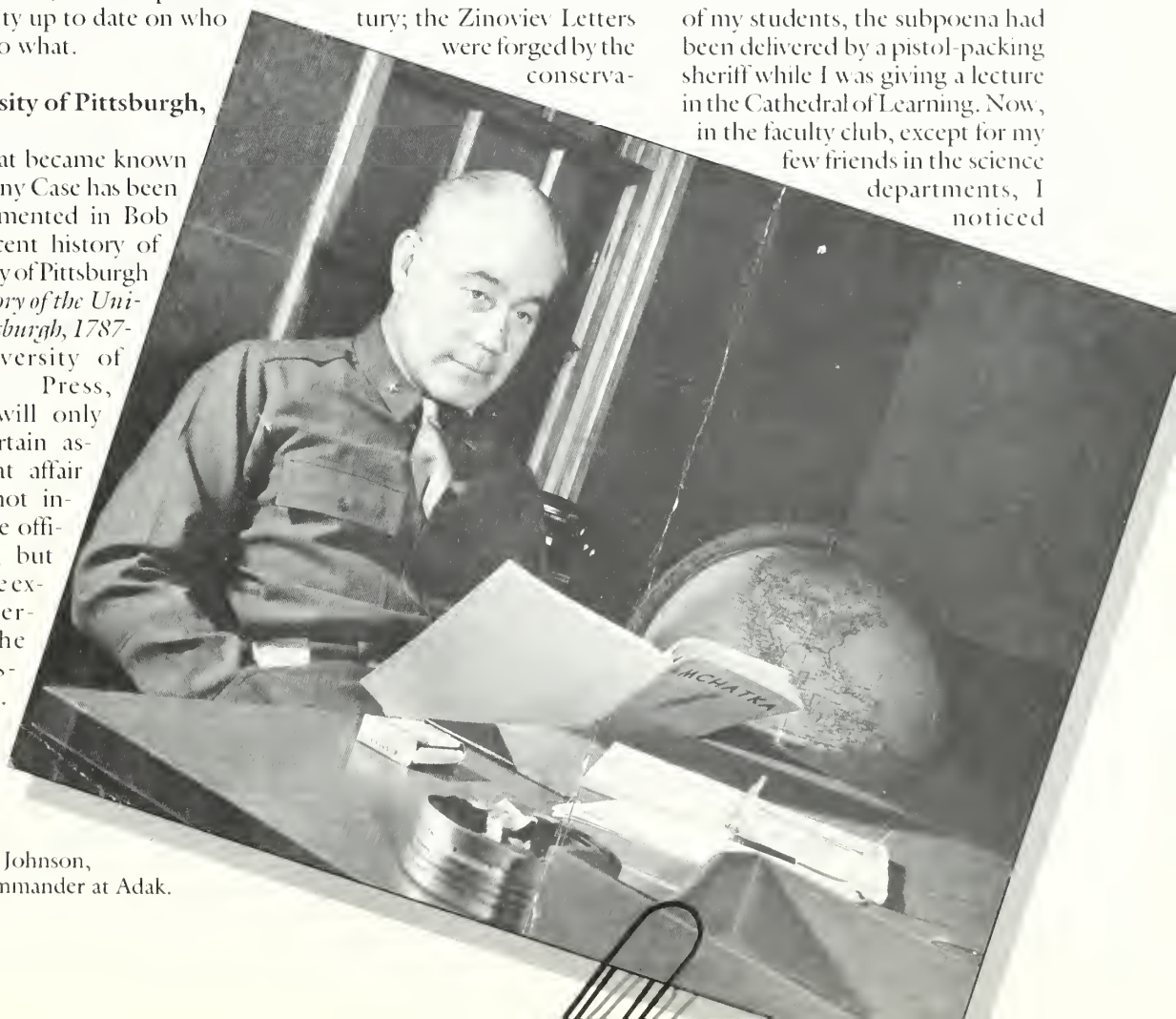
The University of Pittsburgh, 1961-1963

Since what became known as the Colodny Case has been amply documented in Bob Alberts's recent history of the University of Pittsburgh (*Pitt: The Story of the University of Pittsburgh, 1787-1987* [University of Pittsburgh Press, 1987]), I will only mention certain aspects of that affair which are not included in the official history, but which may be extremely germane to the issues discussed above. First of all, the FBI was

involved from the very beginning, and in furtherance of what they called the "Cointel" program (counter-intelligence program), their people in Pittsburgh asked permission of their director in Washington to forge letters supposedly from my students, setting forth the subversive content of my lectures. Such letters were then forged and delivered to members of the Board of Trustees and to the administration at the University of Pittsburgh. What is appalling about this is that here we enter into that nightmare Orwellian world where reality itself becomes what the secret police say it is. The forging of letters and other documents by agents of the state is nothing new. The "Casket Letters" formed part of the charges against the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots; the Protocols of the Elders of Zion were forged by agents of the Russian czar in the nineteenth century; the Zinoviev Letters were forged by the conserva-

tive party of Great Britain in the 1920s; and the Tukachevsky File was forged by Heydrich in the 1930s. What was even more despicable than forging letters supposedly about me was the effort by the FBI to get hold of my students' actual notebooks. When some of these students flatly refused, they threatened them with a subpoena. As far as I know, all of my students called their bluff.

After I came back from the hearings before the Senate Internal Security Committee, my university colleagues were most anxious to know what the procedures were, how it went, etc., and they met with me in the faculty club on the 17th floor of the Cathedral of Learning. I gave as objective an account as I could. However, when I was subpoenaed by the House Un-American Activities Committee, there was a subtle change of attitude. Much to the discomfort of my students, the subpoena had been delivered by a pistol-packing sheriff while I was giving a lecture in the Cathedral of Learning. Now, in the faculty club, except for my few friends in the science departments, I noticed



General Henry Johnson,
c. 1945, commander at Adak.

that I was being, if not shunned, at least left alone. After three or four days of this, one of the senior members of a cognate discipline came to my office and said, "Look, nobody ever wins anything in a HUAC hearing. Furthermore this ***** (expletive deleted) place is full of informers. There is no point in giving them a bunch of sitting targets."

Shortly thereafter, on the morning of the day that I was to fly to Washington for the second set of hearings, a young priest came to my office. The year before he had been sent by his abbot to do graduate work under my supervision, to determine whether or not this priest could qualify for doctoral work. He studied with me the performance of the Catholic historians during the Frankfurt assembly in Germany in 1848. That day, in my office, he said, "I wish I could come to Washington and testify for you, but I can't. However, I will pray for you. God-speed."

Considering that most of the cases described in the Schultz book ended calamitously for the accused, the question must arise why the affair at Pitt ended with my clearance. First and foremost, the city of Pittsburgh at that time had a most unique configuration of power and authority. In my judgment, the reasons for success were: 1) the unflinching stand of the chancellor and his advisors; 2) the most powerful union in Pennsylvania at the time, the United Steelworkers of America, through their representatives and lobbyists in Harrisburg, blocked first a bill of attainder aimed at me and secondly a resolution authorizing a scattergun investigation of the university; 3) powerful representatives of the ecclesiastical community, who in other jurisdictions might have sided with the accusers, in this case stood with me; 4) there were two newspapers in Pittsburgh, and the more literate one, the *Post-Gazette*, stood with the

chancellor and with the faculty not only of Pitt, but of all the other universities in the city who recognized a threat to academic freedom; 5) finally, when the affair had gone into its sixth month, three of the most prestigious corporate figures in the city, using connections established during World War II with the highest levels of the intelligence community in Washington, as well as the diplomatic community, decided to get to the bottom of the business, to separate fact from fantasy. When they had concluded their work, they informed the relevant authorities of what they had discovered, and then the most eminent among them went to the most carping of the media and said in effect, "Back off and shut up."

Retrospect and Prospect

Questions will arise in the minds of the readers of the Schultz book: "Will this sort of thing happen again?" "Was McCarthyism a one-time aberration in the stream of democratic life of the United States of America?" Unfortunately, my answer to this is yes, it will happen again. Nixon's plumbers and Reagan's Oliver North both cast a long shadow towards the future. Built into the very fabric of modern society will always be orthodoxies with their passionate defenders, and equally eager subverters of orthodoxies. This indeed is the very pulse of history, the source of not only scientific creativity, but all forms of creativity growing out of the collision and clash of conflicting ideas and opinions. To look at the near future, I would like to borrow from Christopher Marlowe's play, *The Jew of Malta*, the following exchange: "Thou has committed fornication." "Yea, but 'twas in another land, and the wench is dead." I can see a senator from an oversight committee confronting an over-zealous member of one of the police agencies or intelligence agencies and saying, "Thou hast

committed political repression," and the answer, "Yea, but, 'twas under another president, and the victims are dead." If we cannot stop this sort of thing, perhaps we can at least reduce to a minimum the number of innocent victims. I would like to conclude by making a modest proposal: we must begin to bring up our children so that they have the capacity to recognize a political charlatan or an over-zealous bigot, and to despise charlatanism and bigotry. To develop these capacities, we must instill in our children love and respect for two perhaps archaic virtues: honor and valor. ■

Educating Men and Women Together: Coeducation in a Changing World

Edited by Carol Lasser

Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press with Oberlin College, 1987. Pp ix, 173. \$18.95

I N 1836, the leaders of young Oberlin College decided to admit women students, making it the first "coeducational" college in the nation and in the world, although the word itself was not coined until 1874, as Catharine Simpson points out in her essay in the book. To celebrate this popular innovation, historian Carol Lasser and others at Oberlin in 1983 assembled a series of speakers on the general theme of coeducation in the United States. The resulting 11 essays, with Lasser's introduction, are relevant, well-written, interesting and informative. The general reader should be forewarned, however, that the volume's title is deceptively broad, for only the simplest kind of coeducation is under discussion here —namely that at small, select liberal arts colleges. The book omits the more complex forms of internal segregation,

such as the “coordinate colleges for women”^{*} at some colleges or the single-sex colleges of home economics at large, especially land grant, universities. Also omitted, beyond some tantalizing mention in the introduction, are the many formerly all-male military academies, Jesuit colleges, Ivy League universities and other institutions that went coed between 1968 and 1983, starting with Wesleyan University.

Disappointingly, the short essays here rarely push the subject beyond what was previously known. Almost all are little more than brief summaries of what the same authors had already — or subsequent to the 1983 meeting — published elsewhere. Moreover, all too frequently we lose Oberlin itself in the general discussion, when ideally the point of the volume is to highlight its significant role.

In a provocative opening essay, sociologist Alice Rossi compares Oberlin’s catalog for 1982-83 with those at Amherst College and Smith College. As someone who has written her share of “status of women reports” in years past, Rossi counts the number of men and women on the faculty of each, by rank and date of appointment. She finds, interestingly, that 17 percent of the faculty members at Amherst, coeducational since 1976, were women, compared to Oberlin, proudly coed for nearly 150 years, at just 23 percent, and to Smith, a prominent woman’s college since 1875, at only 40 percent. But neither she nor any of the other authors pursue the tale

of why the trustees, so boldly innovative in many ways, stopped there! Was the possibility of a substantial number of women faculty ever discussed? Why did it not seem “natural” to hire women faculty as well? Certainly this is a key issue, for the entire history of

Why did it not seem ‘natural’ to hire women faculty?

coeducation would have been quite different if they had. Nor do we hear in any of these essays about those few women who were eventually hired by Oberlin — not even of Mary Sinclair, long in the Mathematics Department (1907-44), and Hope Hibbard, in the Zoology Department even longer (1928-71). Why were they chosen over male competitors? Did their appointments cause controversy, and did the women faculty have any impact?

A substantial essay by Janet Z. Giele compares the alumnae of Oberlin with that of an unspecified “seven sister” woman’s college. (It is unfortunate that this institution is unnamed since these colleges are not all alike, particularly in the politically sensitive area of proportion of women faculty.) Giele reaches the conclusion that there was not much measurable or significant socio-economic difference between the two sets of alumnae, and that over the decades the two groups changed in similar ways. One wonders what impact Oberlin’s many music graduates might have had on these statistics, but they are mentioned nowhere.

Of the several short essays by historians Linda Kerber, Patricia Palmieri, Lori Ginzberg and Barbara Solomon, the last breaks promising new ground by listing several colleges that were heavily

influenced by the Oberlin model, including some still known for their high proportion of working class (Berea) or black (Wilberforce) students. Yet her piece is too brief to pursue this interesting suggestion. Then, John D’Emilio’s essay on the sexual preferences of college students, which talks of gay and lesbian groups on campuses since the late 1960s, does not mention Oberlin at all, leaving the reader to wonder whether Oberlin contributed to the movement in any way.

Finally Margaret Wilkerson’s poignant essay on the deplorable fate of blacks and other minorities currently in American higher education misses the chance to remind us of Oberlin’s unique contribution to integrated coeducation. It admitted its first blacks as early as 1833, and as every schoolchild used to know, it even had a stop on the underground railroad. But Wilkerson does not even mention Oberlin’s own internationally known alumna and club-woman Mary Church Terrell! For the whole interesting tale of blacks, men and women at Oberlin, one still needs to turn to W.E. Bigglestone’s superb article, “Oberlin College and the Negro Student, 1865-1940,” *Journal of Negro History* 56 (1971). In fact, with the hindsight of a reviewer, one might have wished that some of the contributors had built more directly on that article, for it makes the essential point more cogently and forcefully than the several essays (except possibly Ginzberg’s on the first 15 years) that though Oberlin did not always live up to its high ideals and at times experienced alumni criticism for its backsliding (especially in controversial areas of student life such as housing, eating, dancing, athletics, clubs and prizes), it audaciously attempted more complete coeducation and integration than did any other college of its time.

Oberlin’s history is rich, its influence extensive, and yet this

^{*} One of the few articles to discuss the women faculty at a coordinate college for women and the consequences of the college’s dissolution is Joan N. Burstyn’s “Educational Experiences for Women at Carnegie-Mellon University, A Brief History,” *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine* 56 (April 1973), 141-53, which discussed the former Margaret Morrison Carnegie College.

volume honoring both it and coeducation leaves the actual story unclear. ■

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Ida Tarbell: Portrait of a Muckraker

By Kathleen Brady

Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1989. Pp. 255. Notes, bibliography, index. \$12.95 paper

KATHLEEN Brady's penetrating biography of Ida Minerva Tarbell portrays an enigmatic figure who lived a life of paradox. According to popular lore, Tarbell's place in history derives from two sources: the fame she earned as a "muckraker" after her investigation into Standard Oil's questionable business practices, published in 1902 by *McClure's Magazine*, led to a government inquiry that resulted in the court-ordered breakup of the monopoly; and the fact that in the process of becoming a powerful and respected public figure, Tarbell challenged the gender convictions of her day. Brady's meticulous research, however, yields a different story; Brady's Tarbell appears as a conflicted individual, unable to reconcile her private needs with the demands of her public persona.

Born in 1857 in a northwestern Pennsylvania log cabin, Tarbell grew up in a household of unfulfilled ambitions. Franklin Tarbell, her father, was a small-time independent oil entrepreneur whose financial success was stymied by the Rockefeller family's eventual dominance over the oil industry. Her mother, Esther Tarbell, "had grown up with the Women's Rights movement" (page 23) and "churned with the injustice of woman's lot" (24).

Esther had taught school before marriage and apparently reveled in her short-lived independence. According to Brady, Ida's mother never reconciled the subjugation she felt with the assumption of wifehood and motherhood. Evidently, Esther imparted these strong feelings to her oldest daughter.

A dreamy, shy young woman, Ida had a difficult time finding her niche in life. As a youngster, she was fascinated by nature and briefly contemplated a career in biology. She graduated from Allegheny College in 1880 and taught school for two years before resigning because she considered herself a failure in the classroom. Eventually, she became a writer and then assistant editor for *The Chautauquan*. A conflict with her boss, the Reverend T.L. Flood, led to Tarbell's departure from the magazine in 1890. Once again, Tarbell considered herself a "failure and a disgrace" (47). "Haunted by Flood's prediction that she would starve" (47), Tarbell fled to Paris, where she determined to take up a career as a free-lance writer. She flirted with poverty and the bohemian lifestyle before her stories captured the attention of editor and newspaper syndicator, Sam McClure. When she returned to the United States in 1894, Tarbell went to work for him. Her biographies of Napoleon Bonaparte and Abraham Lincoln, serialized in *McClure's*, brought Tarbell fame and established *McClure's* reputation as one of the leading periodicals of the day.

According to Brady, Tarbell was never comfortable with her success, perhaps because she believed that she had paid too high a price for fame. In early twentieth century America, public achievement for women came at the expense of a traditional family life. In a series of articles begun in 1912 on the "Woman's Question," the single, childless Tarbell exalted the roles

of wife and mother and voiced the opinion that "women lacked the vision necessary to achieve greatness" (202). In a thinly veiled attack on the teachings of her mother, Tarbell decried the "militancy of the 1870s" (201). She suggested that young girls (such as herself) had been duped into believing that marriage was a form of slavery and that a "worth-while life" (24) was attainable by seeking higher education and a profession. Thus, although Tarbell's life experiences embodied the aspirations of the "New Woman," she earned the wrath of leading feminists of the day such as Jane Addams, Florence Kelly and Charlotte Perkins-Gilman by publicly rejecting their ideology.

In retrospect, Tarbell's Standard Oil series may have been the high-water mark of her career as a crusading journalist. (It is interesting to note that Tarbell remained unsure as to her claim to fame and

Tarbell considered herself a 'failure and a disgrace.'

"could never decide if in fact she had been a muckraker, journalist or a historian" [175].) According to Brady's chronicle, even as the Standard Oil story was unfolding, Tarbell's involvement in a new venture as co-owner and co-editor of the "kinder, gentler" periodical, *The American Magazine*, seemed to signal her retreat from muckraking. The magazine, Tarbell wrote, "had little muckraking spirit. It did have a large and fighting interest in fair play; it sought to present things as they were, not as somebody thought they should be" (194).

The American aimed to increase its circulation by appealing to readers interested in literary works and pieces on popular culture rather than investigative reporting. Sto-

ries on "the theatre, the latest play and the most interesting actresses" (194) frequented the pages of the magazine. Even when the editors included stories reminiscent of *McClure's* crusading spirit, the difference in tone between the two periodicals was appreciable. "The upbeat style of *The American* was an attempt to reform the country by pointing out what had been repaired rather than what needed to be reformed" (184). Except for her series on the tariff issue, which appeared sporadically in *The American* between 1906 and 1909, Tarbell's subsequent works disappointed those who had admired her relentless, hard-hitting style. Although she wrote movingly of the plight of female factory workers, she also praised the scientific management techniques advocated by Frederick Taylor and Henry Ford's brand of industrial paternalism. In addition to the women's articles which feminists found so odious, her sympathetic and uncritical biography of Elbert H. Gray, chairman of U.S. Steel, and a naive three-part sketch of Benito Mussolini were written, in Brady's estimation, because Tarbell needed money.

Although the feminists' blueprint for a "worthwhile life" (higher education and a profession) brought Ida Tarbell fame, independence, in the form of economic security, remained elusive. Tarbell earned a comfortable living for a single woman, but as the most successful and stable member of her family, she became the economic and emotional mainstay of her aging parents, her sister Sarah, and her brother Will and his family. When her father died, he left behind a modest estate which his son eventually squandered away. Sarah, whose health was precarious, achieved only marginal independence when she followed in her older sister's footsteps by shunning marriage in favor of an undistinguished career as a painter. For almost 30 years, from Will's

BOOKCASE

The Twentieth Century History of Beaver County Pennsylvania 1900-1988

Edited by Cheryl Weller Beck

The Beaver County Historical Research & Landmarks Foundation, 1989. Pp. 644. \$50, plus postage

THE most comprehensive history of Beaver County to date, this volume was researched and written by a 17 member team of scholars under the direction of Cheryl Weller Beck; it picks up on the county's history where Bausman's 1904 history left off. The chapters cover topically virtually every category of history from religion and education through business and sports, to name a few. More comprehensive than interpretive, its rich detail makes it an ideal research volume.

A Pennsylvania Chronicle: The History of Marshall Township

By Judith Oliver

Marshall Township, 1988. Pp. 452. \$10

Beginning with the early "[p]eople [who] lived in Marshall Township 10,000 years ago," this book focuses on the evolution of the land, people and institutions that became the township. It contains rich detail on a corner of Allegheny County about which little has been written. The illustrations, ranging from photographs of arrowheads to township maps, echo the book's unusual broad sweep, punctuated with selected details. This would be a useful addition to the library of anyone interested in regional development.

The Carnegie Nobody Knows

By George Swetnam & Helen Smith

McDonald/Sward Publishing Company, 1989 (new edition; first published by Twayne Publishers, 1980). Pp. 186. \$14.95

This book draws attention to the literary side of the great industrialist, and to his writings which have been largely neglected. Focusing on the author's literary ideas and style over the span of his life, the book points to the authenticity of and consistent patterns in his works. While no attempt is made to explain away the ambivalent sides of Carnegie, this book, by virtue of its unique perspective, provides an interesting counterpoint to the most prominent historical perception of the man.

Galusha A. Grow: The People's Candidate

By Robert D. Ilseovich

Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1989. Pp. 319. \$39.95

This biography of Grow, known most for his tenure in the U.S. House of Representatives, captures the conflict-ridden pre-Civil War era, underscoring the ways in which Grow personified the era's rebellious spirit that manifested itself in new political alignments. Grow represented a vigorous abolitionist constituency in northeastern Pennsylvania. The book charts the course of his political career from free-soil Democrat to Republican to Speaker of the House in 1861.

mental collapse shortly before World War I until his death in 1941, Ida bore the burden of caring for the family. Thus, it is ironic that the spinster found relief from the pressures of family life only when she died in 1944 at the age of 86.

While Brady's biography captures the paradoxical nature of Tarbell's life experiences, it falls short of placing those experiences within the complexities of her time, of explaining why that which seems enigmatic about Tarbell's life might also express some of the tensions of that period. Nevertheless, Brady provides a thoroughly insightful narrative of Tarbell, the writer, and Tarbell, the woman. ■

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The History of the Duquesne Club

By Mark M. Brown, Lu Donnelly and David G. Wilkins; Robert C. Alberts, editor.

Pittsburgh: the Duquesne Club, 1989. Pp. xii, 188 pages. Foreword, introduction, acknowledgements, appendix, notes, index.

WRITING institutional histories is a difficult job at best. The historian frequently ends up with a chronicle of anecdotes and unrelated topical treatments in an effort to satisfy all parties underwriting the book. Evidently the Duquesne Club in Pittsburgh gave free rein to the authors, for Brown, Donnelly and Wilkins avoided the usual pitfalls. Even the origins of the book are somewhat unorthodox. Unlike most books of this nature, this is not a centennial volume; the Club was founded in 1873 (even though it displays 1881, the year of its incorporation, on its logo). The book is due in part to the Club's

Art and Library Committee's earlier success, *Paintings and Sculpture of the Duquesne Club*, by David G. Wilkins. It also results from Mark Brown's organization of the Club's archives, to which he and the other authors were apparently given unlimited access. Since their efforts inevitably produced three distinct writing styles, the committee decided to engage the talents of Robert Alberts as editor. The book is an all-Pittsburgh undertaking, the authors being locals. Brown is a graduate student, Donnelly is a historical consultant and Wilkins is the chairman of the Fine Arts Department at the University of Pittsburgh. Alberts's books on the history of the H.J. Heinz Company, and most recently, the University of Pittsburgh, have established his credentials in the field.

Since its founding 116 years ago, the Club has been the downtown home of the city's business elite, eclipsing every other club, although the Pittsburgh Club has been held to be even more exclusive. In 1890 the Duquesne Club moved to its present location on Sixth Avenue, rather symbolically across the street from two other institutions of considerable influence, Trinity Episcopal Cathedral and the First Presbyterian Church. Even the building itself is something of a symbol. Its first story, with its rough-hewn stone and Romanesque arches, is vaguely reminiscent of another local landmark, architect H.H. Richardson's county courthouse—so very Pittsburgh.

The Duquesne Club is, of course, much more than stone; almost since its founding, membership in the Club has been "a mark of success equal to ordering a custom-built yacht or commissioning a building from architect Paul Rudolph" (page 137). From the perspective of an individual, this is important, but from society's vantage point the organization can be understood differently.

In many ways the Duquesne Club is, as the authors aver, "a microcosm of the social history of Pitts-

Decisions made within the club's walls have enormously affected the city.

burgh and of the United States" (ix). Typical of Pittsburgh and the United States? Hardly, but decisions made within its walls have enormously affected the city and even the nation. Likewise, the social environment has greatly affected the Club. It is precisely this two-way relationship that *The History of the Duquesne Club* treats so well.

The book is arranged chronologically into 10 chapters and an epilogue. The authors did not intend that each decade be treated equally. Indeed the 1970s and 1980s are discussed in a single chapter while the halcyon 1920s merit an entire chapter. Although each chapter includes the almost obligatory discussion of Club operations (e.g. the cuisine, service, decor, admissions policies, etc.), it studiously avoids that most common feature of histories of this genre, namely being a who's who of club luminaries. It presents selected individuals in specially demarked sections (e.g. Gurdon F. Flagg, who was manager of the Club for half a century), but mostly it treats individuals as they relate to the Club's history. Of particular interest was Carl Banning, a German-born member who, upon seeing a parade of soldiers marching past the Club, remarked that they were like "sheep going to slaughter" and that they looked "like a bunch of bums" (63). The year was 1918 and the soldiers were off to fight the Kaiser. Banning was not only expelled from the Club but also imprisoned for a

half-year for his remarks. In the hysteria of the time even millionaires had to be careful.

The authors have skillfully woven the history of the Duquesne Club within the larger fabric of American history, and they do it exhaustively. In the Banning affair, some seven different sources were researched, including two newspapers and Carnegie Library's Pennsylvania Room. Unfortunately, the endnotes are not numbered in the text, making them difficult to use. Still, this book would be a fine reference work for the student of American social history but for its limited accessibility; it is only available to Club members, though the persistent researcher will find it housed in a few regional libraries. ■

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The Shadow of the Mills: Working-Class Families in Pittsburgh, 1870-1907

By S.J. Kleinberg

Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1989. Pp. xxv, 414. Introduction, illustrations, notes, bibliography, index.

FINALLY we have a manifestation of the kind of history Gerda Lerner has called for in *The Majority Finds Its Past* (New York: 1979). This is not a women's history and not a labor history, but a true work of synthesis: a labor history that counts women's unpaid work in the home as "labor," and a women's history that emphasizes gender. Kleinberg has written a history of working-class life in Pittsburgh with both sexes present and with full cognizance of the genderness of the processes of industrialization and modernization. In this book, one can see the integration of two sub-categories of the New Social History,

working-class labor history and women's history, and can see that the result is greater than the sum of the parts.

This is not a narrow study. Kleinberg has focused on a major industrial "hotspot," Pittsburgh, a place given a lot of attention by progressives and governmental social scientists, and has included in her study a complex analysis of demographics; she has interwoven and differentiated the various factors of class, gender, race and ethnicity. Kleinberg has much to say about the impact of industrialization in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century on working people's lives, and their response to it. While not the focus of the work, a reader can glean information on the dynamics of progressive reform efforts and progressive ethnocentric, class motivations. In particular, Kleinberg observes that the "social engineers" condemned families that put the individual second and the family first.

The book depicts neither working-class men nor women as passive historical actors. Being especially careful in her portrayal of women in industrializing Pittsburgh, Kleinberg seems to have grounded her approach in the wise words that Jane Collier wrote in her essay on "Women In Politics," in *Women, Culture and Society* (Stanford: 1974): "The model woman of my argument...is not the affectionate daughter, hard-working wife, or loving mother...but the cold, calculating female who uses all available resources to control the world around her." This approach immediately dismisses the sexist cultural assumptions and biases so ingrained in even the most analytical of recent scholarship. Indeed, a major strength of Kleinberg's study is that she avoids equating "women" with "family," and thereby heeds Catherine MacKinnon's caution to women's historians, in her 1982 article "Femi-

nism, Marxism, Methodology and the State: An Agenda for Theory," in the journal *Signs*.

Kleinberg raises issues significant to continuing research on industrialization and gender. For example, she addresses concerns over the differences between the experiences of men and women in dealing with the wrenching changes of industrialization. Kleinberg discusses what she calls "the asymmetric family." She describes the situation of Pittsburgh women who lacked access to the work and wages of iron and steel mills and were reduced to virtual dependence on male wage-earners. This "asymmetrical family" contrasts with the family-economic relationships of preindustrial life in which work relationships were less pronounced: men and women both worked at productive labor and in the proximity of each other.

Kleinberg makes a second major point, asserting that the unpaid household work of women was essential to the wage-earning abilities of men. It was the women who maintained the household, raised the next generation of workers,

The author addresses what she calls 'the asymmetrical family.'

offered emotional support and sustained the bonds of family and community.

Kleinberg's book informs my own research on women's lives and the constructions of gender in the coal camps of southern Appalachia in the early decades of the twentieth century. It also complements Jacqueline Dowd Hall's *Like a Family: The Making of the Southern Cotton Mill World* (Chapel Hill: 1987), which deals with the cot-

ton mill "world" of the late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Appalachian South. Hall describes family asymmetry as well, although it was constructed differently. Men, generally excluded from cotton mill work, and thus from wage labor, often faced derision by middle-class mill owners and townspeople as "cotton mill drones." There were many tensions over this sudden change in the family's economic relationship, and some attempts were made to redefine women's roles and statuses in cotton mill families, even to the point of exaggerating women's domestic roles.

The Shadow of the Mills presents a detailed picture of the role women and children played in the material and emotional sustenance of the industrial working man. Kleinberg is correct in the emphasis she places on this aspect of the story of industrial capitalism. It is encouraging to see this thesis articulated so unequivocally; she provides evidence for it on nearly every page of the book. How long traditional labor historians have missed the breadth of the implications of this kind of brutal labor! The story of industrial capitalism — in short, the genderedness of the industrial experience — remains the untold story of modernization. Perhaps in the next few years we will see more work done on the task begun here by Kleinberg's book. ■

Glenna Horne Graves
University of Kentucky

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You Couldn't Keep an Iron Man Down: Rowing in Nineteenth Century Pittsburgh

- Page 51 Courtesy of Three Rivers Rowing Association
- Page 53 Courtesy of Sigrid Nama, Pittsburgh
- Page 54 Collection of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania
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- Page 58-59 Collection of the Historical Society
- Page 61, 62 Photographs by Herb Ferguson, Pittsburgh

Concert Note: The Rolling Stones at West View Park, 1964

- Page 65 Courtesy of Paula Cline

Early Printing In Pittsburgh, 1786-1856

- Page 67 Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania Archives
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- Page 68 Historical Society Library

Central High School: Pittsburgh's First

- Page 70 *Fleming's Views of Old Pittsburgh* (1932), Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania Library
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- Page 73 *Top, Fleming's Views of Old Pittsburgh* (1932), Historical Society Library; *bottom*, Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh.
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Director's Gallery

- Page 78-79 Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania

An American Dark Age: Echoes and Memories

- Page 80 Courtesy of Robert G. Colodny
- Page 84 Courtesy of the Greenville-Reynolds Development Corp.
- Page 86-89 Courtesy of Robert G. Colodny



...till you drop.

THE businessmen of Bellevue created this masterpiece with white lettering on black plastic ovals, black lettering and red arrows on white plastic rectangles bordered in red, and two steel poles. Intended to promote the first suburb west of Pittsburgh on Route 65, the piece, with its stark literality, is considered by some to be a “must see” for their out-of-town visitors.

The Chamber of Commerce installed the sign in the late 1950s or early '60s — accounts vary — and it was recently updated, with many rusting original steel parts recast in plastic. This will allow it to be lit and to look like the signs of the franchise eateries and quickstops along the strip.

The 640 acres that are now Bellevue were originally part of the “depreciation lands” sold to James Robinson and Hugh Henry Brackenridge in the 1790s. These speculators had sold the land by the early 1800s and it was subdivided into five farms. Frenchman Andrew Jacque is considered the first of these farmer-settlers; he is known for piloting the first steamboat on western waters, the Pittsburgh-built *New Orleans*, down the Ohio and Mississippi in 1811.

The area was part of Ross Township until 1867, when 33 property owners petitioned to form their own borough, citing the slow pace of municipal improvements. Positioned on a bluff with sweeping (and now generally industrial) vistas of the Ohio River valley, Bellevue — “beautiful view” in French — was the result.

Borough officials say the sign generates a lot of interest, occasionally getting a mention on radio or in the paper. For its message to be clear, they caution, read the words slowly and as three distinct ideas. — *Photograph and text by Paul Roberts, with research help from Brian A. Butko*

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Cover: "Twilight at the Summit," by Charles Biddle. Color pencil on paper, 46" x 36", commissioned by *Pittsburgh History*. A native of the Monongahela Valley, Biddle now lives in Pittsburgh. His drawings during the last 10 years have depicted commercial signs and architecture, and have been regularly exhibited in one-man and group shows throughout the region. Somerset's Summit Diner, built in 1960, marked a new epoch in diner design nationwide with an interior rich in earth tones, wood and stone.

Thanks to Ron Donoughe for the cover concept.

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Seen any good diners lately?

...

By Brian A. Butko



FOR better or worse, diners are “in.” Once the bane of planning commissions and town beautification programs, many diners are being restored to satisfy an upwardly mobile clientele’s taste for nostalgia. In less trendy cities and towns, diner owners continue to serve the local “regulars.” But everywhere, it seems, they’re being researched and romanticized as pop culture artifacts. Books and articles featuring splashy color photos and catchy phrases celebrate what are simply restaurants. We love them...but it’s hard to say why.¹

There is disagreement about what a diner is. Although the label “diner” can be applied to any small eatery, there is actually an industry that makes prefabricated diners. Many people think diners are

simply old railroad or trolley cars, but the real thing is specifically made as a restaurant and shipped to its site, complete with counters and stools. Diner shapes have reflected contemporary trends in the larger society, resembling train cars in the early years and evolving by the late 1950s to look like space stations. The decorative materials used during the diner’s golden age, from the 1920s to the 1960s, also evolved, from porcelain, mahogany and marble to chrome, stainless steel and Formica.

After years of prosperity, many diners gave way to fast food restaurants where a similar investment could produce a lot more money. But a chain restaurant lacks heart — it has little personality other than the most recent ad campaign. Perhaps the democratizing influence of the diner counter, where truck driver sits next to grey-suited businessman who sits next to spikey-haired punkers, is part of the secret to our love of them. Perhaps it’s the

Brian A. Butko is Editorial Assistant at *Pittsburgh History*.
*Above:*The 1950s at the Club Car Diner, McKeesport, Pa.

burnished metal or speckled terrazzo floors — natural materials that are somehow twisted, made surreal, with the seeming intention to dazzle and impress us. Or maybe it's just the friendly atmosphere, where you can sit and enjoy a warm mug of coffee, a high stack of pancakes, or a big slice of pie, all to the tune of lively conversation and a sizzling grill. Whatever the reasons, a diner is often a place where we feel at home, among friends, even among strangers. And though many corner cafes have a similar hominess, each diner has its own personality while offering the familiarity of resembling one another.

Unfortunately, diners, like neighborhood bars, have often been seen as eyesores in the community. In *The Great Good Place*, Ray Oldenburg examines the role of informal gathering places in society. Oldenburg sees such spots as the lifeblood of a community promoting individual and societal well-being. He notes that recently, "American planners and developers have shown a great disdain for those earlier arrangements in which there was life beyond home and work...." Few modern counterparts remain for the "once-familiar gathering places. The grist mill or grain elevator, soda fountain, malt shops, candy stores, and cigar stores — places that did not reduce a human being to a mere customer, have not been replaced."² Diners surely fit that description.

Western Pennsylvania has seen a great many diners, though not nearly as many as New Jersey and the East coast, where most were, and continue to be, manufactured. I've spent the past year searching for area diners, from Johnstown to Erie, and over the border into Ohio.³ At one time, nearly every medium size town had a diner, but many have vanished or were remodeled beyond recognition. I found a few diners still doing good business, some in downtown areas, others skimming customers from the highways. But the modern dictates for speed and profit make the future of nearly everything with individual flavor seem uncertain today. Without more customers, these places will disappear.

After realizing that a diner is a restaurant made in a factory and shipped to its site, someone might ask, "Why do they do that?" The history of diners is rich in fact and legend, and a closer look will show why diner lore has become part of the diner's lure.

The earliest ancestors of diners were horse



The original Dean's Diner, opened in 1927 in Indiana, Pa., suggests a hybrid of the earlier mobile lunch wagon and the railroad car look popular by the 1920s. Appeals for female customers were popular, too: note "Ladies? Yes" on the diner's side.

drawn wagons in which the proprietor made the food and served it to customers over a counter.

Walter Scott was apparently the first in America; in 1872, he began selling sandwiches, eggs, chicken, and pies to the insomniacs of Providence, Rhode Island.⁴ Industrialization brought more people out on the streets at night and also created an urban middle class that needed affordable places to eat. Because most restaurants in Providence closed at 8 p.m., Scott loaded his converted express wagon with food every night and parked on the street until 2 a.m. He continued to serve customers for the next 45 years until competition, especially those wagons offering free onions, ketchup, and mustard, proved too much.

Another Providence man, Samuel Jones, has also been called the inventor of the modern lunch wagon, for he was the first to realize the advantage of bringing the customers inside the wagon.⁵ He began by selling lunch through his wagon window to mill workers in 1884, much like other vendors that had sprung up. He soon moved to Worcester, Massachusetts, perhaps to escape the competition. While experimenting with his lunch wagon setup, he realized, as one observer noted, that the cold and rain discouraged business, so "he closed the window, cut in a door, and put up a small counter with stools so his customers could come in out of the cold."⁶ Business thrived, according to other accounts, and Jones enjoyed a monopoly until another Worcester man, Charlie Palmer, "bought an identical wagon. When Sam Jones would quit for the day, Palmer would take over, clop-clopping through the night until Jones' equipage appeared on the streets again in the morning. Palmer's outfit had a name painted on it, 'The Night Owl,' and his menu included one item: hot dogs. We still call them, in some parts of the country, 'Owl Cars' and 'Dog Wagons.'"⁷

Jones's success lead him to open other wagons, but in October 1889 he sold them all to Palmer.⁸ Two years later, Palmer received the first patent for a lunch wagon, though his design differed little from what others were already manufacturing. His basic enclosed wagon included the stools and kitchen equipment, and had two small front wheels and a narrow back end to accommodate the larger

rear wheels necessary for the typical muddy streets of the late nineteenth century. With the kitchen in the back, food could be served out the side window to the curb or the street-side window for drive-up carriages, and across the counter to people on stools in the front of the wagon. He also made fancier wagons with elaborate paint jobs and stained glass windows.⁹

The first large-scale manufacturing operation was started by Thomas Buckley in Worcester. His most famous series of lunch wagons, called White House Cafes, sported white bodies with gold scrolls and were embellished with elaborate murals and etched, tinted windows.¹⁰ His company also sold supplies for the wagons such as dishes and wagon jacks. By the turn of the century, many hundreds of the company's wagons had been sold.¹¹ Their best customer was the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who bought the lunch wagons in hopes of luring away customers from the saloons that offered free lunches.¹²

The move away from formal dining also gave rise to "quick lunch" restaurants, where the emphasis was on customer turnover. The atmosphere of lunch wagons differed from those spots because, though never promoting loitering, wagons had an atmosphere that encouraged customer interaction. One author in the 1920s noted that a patron would find "formality ceased when he had pushed back the sliding door, sidled up to a stool and given his order. The lunch wagons were redolent with the atmosphere of good fellowship."¹³ The counterman, meanwhile, "acted as Chairman, kept order and saw, on the one hand, that the proprieties of debate were not disregarded and, on the other, that conversation did not languish for lack of suitable suggestion or incitement."¹⁴ Equally attractive was the fact that lunch wagons "reduced culinary mysteries to a minimum,"¹⁵ for a customer could watch his food being prepared.

Around the turn of the century, two developments transformed the lunch wagon business into the diner business we are familiar with today. City licensing rules restricted owners from operating 24 hours a day, and the constantly mobile business also wore out the horses and wagons. Owners began to pick permanent off-street spots, and the long, thin structure could be placed on small and odd plots, where rents were low. Lunch wagon owners could now improve their structure and their plot, yet the wagon could still be moved if business fell off. No longer navigating muddy streets,

wagons didn't need large rear wheels, and being less mobile, wagons could be made larger. The counter was repositioned lengthwise to accommodate a larger kitchen and more stools, while more elaborate interiors featured marble counters, tiled walls and floors, and skylights.¹⁶

The other development came because cities began discarding horse drawn trolleys for new electric ones. A trolley car could be bought for \$15 to \$25, its wheels removed, and converted into a make-shift lunch wagon.¹⁷ Dilapidated trolley cars would leave a long-lasting stigma on the diner business. A 1922 *New York Times Magazine* quoted a bank clerk declaring, "Now, there's my mother. She's old-fashioned, you know. When I told her I ate in a lunch wagon she nearly had a fit.... 'Why mother,' I told her, 'the butter and eggs in that wagon — you can't get 'em any better anywhere.'" Mom wasn't convinced: "'It's degrading!'"¹⁸

It was Patrick J. Tierney's innovations that rescued lunch wagons from their bad reputation. He began manufacturing quality wagons in 1905 in New Rochelle, New York, and was the first to sell them on credit. He was also the first to bring the toilet indoors — a welcome improvement.¹⁹ Soon after, the Worcester Lunch Car Company and the Jerry O'Mahony Company of Bayonne, New Jersey, also opened for business. O'Mahony sold lunch wagons for \$300 a piece when he started in 1913.²⁰

The changing work and social structure of urban America continued to affect the diner business. By the early twentieth century, women were becoming more socially and politically active as they entered the workforce in larger numbers. Once the sole turf of men, lunch cars of the 1920s began soliciting women customers by incorporating booths and high back stools, and even by painting appeals on the outsides of diners. This also led to a change in design from that resembling a wagon to that of a railroad dining car. The trend seems somewhat odd, considering the bad reputation of similarly styled trolley-lunches, but the change most likely was done to capitalize on the mystique of rail travel, the dominant long-distance travel mode of the day. Most noticeably, lunch wagons adopted

monitor roofs, a raised center portion running lengthwise with a strip of small ventilation windows that were common in railroad cars. Lunch wagons also adopted the dining car



Scotty's Diner, formerly at Penn Avenue and 15th Street in Pittsburgh, was typical of look-alike models offered by diner manufacturers in the 1920s. Skylights were forerunners of the railroad-type ventilation windows.

name, and eventually were called just diners.

Established as the moderately priced restaurants of choice in an increasingly mobile society, most diners managed to prosper and the industry grew during the Depression.²¹ A 1932 magazine article estimated that 4,000 diners were in business.²² But not all communities welcomed them. For example, the citizens of Scarsdale, New York, were outraged over a bright yellow railroad car-style diner being placed amid their English-style houses.²³ But by 1937, an estimated 6,000 diners — their size ranged from 10 to 80 seats — were feeding some 2 million customers daily, approximately 25 percent of those being women and children.²⁴

While the number of diners was increasing dramatically, so were their prices. In 1937, top-of-the-line diners cost about \$30,000.²⁵ By 1941, just before production stopped for the war, top diner prices were edging toward \$60,000, with an average price of \$15,000.²⁶ Although old diners could be traded in or reconditioned, the cost of full-size diners prompted some diner manufacturers and independent contractors to begin manufacturing “dinettes” in the 1930s and ’40s. (These were scaled-down versions of the big diners that catered mainly to the short-order trade.) Construction was expensive because diners were hand-built by craftsmen, with nothing precast or stamped. The rising cost of diners was also partly due to their ever-increasing size, and partly because of new materials being used. Glass block, chrome, stainless steel, neon, and Formica transformed diners from the old railroad look to a shiny Art Deco/streamlined appearance. Air conditioning, indirect lighting, and giant menus were also employed to attract a wider clientele. Diners were becoming more like full-scale restaurants and less like lunch counters. The grill was even moved behind the kitchen doors.

By 1948, diner prices were reaching \$80,000 with an average at \$36,000,²⁷ but demand remained high because of the stop in production during the war. In addition, the post-war automobile-building and -buying boom was transforming America at a rapid pace, placing even more emphasis on businesses dependent on the car for customers. Diners were not only lucrative: they were assessed as “personal property,” at tax rates lower than permanent restaurants;²⁸ little experience was required to open one; and the diner manufacturers would carry the loans. Typically, diner builders required one-third cash down, with the rest payable in three years at 6 percent interest.²⁹ This included only the diner and its basic equipment; transporting the diner, buying or leasing land, building a foundation and kitchen, hooking up the utilities, hiring a staff and buying supplies all cost extra.

By the late 1940s, Art Deco styles looked dated. In diner design, the streamlined railroad car look was abandoned for a more angular look. Flat roofs replaced the monitor ones, corners were squared-off, and glass block gave way to large windows. The late 1950s brought styles emphasizing America’s preoccupation with rockets and outer space. Diners began sporting canopies with star-like spotlights, pilasters slanting toward the sky, and other space-age motifs.

More and more, diners were locating along the thousands of miles of new highways built during the period. But the shift of traffic from city to highway was also an ominous change for diners. The fast-food chain outlets that catered to the transient trade became the rage of the 1950s, and a major threat to the diner industry.³⁰ Various diner companies began manufacturing “diner drive-ins”³¹ in the hopes of cashing in on this new trend. Even the industry’s trade magazine, *Diner & Restaurant*, found it necessary to switch its name to *Diner, Drive-In, and Restaurant* in 1954. Articles on fast-food chains and related advertisements began to fill its pages. As the 1950s ended, so did the reign of the diner.

Diner companies tried to respond by adopting the look of family-style restaurants. All vestiges of the past were abandoned in favor of an earth tone “environmental look” that connoted permanence and respectability. The stainless steel was relegated to trim surfaces and kitchen duty. Wagon wheel lamps replaced fluorescent lighting. Tinted mirrors gave way to wood paneling.

Little has changed in the diner’s outward appearance: mediterranean and colonial themes have dominated diner styling for the past 25 years. Of course, diners continue to keep up with trends, moving from zig-zag canopies and pebble-stone walls in the 1960s to wooden arches and brick facades in the 1970s to unadorned surfaces and monochrome color schemes in the 1980s. Perhaps the biggest change since the 1960s is the rekindled interest in diners of the past.



Beginning in the 1970s, a trickle of books and articles began to sing the praises of the disappearing American roadside culture. A national organization, the Society for Commercial Archeology, was founded in 1978 by those with a common interest in diners and the roadside. Dozens of stories about diners and roadside culture appeared in books and national magazines in the 1980s, many featuring diner photographs and paintings.³² A diner and cafe newsletter, *Counter Culture*, started publishing in 1987, and Christine Guedon and her husband, Steven Lintner, have just finished writing their yet-

unpublished *American Diner Guide*, which will help travellers find diners. They hope "to assist in keeping these little out-of-the-way places in business...." The book will include a section on diner history and identification, tracing diner manufacturers through words and pictures.

As America experiences a diner revival, some are now being restored as museum pieces. The Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan, has a diner in its "Automobile in American Life" permanent exhibit and the Smithsonian also plans on saving one, despite rejecting the idea a few years ago due to restoration expense. A common problem for preservationists is that some people see diners as historically and/or aesthetically significant, while others see neither.

The commercial sector is also saving diners. Sculptor Jerry Berta made headlines last year when he bought Rosie's Diner (of TV advertising fame) because people kept stopping to eat at his Rockford, Michigan, showroom — a 1947 diner. Berta is opening Rosie's as a restaurant right next to his showroom. Along with authentic restorations, many "yuppie" diners have appeared, serving exotic dishes at exotic prices. Some of these are restored diners and some are a conglomeration of "period materials" meant to evoke a certain era.³³ Kullman Industries, the oldest remaining diner manufacturer, has recently built two "retro-diners," using original craftsmen and authentic materials combined with state-of-the-art equipment to create period diners slathered in chrome, neon, and glass block.³⁴ Another company, 24-year-old Module Mobile, Inc. of Atlanta, recently began selling its relatively low priced "Happy Days" stainless steel diners, which range from the standard 20-seater for \$139,500 to the "Superb" 108-seater for \$295,000. This turn-key package even includes neon lighting. President David Bernstein says that demand and response are tremendous and their diners are being shipped across the country.

As a diner fan, I have mixed feelings about these recent trends. It's both sad and encouraging to see something you love, something that was disappearing, become commercialized and exploited. But then, the original owners were no idealists. Whether they were lunch wagon owners or streamliner proprietors, they had no intention of owning a museum piece, a relic. Even most of today's owners are somewhat overwhelmed by the attention their humble business commands. The diner fit their business needs when they bought it, and they'll leave it when it no longer does. One especially striking part of the history of area diners is how many people owned several different diners,



devoting entire careers to buying diners, selling and upgrading old ones, or moving on to diners in more lucrative spots.

Luckily, I found the diners I stopped at to be like visiting someone's home. They were all family oriented, with three generations often working side by side. They all had a steady local clientele even if near a highway. All the diners had quality operations, and most of them still made *everything* from scratch. Finally, the diners had a core of loyal employees, many staying with their job for decades, and some even passing their jobs down to their children.



One diner with three generations behind the counter is the **Venus Diner** in Gibsonia, north of Pittsburgh on Route 8 near the Turnpike. Nicholas Verner Sr. has operated the diner since 1982, using his 25 years of experience as an Air Force and hotel chef; his son and grandson help in the kitchen. Bill Platt opened the diner in 1958, naming it after a New Jersey diner, but the cosmic connection was strengthened by the diner's proximity to Mars, Pennsylvania. (They still sell a Satellite Burger.) Speckled white Formica contrasts with the avocado curtains and seats and with the pink-tinted mirrors. A mirrored ceiling, with fluorescent light emanating from the two terraced recessions, provides a way to keep an eye on customers' coffee. The diner seats 72, and though many trucks still stop, lunch hour has a strong business clientele.

When **Dean's Diner** on Route 22 just outside of Blairsville opened in 1954, a trade magazine noted the "aqua, lime, and pink diner seats 54 and features a built-in vestibule."³⁵ It is still in beautiful shape, although its owner, Darrell Dean, claims he's made no conscious effort to keep it that way. (His brother, Gwynne Dean, who spends a lot of time at the diner, said simply that it's cheaper to take care of an old diner than it would be to buy a new one.) At one time, there were several diners in Western Pennsylvania called Dean's. Darrell proudly recalls that the business began in August 1927 when his grandfather, H. P. Dean, opened a diner in Indiana, Pennsylvania. Darrell's uncle, Rodney Dean, later opened one on Route 30 in Forest Hills, a suburb of Pittsburgh.

Darrell's father, Emerson Dean, opened a diner in 1934 in downtown Blairsville. It came in on wheels from its manufacturer in Silver Springs, New York, and went through various additions and remodelings until its closing in 1960, when only the original roof was left. In 1953, when the Route 22 bypass was built around downtown Blairsville,

the elder Dean opened the family's present diner. Darrell remembers visiting the Fodero Dining Car Company plant in Bloomfield, New Jersey, with his father to buy the diner. The owner estimates half of his business is from local customers, half from the highway.

Just south of Blairsville, on Route 217, sits a forlorn looking, abandoned diner. No one seemed to know much about it; one lady told me a farmer owned the diner and had hopes of selling it for lots of money. Although its former beauty shone through, I felt the only money the diner would bring would be at the junkyard. I had little hope of learning its history until I was handed a 1953 photo of **Dick's Diner** in McKeesport, one of the largest mill towns up the Monongahela River from Pittsburgh. None of these towns had a diner except McKeesport, and it had two. Dick's Diner sat on Lysle (formerly Jerome) Boulevard until December 1971, when the local redevelopment authority bought the property. Bill Platt (of Venus Diner distinction) had brought the diner to McKeesport in about 1940.³⁶ Apparently it was a 1930s Kullman brand diner that had been refurbished at the factory before Platt bought it.³⁷ Joe Dick bought the diner with yellow fluted siding in Fall 1945 and ran it for 26 years.

Jean Dick, Joe's daughter-in-law, was a waitress there from 1957 until its closing. When she handed me photos, I knew they were of the abandoned diner I had seen on Route 217. Joe, 87, was repairing a stereo when I explained my project; I worried for a while that my diner quest made no sense to him, or that he didn't wish to recall his diner days. But when I left four hours later, we were the best of friends. At first, only the bad memories came — the constant stealing by customers and waitresses, the harassment by police, the shortage of employees and supplies, especially meat, during wartime. But then lighter moments came back, like when a young short order cook made eggs; he'd throw the broken shells up the vent, and they would be sucked onto the roof.

Truck drivers, mill workers, and railroad men



Owners Forrest and Virginia Early outside Pittsburgh's Hilltop Diner, 1952; Virginia worked as a waitress, while Forrest also operated the gas station next door, at Brown's Hill on Hazelwood Avenue.

were Dick's bread and butter. Nights brought a string of drunks who, when not passing food out the bathroom window, would play the jukebox all night long. "The song they played was 'Nickelodeon;' you know..." — he sings — "Put another nickel in..." That song drove me crazy!" Joe leased his

land, but because he still owed on his diner, he passed when adjacent land went up for sale. Within a year Eat'N'Park opened on that spot, but the restaurant didn't bother him much; their workers even ate in his place. Still, he regrets not having bought the land.

Down the street from Dick's sat the red-trimmed **Club Car Diner**. Fred and Elsie Jamison opened this diner about 1945³⁸ and called it the B & O Club Car, for it sat across from the Baltimore & Ohio train station. When the city eliminated the railroad tracks through town, the diner fell to redevelopment plans, being scrapped shortly after it closed in May 1972. An urban mall now sits where the diner once thrived.

Doris Topolnak was a waitress at the Club Car from 1948 to 1962, starting when she was 17; she also worked a while at two other area diners. Her fond memories of the Club Car include many humorous moments. When one customer didn't drink his coffee, she asked if there was a problem, and he replied it was too hot for Mandy to taste. She asked, "Who's Mandy?" He replied, "It's my dog sitting here on the floor, I don't put anything in my mouth until she okays it." The man and Mandy had to leave.

Mary Grace Garofolo Morrell was also a waitress at the Club Car, starting when she was 18, from 1948 to 1959. Although the diner had only 16 stools and four booths, she often served 200 checks in an eight-hour shift, which brought her, as late as 1959, \$16 to \$21 a week, not counting tips. The diner had nine waitresses. Her sister and Doris Topolnak's cousin also worked there, as did many

other workers' relatives. There was no time clock; rather the whistle at U.S. Steel's National Tube Works signaled the 11-to-7, the 7-to-3, and 3-to-11 shifts. The diner was across the street from the main mill gate.

Morrell remembered the daily course at the diner so well that she can break the typical day down according to who came in and when: 11 p.m. — National Tube workers coming off the night shift; 12 midnight — movie and dance crowd; 1-2:30 a.m. — bar and club crowd — ("At 2 in the morning, we were packed," Morrell said.); by 4 a.m. — men headed to work on early morning shifts, mostly gas company workers; 6 a.m. — National Tube workers headed to the day shift; 7 a.m. — National Tube's overnight shift, leaving work, and day office workers; 8-9 a.m. — retail store clerks and workers; 10 a.m.-noon — a big mix of people taking early lunches; noon-1 p.m. — packed for lunch — ("The only lull we had was from 1-2, after lunch."); 2 p.m. — National Tube workers headed to the night shift; 3-4 p.m. — mill men coming off the day shift; 5 p.m. — people out and about for night meetings, and "lots of bowlers." Dinner and evening hours were fast and furious with all kinds of people.

To this day, decades after leaving the diner, Morrell still sees customers on the street. She often can't remember their names, but she remembers what they liked to eat. Her immigrant mother had a hard time believing it when Morrell worked the late shift. "It's a no true," she would tell me. She thought all people went to bed at 8 p.m. When we walked together downtown on my day off, people would say hello and my mother would say, "You no gonna tell me these all customers!"

Until the early 1960s, however, blacks were not served. "We would have to ask them, 'Would you like to take that out?'" Morrell recalls a black serviceman with his family coming into the diner. Having come off the train at the nearby B & O station, the family had no place to take their food out to, Morrell said. She remembers going to the back room crying over the incident. Workers at other diners also mentioned not serving blacks until the 1960s.

The Jamisons opened another red-trimmed place, the **Parkway Diner**, in Monroeville in 1951 on Route 22, across from where the Miracle Mile Shopping Center stands today. Soon after, an investment group formed to run the Jamisons' diners; the Parkway's name was changed to the **Red Coach Diner**, and it remained until January 1977, when

the land proved more valuable for other uses. The demise of the Red Coach illustrates some of the business pressures that have helped to undermine the diner business. A Red Lobster and a Chi Chi's now occupy the land where the diner sat, and as one investor said, there's more money to be made, with less hassle, renting the property to franchise restaurant chains than operating a single diner there.

In July 1956, the same investment group opened the **Gateway Diner** in Wilkins Township on Route 22, about a mile west of the Red Coach. Really a showcase diner, it had an elaborate color scheme of green and yellow stripes outside, and pink and gray inside. The Gateway eventually closed in December 1978, in favor of a Burger King. After its contents were auctioned, the shell was sold for \$100. The once fancy diner is now a video store south of Vandergrift on Route 66.

The investment group's last entry, the fabulous **Summit Diner** in Somerset, opened in July 1960 and has operated 24 hours a day ever since, except for a couple of years in the late 1960s when management shut it down at night after repeated run-ins with late-night rowdies from surrounding towns. The Summit exemplifies the styling transition from futuristic to environmental, for along with all its tile, chrome and stainless steel are wooden beams, wagon wheel lamps, and stone work. The diner has 14 stools, 17 booths, and a Seeburg Consolette jukebox at each table. The famous neon sign was just recently repaired and its shape embellishes all the Summit's advertising. You can even buy a cap at the diner with the sign logo on it.

One of my biggest disappointments was finding that Johnstown, once home to three diners with the same name, now has none. Johnstown, in Cambria County, lies at a crossroads connecting the William Penn and Lincoln highways. Louis Segal in 1948 opened the first **Tops Diner**, a 52-seater with maroon trim built by Fodero Dining Car Co. of Newark, New Jersey.³⁹ Adjacent to the Walnut Street Bridge, the diner proved so popular that Segal decided to build a second one. He

wished to take out the bottom floor of an existing building and install a diner in the hole, even though local contractors and at first, the Fodero company's owner, said reinforcing the building would be too difficult. The city even took Segal to court over the safety of the old building. But Segal persevered, and he's proud of the fact that he beat City Hall. Fodero built **Tops #2**



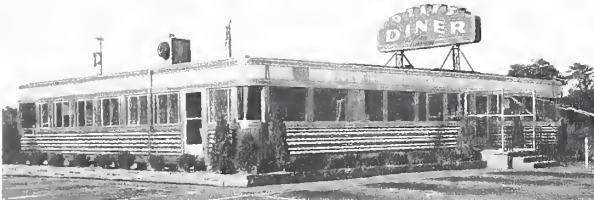
Virginia Early (second from right) with waitress crew at the Hilltop, 1952.

at Main and Market streets in 1952, at almost twice the price of the original diner. Fodero featured it in an advertisement, and *Diner & Restaurant* put the unusual diner on its June 1952 cover. Segal later bought the old **Airmont Diner**, making it **Tops #3**, on the Johnstown-Windber Road.

The original **Tops** was packed around the clock, using, for example, five tons of french fries and 750 dozen eggs per week. Segal remembers all sorts of weird food orders such as cannibal sandwiches (raw ground meat) and a fellow who ordered 24 breakfasts — for himself! (He even lived to order it again.) By the late 1960s, business had tailed off — Segal wasn't explicit about the reasons — and the diners shut down.

In Pittsburgh, Terry and Alice Feiler opened the **Feiler Diner** in 1949 in the 6300 block of Penn Avenue, where Rizenstein Middle School is now. The diner had a blue-fluted exterior, a barrel roof and a salmon pink, yellow and light blue interior. Alice Feiler remembers Fels-Naptha soap being used to slide the diner down the planks from the truck. The diner did good business, with its side door facing Penn Avenue and its back against a hotel. When an adjacent gas station wanted to enlarge, however, the Feilers had to move the diner off of its leased lot. They reopened it in 1957 in the 4900 block of Baum Boulevard, and sold it in 1963, opening a used car lot on the land.

Terry Feiler and his brother, Nicholas, had opened their first diner in Cleveland. Then they



Top: A hint of streamlining had started to affect the railroad car look when Serro's Diner was delivered to Irwin, Pa., in 1938. Note the sliding front door and advertising for "booth service" and "rest rooms." Now the Willow Diner near Greensburg, the diner's old skin is under a modern exterior. *Bottom:* This view of Dean's Diner, Route 22 near Blairsville, shows off its matching dining room addition from 1957 (removed in 1989) and its colorful sign, also gone.

Major Diner Manufacturers Whose Diners Reached the Western Pennsylvania Region

THERE have been dozens of diner manufacturers through the years. Their offerings have resembled each other in each period. The cost of shipping by rail or truck, charged on a per-mile basis, is what kept most diners in the area of their manufacture, the Northeast — particularly in New Jersey. The desire to expand led many manufacturers to eye midwestern factory sites, but by the time the industry had progressed that far, the diner boom was ending.

Besides the Module Mobile Co. of Atlanta, which makes its Happy Days Diners (discussed in the main article), four old-line diner companies still exist: DeRaffele Manufacturing Co., Kullman Industries, Paramount Modular Concepts, and the relative newcomer, Musi Dining Car Co.*

DeRaffele — 1933 to present, New Rochelle, N.Y. Originally the Tierney company (from 1905), DeRaffele makes modern diners, but company people declined comment for this article. The Summit Diner near Butler is a 1949 DeRaffele and first opened for business in Pittsburgh. Three Pittsburgh families went to the factory together to buy diners in 1949; all had been told that DeRaffele models were the biggest and best.

Fodero — 1930s to 1985, Newark, N.J., later in Bloomfield, N.J. Joseph Fodero had been the metal shop foreman at Tierney. He started his own business, shortly called the National Dining Car Company. This name can be seen as a decal on the woodwork above the doors at Scotty's Diner, showing that it's quite a rare diner. Known for making large diners, Fodero also built the Venus and Dean's. In Johnstown, former **Tops Diner** owner Louis Segal fondly recalled his trip to the Fodero factory. After Joe Fodero showed him their diners, the sales manager — the only person at Fodero who could speak clear English — took Segal to two nearby competitors!

Kullman — 1927 to present, Harrison, N.J., now in Avenel, N.J. Robert Kullman took time to speak about the company his grandfather started. They made only diners from 1927 until 1969, when they branched into other structures. By the early 1980s, only 20 percent of the company's output was in diners; the percentage is now only 7 percent. They recently built two "classic" diners, but the rest are all modern (the big Norwin Diner is a 1976 example)

and cost \$300,000 or more. Their other modular structures include convenience stores, banks, schools, prisons, and even an airport terminal.

Mountain View — 1940 to 1957, Singac, N.J. Many Mountain View diners reached the Midwest just before the company folded. There are two in this area: the Eastland Diner (originally Serro's,) and the former Serro's from Greensburg that now sits for sale near there in a lot beside the Turnpike. Mountain View diners can be identified by the scroll-type designs on the top corners. Their earlier offerings had pointy "cow-catcher" corners. Paramount reportedly bought this defunct company's old designs.

Musi — 1966 to present, Carteret, N.J. I don't believe any reached this area, but owner Ralph Musi says they still produce eight to 10 diners per year. Alterations of their old models are increasingly popular, with customers now favoring designs that use gray, peach, and light blue paint, and even some chrome, over the 1960s-style dark colonial and mediterranean themes.

O'Mahony — 1913 to 1959, Bayonne, N.J., later in Elizabethtown, N.J. Their slogan was, "In Our Line We Lead The World," and they sent more diners to Western PA than any other company. O'Mahony was one of the longest running companies and, therefore, went through many design changes. With their New Jersey plant only capable of building 30 diners a year, O'Mahony acquired a seven-acre plant site in St. Louis in 1952 to build diners for that region. There is much confusion over the company's financially troubled final years. Supposedly only four diners were made in St. Louis before bankruptcy; a resurrected Mahony Company made four more. In this area, the Steel Trolley Diner and the former Gateway Diner were two of O'Mahony's last diners. Earlier models include the Mercer, Willow, and the decomposing Digger's.

Paramount — 1930s to present, Haledon, N.J., and now in Oakland, N.J. None are in this area. Paramount declined comment.

Silk City — 1927 to 1968, Paterson, N.J. Made by the Patterson Vehicle Company in the famous silk-producing town. This area's example is Laverne's Diner, the former Blue Dell, which has a pink color scheme but is otherwise not very ornate. Many Silk Cities remain elsewhere.

Sterling — 1935 to 1942, Merrimac, Mass. Although best known for Streamliners that resembled sleek train cars, Sterling built all styles. A local example is the Crosser Diner, a typical dinette of the period,

economical and intended for short-order operation. The Crosser still has "DINETTE" baked into its white siding. There was a Streamliner in Ellwood City until a few years ago, when it was put in storage in Cleveland to await restoration.

Swingle — 1958 to 1988, Middlesex, N.J. Joseph Swingle worked for O'Mahony before starting his own business. The factory had one of the largest graveyards of used diners. The Summit in Somerset was an early effort, and its earthtone interior touches predicted a new design trend. Scotty's in Monroeville is a modern Swingle.

Ward and Dickinson — 1923 to 1940s, Silver Creek, N.Y. Lee Dickinson and Charles Ward made their first dining car under a tree, 40 miles northeast of Erie. By 1925, about 50 employees were producing roughly one diner per month. The original Standard model had 12 stools and four small booths on the end; a grill sat behind the counter, whereas the larger Deluxe model included a kitchen. Green was the dominant inside color, and the diners came fully equipped for about \$5,000. Their success spawned six other Silver Creek dining car operations, and one in nearby Dunkirk, but none outlasted Ward and Dickinson. In this area, the original Dean's Diner, the Dixie Diner in East Liverpool, Ohio, and the Greenville Dining Car probably were all W & Ds. ■

*Sources include the unpublished *American Diner Guide*, by Christine Guedon and Steven Lintner; personal correspondence with diner expert Richard Gutman, of Massachusetts; *Diner* magazine and its later incarnations; and individual diner owners. Ward and Dickinson information courtesy of Agnes Pfleuger, Silver Creek historian. Some dates are approximate. Many diners in other parts of the country were made by Campora, Manno, Master, Valentine, Worcester, and a host of smaller manufacturers.



Tops #1 on a period postcard. The downtown Johnstown landmark advertised itself as "TOPS In Food, TOPS In Service," and also as "New — Up To The Minute."

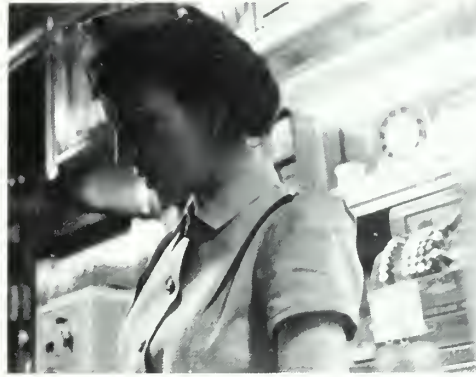


McKeesport's Club Car Diner (foreground) and the B&O train depot await the wrecking ball in 1972. The diner was a popular eatery for 27 years — and a good place to work, former employees say — until claimed by a massive urban renewal project that locals still lament.

moved to Wilkinsburg around 1930 and started a diner at Penn Avenue and Wood Street, serving liquor for a short time after Prohibition. In 1940, they opened another diner nearby at Penn Avenue and Lexington Street. I could not find out what happened to either of those diners, but the Feiler's blue-fluted diner wound up in the Butler area under a new name. This is discussed below.

Another diner duo, Forrest and Virginia Early, met at the Feiler Diner in Wilkinsburg. After World War II, Forrest and his brother-in-law, Al Pinkerton, leased land for a service station in Greenfield at the top of Brown's Hill on Hazelwood Avenue. The **Hilltop Diner** they decided to add on the property had red horizontal stripes on its stainless steel exterior, and similar to the Feilers', was salmon, yellow and blue inside. (The Feilers and Earlys bought their diners on the same junket to DeRaffele Diner Company in New Rochelle, New York.) The Hilltop opened on July 17, 1949, and according to Virginia Early, it never had a slow day, attracting both mill workers and professionals. The diner had a grill up front, with seating for 43 on six booths and 19 stools. In 1973, the diner was auctioned because the Texaco station next door wanted to expand and the diner was on leased land. (The Earlys had sold the station some years before.) Virginia Early remembers last seeing the diner on Route 19, near Erie, where it once again looked at home.

It was a long time before I discovered the other diner in the region called the **Summit Diner** (no relation to Somerset's Summit). Off the beaten track, five miles east of Butler on Route 422, this is a definite stop for diner fans who like a good dose of local atmosphere. School bus drivers, cement finishers, railroaders, car repairmen, and retired folks looking for good conversation hang out there. When I stopped one afternoon in March, the place was packed and everyone obviously knew each other. My questioning got me included in all the good-natured bantering — it took a while to even find Roy! This proved especially hard since owner Roy Widenhofer spends most of his time at the gas station he owns next door. Widenhofer first caught the diner bug while working in Butler, where he often ate at the Shell Diner, which coincidentally closed when Roy opened his. (I could not learn anything more about the Shell, or even confirm that it was a real diner.) When Widenhofer decided he wanted a diner, Bill Platt (again, of Venus Diner fame) took him to New Jersey to look at new and



Another day at the Club Car, c. 1958, for waitress Mary Grace Garofolo Morrell.

used ones, but Widenhofer settled on the blue-fluted Feiler diner. He opened in November 1963. Now he would like to find a bigger, newer one, but I don't think this diner could find a better home.

Many people remember the diners owned by the Serros on Route 30 east of Pittsburgh. Actually there had been three different diners and all still exist but in different locations. The first **Serros** was a 1938 diner that Joseph and Louis Serro, Sr. opened along Route 30 in Norwin. This car had sliding doors on the front and left side, a marble counter, and orange tile on the floor and walls. Business was good enough that they replaced it with a large new diner in 1957.

One waitress who had worked at these two diners the longest, about 40 years, was Ann Martin. Her daughter, Gloria Hathaway, grew up around the diners:

I amused myself sweeping the floor. The people who sat at the counter would casually 'drop' pennies and nickles on the floor where I was going to be sweeping under their feet. It didn't take much to make me happy. I thought I was rich! I knew all the people who worked on my mom's shift — they were like family. That's how the Serro's treated their employees.

Hathaway recalls that her mother loved her job, and often told the family about regular customers identified only as "pork chop special" or "club sandwich." When the Serro's new diner arrived by truck in 1957, her mom persuaded the driver to let her ride into town with it. Hathaway also recalls her mother commenting on her job, "I love it. I'll probably die there." On June 21, 1978, at age 64, Ann Martin had a heart attack and died — "while serving the dinner crowd, being with the people," said her daughter.

Louis Serro, Jr. began as a potato peeler at his father's diner, and eventually came to manage the business. When the family sold its diner in 1968, he bought a similar one, on East Pittsburgh Street in Greensburg. Serro Jr. ran this diner, of stainless steel with gold horizontal stripes and a turquoise interior, until May 1985, when the land he leased was sold to the bank next door for expansion. The diner was moved away in two sections, each 12 feet by 50 feet. The back section sits abandoned in a field on Route 22 north of Greensburg; the front section has puzzled millions at its new location by

the side of the Turnpike in Irwin, under tarps and a "For Sale" sign. Many inquire about it, but diners are hard to sell in Pittsburgh and expensive to move.

Amazingly, the earliest Serro's Diner (the 1938 model) still exists, a few miles south of Greensburg on Route 119. Now called the **Willow Diner**, John and Lillian Rolka have run it since May 1961. Although the outside has been remodeled to resemble a train station, the old skin remains below it and the interior has changed little over the past 50 years.

John Rolka came from Blairsville in the early 1940s to work at the old Ritter's Diner near Forbes Field in Pittsburgh, and worked for some 20 years at other diners in the area. He also tried out barbering on Pittsburgh's South Side, before settling on the Willow. The morning I spoke with him he was cooking on the grill. (The only other worker was a waitress.) Rolka, in his late 60s, seemed as happy at that grill as most workers are on their first day at a new job. Says Lillian Rolka: "The atmosphere is like none other. Everyone has something to say, whether it is about family, trucks, pets, hunting or just good-natured razzing of John about his cooking." She said they've thought about retiring, but the only people showing interest in their diner wish to knock it down for the land. They'd rather keep working.

The man who bought the Serro's diner in 1968 (the 1957 model) was Zigmund Barton, who kept it at the same location but renamed it the **Norwin Diner**. In 1976, he replaced it with a new diner, and Barton feels the new three-section Norwin Diner improved business because its subdued decorating made it a more acceptable dinner spot. He's still quite a diner fan, but as a businessman, he realizes the advantages of a more modern, spacious structure. The basement is overwhelming, resembling a giant warehouse with a high ceiling, well-stocked shelves, specialty rooms, such as the meat-cutters', and even laundry facilities. Barton is proud to announce on his menu, "If you don't see it on the menu, ask your waitress. If we have the



Waitress Ann Martin, at Serro's 1938 diner in Irwin, Pa.

ingredients, we'll make it."

The diner that Barton sold to make way for his new building was trucked to the north edge of Butler on Route 422, where it became the **Eastland Diner**. Gene Houllion now leases this big red-trimmed diner and, like Barton, says everything is still done the old-fashioned way, from boiling soup bones to baking right on site.

Butler lost its downtown diner a few years ago with the closing of **Digger's Diner**. Herman Dight, after running a diner for a short time in Grove City, opened this Butler diner in January 1947. He sold it in 1955 to an employee, William Morgan, who enlarged it and called it **Morgan's Diner**. (At one point, it also was a Ken-

tucky Fried Chicken franchise, the fifth one to open in America.) William "Digger" Young, so nicknamed because of his adjacent funeral home, bought the diner in 1981 — he painted it yellow and brown to match the funeral home — and ran it as Digger's until 1983. He sold it, according to a 1988 newspaper article, because he could no longer run a diner *and* be a mortician, the Butler County Coroner, and the "Clown on Roller Skates" at hospitals and nursing homes.⁴⁰

Others operated the site as the **Butler Diner** from 1983 until 1986, when Young bought the diner and the land with intentions to expand his funeral home. Although he tried for three years to give the diner away, he found no takers. He ended up selling interior parts and selling the shell for \$1. It now sits lifeless a few blocks east.

The **Mercer Diner**, opened in 1953 on Route 19 in Mercer, was recently renamed **Lucky's Diner** to accommodate the script of a film shot there. A new roof and vestibule, added a few years ago, are all that hide this 1953 model, with its brown (originally green) striped exterior and red, white, pink, and grey interior.⁴¹

The **Middlesex Diner**, over in West Middlesex, was the original Mercer Diner, and has been around since 1952. There are plans to demolish it in favor of a newer structure. On the back of his menu, owner Demetrios Vournous tells of leaving

his post as chief officer on a Greek cargo ship in 1972 and setting foot in America with \$120 to his name and speaking no English. By 1980 he was married and had three restaurants, the diner among them. The menu says it all: "Only in America, Can a kid who washes dishes, Take a giant step, And reach up and touch the stars."

In Greenville, I had lunch at my first *dinor* — the **Greenville Dinor**. It seems that dinors are unique to northwestern Pennsylvania: Erie's 1958 city directory lists 19 dinors compared to two diners. After asking as many people as possible to explain the spelling, I still have no satisfactory explanation. It seems to have begun after these restaurants arrived in the area. Some of the current owners feel the odd spelling probably originated as an attention-getter. Perhaps it's because some of them had the same owner at one time.

David "Doc" Sankey, former owner of the Greenville Dinor, told me the original was a 1924 diner from Silver Creek, New York.⁴² It came by rail and then was pulled on its wheels by a team of horses. Known then as the Greenville Dining Car, the structure was scrapped in August 1966 for a diner only a few years newer. It has been expanded a few times until today, the only evidence of its diner origins is one of its original old wheels displayed by the owners on the sidewalk.

Union City also has a dinor, and it, too, no longer looks like a factory built diner.⁴³ When it opened in 1926, it was called the **Corner Diner**, with its seats and doors located differently. A plaque found during a 1974 remodelling read "Mulholland Diners — Dunkirk, N.Y." (Dunkirk is south of Buffalo and Silver Creek. The company started with carriages and automotive bodies around the turn of the century and switched to diners from 1920 to 1940.) The eighth and present owners are Jim and Betty Shepard who call it by the name it has gone by most of its years, the **Union City Dinor**. Jim theorizes that dinor served to differentiate between the building and the patron, but that still fails to explain why dinors are particular to this area. The Shepards bought the diner out of their love for the town — neither had restaurant experience. However, they're the best kind of owners, for they truly love their diner (sorry...dinor!).

Over the border in Ohio, the small towns have held on to their diners a bit longer. My favorite town is Lisbon, small enough to be charming, large enough to have two diners! The **Crosser Diner** is the oldest, dating from about 1940, when the

Hannas put it next to their gas station. This small white diner originally had "Hanna's Dinette" baked into the enamel panels on front. The Crossers bought it in 1948 and painted their name on the outside. Two owners later it still retains that name. Owner Barbara Phillips has had it nine years, and despite frustrations, she loves the diner. She's there seven days a week where the workers and customers are like family. Employees sling good-natured insults around as fast as they sling your food. And for all the joking, the food is fast and good. The diner is very original, though new booths recently eliminated the jukeboxes. The yellow panels on the arched roof and walls are trimmed with wood, and the counter still has a glass front displaying cigars and mints for sale. Make sure you get one of the 10 counter stools, where you're three feet from the grill.

Two blocks east, past the bandstand in the middle of town, Shirley Davis's **Steel Trolley Diner** snuggles onto a corner piece of land. Davis brought the diner from nearby Salem, Ohio, in May 1979. Her nephew named it for what the diner looked like coming down the hill from Salem. Although the gray booths are new (and again, the jukeboxes gone) the diner is in amazingly good shape — everything looks new and shiny.

Pittsburgh's first recorded diner was Nixon's Dining Car, on Penn Avenue in 1927, moving the next year to West Liberty Avenue (which became home to many diners.) There's no evidence of any horse-drawn lunch wagons in the area. Peg and Keith Pippi have owned the city's oldest diner, **Pip's Diner** in the West End, for the past two years, although it's only been at 1900 Woodville Avenue since 1954. That's when former Woolworth's waitress Evelyn Koltz brought it from West Liberty Avenue (where it was possibly Ginny's Diner) and opened it as Eve's Diner. It has also been called Franny's, Bell's, Bell-Ray, Marie's, Palumbo, and Irene's. Although the outside is covered and a small room has been added on, some of this 1920s vintage diner can be seen inside, including the barrel ceiling, marble counter, sliding door, and nice tile pattern. Past owner Irene Marpes said when she bought the diner, it still had the old round-top windows and a marble counter inside, under the windows. The Pippis are trying to fix up the place and to retain the diner atmosphere.

A few blocks from Pip's is **Laverne's Diner**. Its location on South Main Street in the West End was first home to a different diner called

The caption on this postcard of Serro's 1957 diner in Irwin proclaimed it the largest in Western Pennsylvania. That's owner Lou Serro, Jr. at the front door.



Lester's, in 1938. Jane Laun bought the 15-seater the next year and called it Launie's until 1970, when it became Hatt's. Laverne Yorkgitis left her job at the downtown Stouffer's to waitress at this diner, and by 1973, she was running it. A new diner was found in 1978, when loyal truck-driving customers found and moved the former Blue Dell Diner in Irwin to the West End for her. One week before opening in October 1978, arsonists burned the diner, setting Yorkgitis back one long year. The pink, grey, and white tile was cleaned with acid but the ceiling and windows were ruined, hence the modern ceiling and windows there today. Laverne's is a good place for breakfast and lunch — no dinners, with a 3 p.m. closing time. Yorkgitis thinks of quitting but refuses to let her diner be destroyed and would hate to see her "home" of 20 years go to someone new.

Originally the **Blue Dell Diner** sat in front of the Blue Dell Pool and Drive-In Theater on Route 30 in North Huntingdon. It was put there by three brothers in the mid-1950s. The business wasn't doing so well, so the brothers leased it to Jerry Athans for two years in the early 1960s. Athans said business was disappointing for him, too: \$80 in a 24-hour period was typical of the first year. Things improved to the point that Athans asked for a third year, but when he wanted a fourth, the brothers told him to buy or leave. To their surprise, Athans decided instead to lease the Plaza Restaurant in Forest Hills, a place still reminiscent of a diner. Athans said his biggest success was his "All The Fish U-Can Eat Special" on Fridays: french fries, cole slaw, and rolls and butter, all for \$1!

Ritter and Scott are two names long associated with diners in Pittsburgh and their stories intertwine in the early years. The present **Ritter's Diner** is at 5221 Baum Blvd. William Ritter's first diner was in the 7600 block of Penn Ave., near Braddock Avenue. He owned it from 1934 until he sold it in 1942. In 1939, Ritter put up his second diner, across from Forbes Field, and sold it in 1945. Ritter then took over the Feiler Diner on Penn Avenue for two years. Next, he helped manage the Hilltop Diner on Hazelwood Avenue before placing another new diner on Baum Boulevard in 1951, across the street from the present one. He sold that diner, his third, in 1964. Five years later, Art, George, and Pete Velisaris took it over, operating it until 1975, when they replaced it with a modern new one — the present-day Ritter's. The Velisaris family donated the old diner to Pittsburgh History



The Silver Diner in Rockville, Md., is Kullman Industries' recent recreation of the classic diner.

and Landmarks Foundation. It now sits at Pittsburgh's Station Square, where it was a cooking school and is now a jewelry store.

The Ritter and Scott stories overlap because Thomas A. Scott was the guy who bought the first two diners that Ritter owned — the first at 7619 1/2 Penn Avenue, and the one near Forbes Field — although Scott eventually brought newer diners to each location.⁴⁴ The Penn Avenue location is the site of the modern-day **Scotty's Diner**. The building was first put into service on Strawberry Way downtown, where it was called the Downtown Diner. The Scotts ran it from 1945 to '47, then moved the building to Penn Avenue. The Scotts replaced the Forbes Field Scotty's with a newer diner, and moved the old one in 1952 to Penn Avenue and 15th Street in the Strip District. This old yellow diner had racks in the skylights where ice was placed — an early form of air conditioning. Scotty's remained a fixture in the ballpark neighborhood until Forbes Field was demolished for the University of Pittsburgh to expand its campus. The Scott family moved this diner to Route 8 in the Glenshaw area; it closed in 1985.

The family also runs a **Scotty's Diner** on Route 22 in Monroeville which opened in 1980 but took some doing. When Thomas Scott, Jr. said he wanted to build a diner there, Monroeville council thought he meant an old-fashioned railroad car. Council worried that a diner would blight what we all know is a highway free of eyesores, so they withheld approval. The go-ahead wasn't given until a council member took a trip to the New Jersey diner factory to see the five-section modern diner.

Scott Jr., son of the founder, abhors fast food and feels he serves the best meals possible. Scotty's on Penn is now Pittsburgh's best known diner, having been in television commercials several times. The chrome rims on the 15 original stools were recently hidden with new upholstery and the five original wooden booths were replaced by generic booths — the jukeboxes at each booth were also yanked — but in all fairness, Thomas Scott Jr. deserves credit for keeping the diner in business. The rest of the interior is beautiful blue Formica, with a white and red design, and is trimmed in chrome and wood. There's still no other local diner quite like Scotty's, where you can watch the grill up front or choose from a wide variety of daily specials prepared in the back.

Area Diners You Can Still Visit

Diner	Place	Year, Make, Comments
Coach Diner	Fredonia	'10s trolley car, real small town
Crosser Diner	Lisbon, Ohio	'40 Sterling, small, cute, fun place
Crossroads Diner	Edinboro	'13 trolley, now a full restaurant
Dean's Diner	Blairsville	'54 Fodero, still green in & out
Dick's Diner	Murrysville	'46 O'Mahony hidden, famous pies
Diner's Delight	Franklin	'20s, partly original but enlarged
Eastland Diner	Butler	'57 Mountainview, red beauty
Elite Diner	E. Liverpool, Ohio	'20s, worn, hitch shows, good food
Gateway Diner	Vandergrift	'55 O'Mahony, now a video store
Greenville Diner	Greenville	'30s, hidden, full restaurant
Grove City Diner	Grove City	'38 hidden, always busy
Hi-Way Diner	Ebensburg	'20s, remodeled, small town flavor
LaVerne's Diner	Pgh., West End	'55 Silk City, part remodeled, pink
Mercer Diner	Mercer	'53 O'Mahony, pink, gray, red int.
Middlesex Diner	West Middlesex	'20s, hidden, may soon go
Norwin Diner	Irwin	'76 Kullman, big operation
Pip's Diner	Pgh., West End	'20s Tierney(?), bit of original int.
Ritter's Diner	Pgh., Shadyside	'76 Fodero, packed after midnight
Ritter's Diner	Pgh., Station Sq.	'51 DeRaffele, now jewelry store
Scotty's Diner	Monroeville	'80 Swingle, full restaurant
Scotty's Diner	Wilkinsburg	'40 National, worn but classic
Steel Trolley Diner	Lisbon, Ohio	'56 O'Mahony, grays but beautiful
Summit Diner	Butler	'40s DeRaffele, pink & bl., locals
Summit Diner	Somerset, at T'pike	'60 Swingle, chrome, some wood
Union City Diner	Union City	'24 Mulholland, hidden, locals
Venus Diner	Gibsonia, at T'pike	'58 Fodero, avacado & pink gem
Willow Diner	Greensburg	'38 O'Mahony, interior still good



Crosser Diner, Lisbon, Ohio, 1989. Lisbon has two diners, both on the Lincoln Highway, which still brings much business their way.

Scotty's also has my favorite diner dish — lyon-naise potatoes (home fries with onions) with melted cheese. Mmmm...I think I'll go eat! ■

■ ■ ■

¹Everyone likes diners for different reasons, but recent articles about them usually address the tension between those who want diners to remain slow-paced local places or to be updated for a modern, affluent clientele. The diner newsletter *Counter Culture*, for instance, continually addresses this argument, siding with the local-atmosphere fans.

²Ray Oldenburg, *The Great Good Place* (New York: 1989), 18.

³I documented every existing diner I could find in Western Pennsylvania, but I did not visit all of them in the northern part of the region. Information about those — ones for which I did not have extensive information — were edited out of this article due to space limitations. The documentation

methods varied widely, although the vast majority of information came from hundreds of personal interviews, telephone calls, and letters. Because of the necessarily informal nature of this process, it was not practical to provide the customary footnotes for each interview.

⁴Richard J. S. Gutman, Elliott Kaufman, and David Slovic, *American Diner* (New York: 1979), 2.

⁵"The Diner Puts on Airs," *Saturday Evening Post* (June 19, 1948), 131 (hereafter, *SEP* article); and "When The Lunch Wagon Made Its Bow," *New York Times Magazine* (Feb. 7, 1926), section IV, 20.

⁶"The Roadside Diners Are Rolling," *Coronet* (Sep. 1953), 132.

⁷*SEP* article, 131.

⁸Gutman, Kaufman, and Slovic, 5.

⁹*Ibid.*

¹⁰*SEP* article, 131.

¹¹Gutman, Kaufman, and Slovic, 9.

¹²*SEP* article, 131.

A Name in Neon

Jim Fedasz has been making neon signs in McKeesport since the 1940s. Originally with the Stanley Neon Sign Co., Fedasz now has his own business. He installed neon at most of the area diners, including the Club Car and Parkway, and designed the Dick's Diner sign, a coffee pot pouring coffee into a cup with wavy neon tubes that blinked to simulate motion. In addition to a sign, most diners wanted their roofs and ceilings outlined. The most common method of doing the interiors in the old diners was to use cold cathode tubes, larger than neon tubing and smaller than fluorescent. Although they burned out more quickly, they used a much smaller transformer and gave off more light. Fluorescent lights, however, eventually displaced them. Most orders today are for neon that backlights plastic letters.

¹³ "Lunch Wagon, After An Eclipse, Is Back Again Well Disguised," *New York Times* (Feb. 20, 1927), section VII, 15.

¹⁴ *New York Times Magazine* (Feb. 7, 1926), 20.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ Gutman, Kaufman, and Slovic, 14, 22.

¹⁷ *SEP* article, 131.

¹⁸ "The Thousand and One Night Owls," *New York Times Magazine* (Dec. 24, 1922), 8.

¹⁹ *SEP* article, 131; and Gutman, Kaufman, and Slovic, 19.

²⁰ "The Diner Business," *Fortune* (July 1952), 167.

²¹ According to "Lunch Wagons Streamline — Customers Stream In," *Nation's Business* (Sept. 1937), 107, "The percentage of failures in this business is said to be small — eight per cent against 20 per cent in newly established restaurants." The dramatic rise in the number of diners in the period also attests to the business being recession-proof. Their popularity apparently stemmed from the niche diners filled between hot dog stands and fancy restaurants.

²² "'Coffee and' in the Doggy Dog-Wagon," *Literary Digest* (Feb. 20, 1932), 42.

²³ "Scarsdale Up In Arms Again For a New Lunch-Wagon Battle," *New York Times* (Apr. 23, 1934), 1.

²⁴ *Nation's Business*, 74.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, 107.

²⁶ "The Lunch Wagon Settles Down," *New York Times Magazine* (Oct. 19, 1941), 20.

²⁷ *SEP* article, 133.

²⁸ *Coronet*, 132.

²⁹ *SEP* article, 133.

³⁰ See, for example, Philip Langdon, *Orange Roofs, Golden Arches* (New York: 1986), and Chester H. Liebs, *Main Street to Miracle Mile* (Boston: 1985).

³¹ One of the first advertisements was for O'Mahony's DINER-DRIVE-IN, which the firm promised "skims off the best features of both..." *Diner, Drive-In and Restaurant* (May 1954), 41. One year later, a Kullman advertisement showed "the adaptability of KULLMAN Drive-In Diners to today's eating habits." *Diner, Drive-In and Restaurant* (May 1955).

³² Articles on diners have appeared in such diverse magazines as *Smithsonian*, *Yankee*, *House and Garden*, *American Photographer*, and *Harper's Bazaar*. Books by artist John Baeder and photographer Gerd Kittel, among others, have also concentrated solely on diners.

³³ See, for example, "Hey, Dottie — Diners Are Back: But what's with all this 'nouvelle chow'?" *Newsweek* (March 3, 1986), 54.

³⁴ Much of my information on Kullman came from Amy Delman, Kullman's director of marketing, who prepared a manuscript for me entitled, "Kullman Industries, Inc.: A Retrospective of the Dining Car Industry."

³⁵ From "Over the Counter," a section listing diner openings in *Diner, Drive-In, and Restaurant* (Feb. 1954), 32.

³⁶ *Polk's McKeesport City Directory*, 1940. Directories of other cities were helpful for their diners as well.

³⁷ Confirmed by author's correspondence with Richard Gutman, Apr. 3, 1990.

³⁸ *Polk's McKeesport City Directory*, 1940. I also received much help from Don Bailey and Frank Rinella, two of the many men involved with these diners.

³⁹ "Over the Counter," *The Diner* (Oct. 1948), 24.

⁴⁰ "Free to mover: Butler's vintage diner to go," *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (Aug. 11, 1988), 12.

⁴¹ "Over the Counter," *Diner & Restaurant* (Sept. 1953), 22.

⁴² Sankey also sent "Greenville Diner Acquires Glass Bar, Plans Expansion," *The Record-Argus* (March 19, 1969), and a full-page ad with the diner's history from the same paper, (Sept. 25, 1972), 5.

⁴³ Much of this information came from Steve Bishop, who recently wrote "This 'diner's' a 'dinor,'" *Corry Journal Weekend Magazine* (Apr. 14, 1990), 1, 2, 23.



Dick's Diner, McKeesport, 1952, with its new neighbor, Eat' N Park.

The Artful Memory of Mary Shaw

By Megan Shay



IT is a warm, early spring morning on a wildly sloping porch in Oakland. Mary Shaw Maronek Horn, a tall, stately woman with a long mane of white, white hair loosely coiled and tucked about her head like some prim cap askew, is recanting stories of her younger years.

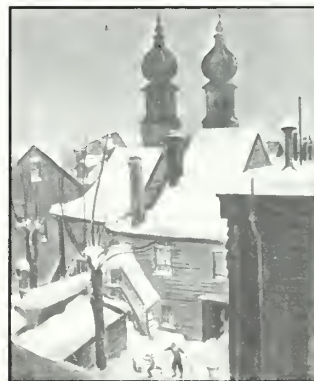
Her grandparents owned most of Squirrel Hill when it was still farmland — they sold what is now Frick Park to the Fricks — and built a graceful mansion on Shaw Avenue, in which Mary spent much of her childhood. Mary Shaw, the name she goes by, knew the major figures in the city's fertile art scene between 1920 and 1950, and she is one of the last voices still around to recall it. The work of many of those painters, as well as Shaw's, will be featured in a show this summer at the Carson Street Gallery, 1102 E. Carson Street, Southside. The show runs from August 17 to September 29. Patrick McArdle, a long-time popular music promoter who has taken a keen interest of late in organizing art shows, is presenting this first in what he hopes will be a series of historical art surveys. (Shaw's painting shown in this article will be for sale, but the work of the other artists shown here is held in museum collections.) More than 25 local artists will be represented, including the three Shaw comments on, in her inimitable way, in what follows here.

She can't remember a time when painting wasn't an object of fascination...

"It was a rainy afternoon when I was 5 or 6, and up in the nursery there was this plaster wall. Before

I thought about it, I'd drawn figures all over that wall with this lovely new box of crayons I'd been given — this was a crayon job, you see. My mother came in and looked at my drawing as if it were in the Carnegie International!"

All through Peabody High School, she studied art under the school's "most important teacher," Jean Thoburn. So did Louise Pershing and George Heppenstall, both of whom would grow up to be painters. "He probably had more talent than any other kid at Peabody, though nobody in his family ever had any talent. He was so very fragile, but tall and handsome in a weak-chinned sort of way. I guess you'd call him an aesthete — he was real floaty-aroundy." His visionary painting style was singular in Pittsburgh with its almost surreal figures in landscapes that won him wide acclaim. Heppenstall also became a noted costume and set designer, though he died of pneumonia at age 22.



Mary Shaw, untitled, c. 1935

Shaw attended Carnegie Institute of Technology during the 1920s. She studied under Professor Charles J. Taylor, as well as visiting lecturer, Ian B. Stoughten Holbern, and his assistant, Alfred J. Hyslop. "Ian B. was on the *Lusitania* when it went down. He lost all his hair — I don't know if it was related to the ship — but I used to take his wig up to be gummed. And his assistant would pass out every so often — he'd been mustard-gassed and shell-shocked in the war. He

Megan Shay, a sculptor and poet, is Associate Director of the Mendelson Gallery in Pittsburgh. She also writes about art for *In Pittsburgh*.



Alexander Kostellow, "In a Park," 1936, Westmoreland Museum of Art, Greensburg

was terribly tall, 6 feet 4 inches, and I would have to straighten him out and get him to the couch.

"The two of them were looking for an assistant to go back to Carlton College in Minnesota for a year or so. The department head said, 'Shaw, you're kind of bored, why don't you go. At least you can skate.' So I hopped on a train to Chicago through to St. Paul, and my, did I have fun out there." Hyslop went on to become a well recognized artist in the Midwest with shows at the Walker Arts Center in Minneapolis, the Kansas City Art Institute, and the University of Michigan.

Shaw ran a gallery for Pittsburgh artists with two other friends, Edith Riley and Kathleen McGraw, located downtown in back of the old Nixon Theater. She remembers when John Kane would come back into town after a working spell. "He was such a sweet little man — though he couldn't have been that sweet or his wife wouldn't have taken his kids and left him. He did drink something terribly, but we used to sober him up and give him a place to stay or canvas or whatever he needed to get going again."

She also was the person designated to show Henri Matisse around the city when he arrived to jury the 1930 International. "He was a little thing and looking ill, so I bundled him up in my big red scarf and took him up Mount Washington. He went wild over the view from there and said in his thick French accent, 'My dearrrr lady, arrre you eloping

with me?'"

A long-time member of Associated Artists of Pittsburgh, which selected her as the city's "artist of the year" in 1953, Shaw executed several public works under a Works Progress Administration grant in addition to her relatively prolific output of paintings and drawings. Two of the WPA murals she did are at the Carnegie Library in East Liberty. Slightly damaged from at least one change of location, the murals are colorful, romantic amalgamations of heroes and heroines from children's literature.

Shaw married her first husband shortly after she graduated from Carnegie Tech in 1928. "My painting slowed way down for several years then because I was all wrapped up in babies." Following a divorce 20 years later, Shaw was wed to her second husband.

With her children grown, she turned to her painting more furiously than ever. She took a winter cottage on an island in Greece and traveled widely, painting everywhere she went. "Portraits. I was always well known for my portraits," she says as she rummages through the unfinished canvas pile in her hallway. She extracts a startling likeness of herself and points to the chalk lines worked through the nose and neck areas. "Not quite right yet, I keep meaning to get this one finished."

Alexander Kostellow

Although Shaw doesn't recall studying directly under Kostellow, she clearly recalls having felt his presence. "He was a well-known teacher at Tech, you know. He really pushed things around there. I think he jumped ship, he wasn't born here. I don't remember when or exactly how he got here but I don't think it was legal.

"He was a dark, dramatic looking person — plum full of B.S. In fact, I don't think he had much art training, or if he did, I certainly taught him a thing or two. He was very influential in a way, since he was an extremely strict teacher."

Born in 1897 in Persia to wealthy parents, Kostellow was educated in French schools or by private tutors. He displayed an early interest in sculpture which was heavily discouraged by his father. It is reported that traveling mural painters kept his interest keen and possibly supplied him with a few materials.

During a four year stint at the University of Berlin, Kostellow objected to Germany's action during World War I and was interned in a civilian detention camp, from which he is reputed to have escaped to Holland and eventually to America. (Legend has it that he came by cattle boat, which is where Shaw probably got the notion of his having immigrated illegally.) He studied more at

the Art Students League, Columbia University, the National Academy of Art, the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, and the Kansas City Art Institute, where he taught for a while before coming to Pittsburgh in 1929.

He belonged to Associated Artists of Pittsburgh and frequently exhibited with them (as well as in the Internationals). He executed a somewhat politically controversial mural for the WPA in the post office in Somerset, Pennsylvania. He worked in industrial design in Pittsburgh, with the United States Glass Company, Pittsburgh Reflector Company, and Columbia Radiator. He left Pittsburgh in 1939 to become a faculty member and later head of the design department at Pratt Institute in New York City.

Malcolm Parcell

"Oh, Malcolm," says Shaw. "He grew up in Washington, Pa. He was real introverted, but heaps of natural genius. He was teaching at Washington Female Seminary when I graduated from Tech in 1928.

"His father was a minister and his younger brother was very artistic, too. Malcolm had talent from the time he was 12 years old. A real imp, he was. As he got older he used to wear this pointed cap that came way down on his forehead — I think it was to cover up hair loss.

"He was a good artist, though. Excellent portraits and not much training. He did some huge paintings in a library or hotel down there in Washington."



Malcolm Parcell, "Return to the Village," c. 1925, Carnegie Museum of Art, Pittsburgh



Louis Pershing, "Still Life With Peonies," date unknown, Westmoreland Museum of Art, Greensburg

In fact, it was the George Washington Hotel. He painted another mural in the William Penn Hotel in downtown Pittsburgh. In fact, he was highly trained at Carnegie Tech under George Sotter and A.W. Sparks, and was awarded numerous national prizes; his works are held by both the Carnegie Museum of Art and the Butler Art Institute in Youngstown.

Louise Pershing

Pershing and Shaw went to high school together before Louise's father enrolled her in the Knox School for Girls in Cooperstown, New York. "We weren't what I'd call intimate, but I knew her well. She studied in NY for two years and wanted me to go with her. I said no, since I've never had much of a taste for the place.

"I never knew her to be friendly with anybody. She was a real loner — snooty, sometimes. She grew up on her own a lot, I think, with an aunt, as I remember. Her mother died very young.

"She was very serious about what she did, and she was a pretty good business woman. Very nice

looking — dark features, not cutesie-pie, by any means. And she was certainly one of our best painters."

Pershing had several shows in New York as well as in Pittsburgh. John O'Connor, an assistant to the director at The Carnegie, gave her a show there and then helped her locate a gallery in New York. A critic reviewing a New York show for *Arts Digest* described her work: "While some of her little canvases are slight, and some of her more seriously intended works unusually fine in studied design, the thing that strikes you first on entering this show is that the young artist is full of ideas. How far from the studio setup of still life and properties are these exuberant, and often humorous paintings."

In an *Artnews* review of another show, Pershing's work is mentioned closely following a one paragraph notice of a young artist from Wyoming named Jackson Pollock who was painting with "disciplined American fury" and selling his work for \$25-\$350.

Back in Pittsburgh, Pershing was very active in the arts community. She ran a gallery, was a founder and president of Pittsburgh Center for the Arts, and an officer of Associated Artists. Through the years she worked in many different styles and with widely varied materials. During the late 1970s, Pershing produced an unusual and intriguing body of aluminum and marble sculptures, and in 1972, AAP voted her the artist of the year.

On a recent visit to the former residence of now deceased Frederick Wagener, a critically acclaimed "naive" painter whose work was recently exhibited in the city for the first time, Shaw stood at the top of the second story landing and looked down into the hall filled with Wagener murals. "I never thought much of this untrained stuff. People ought to know how to make things look real. It's real funny, though, how lots of room motivates people to start making marks. It's an obsession we artists have.

"You know, I never thought of art as a career. I've been making marks since I was 10, or 5. I was just good at drawing. And I still draw everywhere I go." ■

The Challenge of Interpretation at Historic House Museums

By John A. Herbst, Executive Director

IN September 1990, Henry Clay Frick's Pittsburgh home, Clayton, will open to the public. Once it is fully restored, according to the terms of Helen Clay Frick's will, Clayton should prove to be a stellar addition to America's historic house museums. Filled with original furniture, artwork, archival material and family personal effects, the mansion had remained largely untouched since the early twentieth century, when the Fricks moved their primary residence to New York City. The Frick Foundation has spared no expense to bring the original lustre back to the 23-room house in the North Point Breeze neighborhood. The \$5 million-plus restoration should result in an outstanding backdrop to a fascinating social history.

The interest in historic houses such as Clayton offers the most tangible expression of popular enthusiasm for local history. Launched in the 1850s with efforts to conserve two sites — George Washington's wartime headquarters in the Hasbrouck House at Newburgh, New York, and his home at Mount Vernon, Virginia — the movement to preserve and restore historic houses has captured the attention and energies of countless Americans during the past 125 years. But the popular appeal of such houses also presents problems for museum

professionals who, increasingly, have established themselves as permanent residents there. In particular, the close interest and involvement of the public have forced public historians to be especially sensitive to both the needs of local caretakers and the interpretive demands of the houses' history. This essay examines the special challenges faced by volunteer boards and museum professionals who want their interpretive work at historic house sites to reflect the best scholarship. Even though issues of preservation and furnishings are important, I focus here on interpretive issues, particularly the relationship between scholarship and stewardship. I look at the strategies used by a handful of the most forward-thinking staffs in their efforts to reinterpret the physical legacy in their charge.

Historic structures are as varied as they are numerous. They have come to include everything from the stately residences of the rich and famous to the more modest homes of purely local figures. Mount Vernon is perhaps the quintessential example of a house museum preserved around the life and legend of a great American. The residence remains open seven days a week throughout the year and attracts more than 1 million visitors each year.¹ By contrast, the Log House in Upper St. Clair, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Pittsburgh, is opened by the township historical society only a few times during the year for community and school events. The Log House

belonged to an early settler, and rather than paying homage to a nationally prominent individual, its staff attempts to preserve the preindustrial residence for antiquarian interests.

These two examples suggest the wide range of historic houses while pointing to a common motivation: an antiquarian, often romanticized infatuation with history or a small part of it. Indeed, the tendency of house museums to eulogize the past fits squarely with Michael Wallace's recent examination of history museums in general. Such institutions, he argues, have traditionally functioned as outlets for the patriotic and filiopietistic urges of status-conscious elites.² Edward P. Alexander notes the same trends behind institutional efforts to preserve the past, emphasizing that "history museums too often follow the conventional anecdotal great man, great events approach to history instead of considering economic, social and cultural factors."³

The historic house, given its intrinsic focus on a single person or family, is particularly prone to elevating the individual over his or her context. What's more, at many sites, a great man approach to history seems so natural and inevitable that alternatives are dismissed as irrelevant. The governing boards of the homes of nationally known individuals such as presidents, noted authors, and generals correctly assume that most visitors arrive expecting and wanting a history of the great man. But one

This article is adapted from Mr. Herbst's chapter in *History Museums in the United States: A Critical Assessment* (Urbana: 1989).

Clayton, the Pittsburgh home of H.C. and Adelaide Frick, opens this year as an historic house museum after a \$5 million restoration.



can point to at least a few examples that suggest at least some shifting in interpretation to introduce a large social context to historic structures.

The Woodrow Wilson House, a property of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, in Washington, D.C., undertook a

major reinterpretation to enrich the museum's content and enliven its teaching methods. With funds from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Wilson House staff assembled a team of historians, museum educators, film specialists, and an architect. The project team concluded that the

house's collections and period rooms could illuminate more than the life of one famous individual. They selected the theme "Woodrow Wilson: The Washington Years, 1913-1924," and encouraged the staff and docents to discuss the broad social history of that era. The house became a



vehicle for showing the effects on upper-middle class lifestyles of changing home technology, social reform, and World War I. The team wrote a detailed outline of the period, prepared a lengthy bibliography, and produced a model training manual. These written materials — in effect, a

curriculum for the house — identified events and issues to discuss with visitors.⁴

The project also changed the ways docents interact with the public. Tours encourage visitors to assess the material culture in each room. For example, when visitors are in the bedroom, the guides may ask them to find clues to Wilson's personality. Or visitors may be asked to compare the main stairs with the back stairs. The guides bring along newspaper articles, literary sources, and photographs for analysis. Such teaching strategies attempt to empower visitors to be their own historians and to develop skills that can be used in visits to other historic houses.⁵

The Wilson House's approach represents a considerable advance, but it is not easy to implement. Volunteers need considerable training, but problems of turnover and recruitment make it hard to maintain an adequate pool of well-trained guides. The house's interpretation is sometimes more successful on paper than in practice.

Another example is Eckley Miners' Village, a state-operated historic site located in the once booming anthracite coal region of northeastern Pennsylvania. Here, several houses from a typical coal-patch town have been restored and interpreted to reflect the lifestyles of more ordinary folk. Similarly, the Worker's World exhibit at the Hagley in Wilmington, Delaware, used a gallery exhibit to complement the owners' and foremen's houses preserved on site. Even more interesting are the few instances where fairly traditional historic houses and homes have extended interpretation to open other chapters in their particular history. Tours of President Martin Van Buren's retirement home, Lindenwald, in Kinderhook, New York, now consider the role of domestic servants in the household as a way to interpret nineteenth-century social structure and

the influence of Irish immigration.⁶

There is hope, then, for a more balanced presentation. Yet most individual house museums still fall prey to great man interpretations rather than a broader socio-historical analysis. Sonnenberg Gardens in Canandaigua, New York, for example, is the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth century estate of Mary Clark Thompson, who spent a small part of the year there. Although the elaborate gardens, arboretum, and greenhouses required an army of skilled gardeners, many of them residents, the people who actually implemented the garden's design and cared for the property in the early twentieth century remain invisible in tours of the estate. During a tour in 1985, guides stuck steadfastly to the story of largely absent estate owners despite questions about the workers.

In part, this resistance to broader interpretation can be traced to the way historical houses enter the public domain. The interpretive focus and historical integrity of such institutions are affected directly by the path the property takes to museum ownership. Put simply, the beliefs of those who led the drive to preserve the house continue to shape policy even after the house has been turned into a working museum.

Most often, old homes are preserved as historic house museums through the volunteer efforts of dedicated local citizens. Such grass roots groups frequently face a monumental task taking many years. In rural McDuffie County in eastern Georgia, for example, the Wrightsboro Quaker Community Foundation spent two decades saving and restoring Rock House. When the Foundation was organized in the 1960s to preserve the history of the small eighteenth century Quaker neighborhood of Wrightsboro, some of the houses, including the Rock House, were vacant or abandoned. As with many

similar preservation groups, one person played a decisive role. Pearl Baker, a nurse with a hobbyist's interest in history and genealogy, published a genealogical history of the Wrightsboro families and analyzed the Rock House's unusual architecture. After persuading the house's owners to donate it to the foundation, she organized its physical restoration and placed it in the National Register of Historic Places.

After Baker's death in 1977, another Foundation member, Dorothy Jones, took over. Having obtained a county-sponsored minimum-wage Comprehensive Employment and Training Act position for the project, Jones devoted herself full-time to raising funds and developing widespread local support. The project required Jones and her colleagues to go far beyond her local community. To help secure a \$42,000 restoration grant from the Interior Department's Heritage Conservation Recreation Service, Foundation members and local politicians met in Washington with Georgia Governor George Busbee to match the federal grant, should it be awarded. An additional \$18,000 from the sparsely populated county's local government and \$30,000 from businesses and individuals made it possible for restoration work to be completed. The restored Rock House was dedicated in 1981.⁷

It is not surprising if, after such herculean efforts, the proud local residents of McDuffie County want their historic house's interpretive content to bolster community morale and glorify its past. It is unlikely that the dedicated Foundation members would willingly abandon control to paid museum professionals. In this case, however, Dorothy Jones had used the long years of restoration to train herself as a museum professional and to make contacts with others through professional association meetings. But more commonly,

founders of historic houses remain unaware of the broader field of history museums and may consequently have a quite narrow vision for the house or an incomplete understanding of its educational potential. Even when they are no longer on the scene, their successors may be hesitant to tamper with the initial vision out of respect for the founders' undeniably crucial achievements.

The challenge for museum professionals is to incorporate sound historical scholarship and current museum practices into their presentation without antagonizing the existing constituency. For example, the professionals may need to define a specific period of interpretation for a house museum that has a much longer social and architectural history. They should also investigate and document the life of the house to sort out fact from fiction. In the process, however, they may discover unexpected information and move the museum in a direction counter to the intent of the founder, the motives of the board of trustees, the prejudices of volunteer guides, or the expectations of the visiting public. For various reasons, all these groups may be captive to a romantic vision of seemingly larger-than-life figures who lived in the house. Finally, the stewardship of a historic house may fall to a multipurpose organization whose agenda for a physical plant has to be as varied as its mission statement.

My vantage point comes in part from the five years I spent as the principal museum professional involved in establishing a new museum devoted to labor and working people's history, with headquarters in a historic home outside Paterson, New Jersey. During this time, I worked as a trustee and volunteer with the fragile organization that sought to acquire the Botto House National Landmark. The structure was the home of Italian-American silk weavers and a weekly rally site for mass meet-

ings in the Paterson silk strike of 1913, led by the Industrial Workers of the World.

Later I became the first paid director, with the task of implementing a museum on the site. I was then forced to deal with the varied motivations and perspectives of some of the key individuals who helped to incorporate the museum. The experience demonstrated both the undeniable grip of the founders' motives on the institution and the crucial role of museum professionals who seek to define period representation, strive for accurate site interpretation, reflect current scholarship, and reach out to involve new audiences — all without alienating original sources of support.

The Romance of a Grand Past

To remain fresh and relevant in a changing world, some house museums have been broadening their interpretation. The Hermitage, in northern New Jersey, presents an interesting study of the problems involved in this transition and how difficult it is for institutions to pull away from the romance of a supposedly grand past.

The Hermitage is a state-owned site in Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey, which has been operated since 1972 by Friends of the Hermitage, a local volunteer group. This organization leases the property and administers it, a practice common among state systems of historic sites wishing to encourage local groups to support properties in their area. (The National Trust for Historic Preservation has a similar policy for some of its properties.) The organization assumed responsibility for a house with a rich nineteenth century history shrouded in misty historical connections and legends relating to the site's, although not necessarily the house's, romantic role in the American Revolution, when the Prevost family owned the estate. In 1778, George Washington and

his officers were guests of Theodosia Prevost for four days. Aaron Burr later courted Mrs. Prevost, by then a widow, and the couple were married at the estate on July 2, 1782.

The location of Mrs. Prevost's "neat and convenient house, completely furnished for a gentleman's family," could very well have been at the rear of the present building. The present-day house known as the Hermitage was begun around 1720 in the Dutch style with a "steep, medieval roof line."⁸ It was small and unpretentious until purchased by the Rosencrantz family in 1807. In 1849, Dr. Elijah Rosencrantz II retained architect William H. Rantlett to remodel and expand the farmhouse. Rantlett was sensitive to the Revolutionary War connections of the property, connections that had devolved during the Rosencrantz tenure in the house, known then as Waldwic Cottage. The architect wrote that "Waldwic Cottage is one of the few remaining houses in the country which have been consecrated by historical events. It was once, in ante-Revolutionary times, the residence of a wealthy English family, and during the war was at different times the stopping-place or headquarters of Washington, and . . . the resort of the most accomplished officers in the American Army."⁹

It is the Rosencrantz house, a Gothic Revival villa, which the visitor sees today. The Rosencrantz family derived its considerable means and local prominence from management and involvement in local manufacturing. Although the Rosencrantz wealth derived from nineteenth century industry, their property's associations with Washington, Burr, and Theodosia Prevost nostalgically recalled the preindustrial era. This legacy provided the family with a country seat "consecrated" with romantic and noble antecedents.

The Hermitage came to the



One Hawaiian house museum uses historical role-playing to teach about conflicts among natives and colonizers. But romanticized, 'great family' interpretations still prevail at most museums.

state of New Jersey through the last Rosencrantz, Mary Elizabeth, born in 1885. As the family fortune dwindled and relatives passed away, she clung tenaciously to the family home. For a time, in the years before 1931, she opened her parlor as a tearoom to attract visitors on Sunday automobile outings through the Washington associations. She connected various rooms with Washington and Theodosia Prevost, pointing out where the general had supposedly said farewell in 1778 and where Burr's courting of Prevost had taken place.

Her genteel poverty grew ungenteel after 1931 when she closed the tearoom. Over the next 40 years, she and a companion gradually retreated to a single room heated by a coal stove. Rosencrantz refused many offers to purchase the property, located in the growing suburbs of booming Bergen County near New York City. "She revered every inch of her home," a commentator wrote, "and she was determined to deliver it intact to posterity." In 1970, she and her companion died five

days apart. Her will bequeathed "to the State of New Jersey the historic Hermitage and all its furnishings and the land upon which it stands to be used as a museum and park."¹⁰

Rosencrantz had fallen victim to the illusions of her property's eighteenth century associations. Her gift to the state contained almost nothing of the Revolutionary War period: practically nothing remained of the 1720 farmhouse, which may not have been the Prevost residence anyway. Instead, Mary Elizabeth Rosencrantz conveyed to the public domain a home that reflected very well an upper-middle class lifestyle of the mid-nineteenth century. Rantlett's 1849 renovation had created a villa mirroring the Rosencrantz family's domestic escape from the "mechanized world of the Industrial Revolution" that built its fortune.¹¹

This particular legacy became part of the challenge undertaken by Friends of the Hermitage, organized in 1971 to stop vandalism of the property and to win state-sponsored preservation. Attacking

the problem of deterioration and arousing public interest, the volunteer group researched the history of the property and, in partnership with the state, contracted for various master plans.

In 1986, Friends of the Hermitage hired JoAnn Cotz, a cultural historian, and me to consult on the interpretation being developed for the property. The existing interpretation wavered ineffectually between a focus on the Revolutionary War visit of Washington and the Burr-Prevost courtship on the one hand and the Rosencrantz tenure on the other. We were retained to suggest how the many studies by architects, archaeologists, historians, anthropologists, and dedicated volunteer researchers could be integrated into a comprehensive framework. The trustees hoped such a framework would direct future research, restoration, interpretation, and development of the site.

We pointed out that although the site had historical associations running from the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries, the bulk of the house's history was squarely in the mid-nineteenth century, reflecting industrialization, the emergence of a middle class, other economic and cultural developments, and state and national politics. An emphasis on the national period in the American experience would draw upon the eighteenth century past and point toward the unclear future conveyance of the property to the public in the twentieth century.

We found that the property's Gothic Revival architectural style and the glorification of the Revolutionary War legacy accurately reflected characteristics of the widespread romantic movement in the mid-nineteenth century. We recommended that eighteenth century history be presented as "myths and legends only partially founded in fact . . . stories which were dear to the nineteenth century family and to the last owner who spent the great portion of her life captive to its significance."¹²

Since then, Friends of the Hermitage has worked to adopt the approach so that a master plan for future work and programming can be developed. Although the small paid staff and several board members favored

the new approach, a number of volunteers adhered to the misty Revolutionary connections first promoted by the Rosencrantzes. Resolutions have occurred over time.¹³ In 1989, the Friends adopted a mid-nineteenth century landscape restoration plan which will supply a complimentary environment for Rantlett's Gothic villa. The Hermitage, therefore, presents a situation where the group in charge of the institution was unhappy about the lack of an interpretive focus. In spite of professional assistance, the motives of the

founder (who left no descendants to represent her point of view) still prevent resolution of a critical problem.

A Shift of Time and Times

In the early 1970s, the National Society of the Colonial Dames altered dramatically the interpretation of the Ximenez-Fatio House which it operated as a museum in St. Augustine, Florida. Before this transformation, the 1798 house, built by Andres Ximenez, a wealthy Spanish citizen, had been used to interpret the last years of the Spanish occupation and thereby illustrated a crucial period in the history of "the oldest city in America."

Whereas Friends of the Hermitage struggled to revise its structure's interpretation, the Colonial Dames switched smoothly to a new approach: it authorized new research and then used the results to change the period being represented. Instead of rooting interpretation in the house's eighteenth century origins — the lifestyle of a wealthy Spanish businessman — the society shifted the focus to the structure's nineteenth century story: a house operated by a succession of well-born, down-on-their-luck businesswomen. This approach permitted the house to speak for a different period and with a broader range of historical voices. Historian William Seale, one of the consultants who worked on the project, noted that the effort had placed this chapter of the Colonial Dames "in the vanguard of a national movement toward a sharpened factual interpretation in house museums."¹⁴

Like the Hermitage, the Ximenez-Fatio house was shrouded in a romanticized and, in this case, imperial legacy. The Colonial Dames had acquired the property in 1939 from an heir of Louise Fatio, the last proprietor of the hotel. Over the years, the Society kept the house, including the oldest kitchen in St.

Augustine, in excellent condition, making necessary repairs and capital improvements. It rented part of the building to provide income and security and used the rest of the building for meeting rooms and eventually a museum. Not surpris-

Myth abounds around most historic houses. But the expectations of the original owners or operating boards must be reconciled with the public's need for historical interpretation.

ingly, this early museum took the form of a large collection of Spanish antiques and reproductions, artifacts from the sunset of the Spanish presence in Florida.¹⁵

By the 1960s, however, this fairly standard interpretation was challenged by new research that suggested a more complex legacy. In particular, the historical record was re-examined to determine all the past owners of the property. Adding to what was known about Andres Ximenez and his business, this

research yielded a wealth of information — and a significantly different historical perspective. After 1825, during Florida's period as a U.S. territory, the building was converted into a hotel owned by a succession of women. These four owners — Margaret Cook (1790-1879), Eliza C. Whitehurst (1786-1838), Sarah Petty Anderson (1782-1896), and Louise Fatio (1797-1875) — had similar backgrounds. All were gentlewomen who had fallen on hard times and turned to running a guest house as a socially acceptable occupation for women of their class. This history of ownership by a series of independent, strong-minded and capable women and the work associated with a hotel operation suggested women's history as a basic interpretive theme.

Along with revealing gender issues, new research opened yet another social history topic: the economic function of the hotel and the region in the nineteenth century. Florida received its first wave of tourists in the 1820s. Documents showed that the guests at the Ximenez-Fatio House came to see the sights, recover from severe illnesses, or escape from harsh northern winters. Tourism offered a particularly appealing theme for modern museum visitors, many of whom were tourists themselves.

Armed with current research based on sound documentary evidence, the local Colonial Dames leadership set in motion a plan for refocusing the interpretation to reflect the building's operation as a hotel and to illuminate the themes of women's history and tourism. The enthusiasm of the members was kindled by their involvement as researchers and by the plans for new interior restoration and furnishings produced by first-rate historians.¹⁶

After auctioning much of the collection housed earlier in the Ximenez-Fatio House, the Colonial Dames outfitted the museum on the basis of such primary sources as house inventories. Clues to items needed for guest bedrooms were found in newspapers, which reported guests' deaths and the personal effects they left behind. This enabled the museum to add authentic touches. Once restoration activities had produced a noticeable change, the Colonial Dames reduced admission fees to bring community residents and out-of-town visitors into the museum. Attendance improved along with the interpretation.¹⁷

How were these changes accomplished? Why did the Ximenez-Fatio House succeed in moving on when others do not? Unified leadership within the Colonial Dames-St. Augustine chapter proved invaluable. Like the Friends of the Hermitage in New Jersey, some Colonial Dames members were devoted to the

museum's former approach, but the absence of a founder, descendant, or other major personality in the organization allowed the introduction of change without organizational power struggles. The leadership of the chapter provided a certain momentum for action, which kept the project moving. When objections surfaced, they came from community residents who vigorously promoted the Spanish era of the city and opposed weakening that aspect of the house's history. Here the historical record was a good bulwark against criticism flowing from promotional quarters.

The consultants' involvements were used to full advantage as outside unbiased experts. Learning about how tourists vacationed in the nineteenth century has proved a successful link to local history for today's visitor, and this strong

interpretive theme helped the Colonial Dames make the change.¹⁸ Embracing a broader approach to its history has made the St. Augustine chapter one of the best known and most admired in the national organization, and the state organization periodically backs up its pride in the Ximenez-Fatio House Museum with special financial support.

Confronting Stereotypes and Controversial Subjects

The efforts of the Colonial Dames emphasize the importance of creative research in revising standard interpretations. Sometimes, though, better historical presentations depend on the sensitivity of the museum's staff to the social and political concerns of the larger community. The Mission Houses Museum in Honolulu, Hawaii, went off site to improve and extend routine historic house interpretation. It chose to deal directly with stereotypes, misinformation, and social conflict in order to show some of the major forces which shaped modern Hawaii.

The museum's parent organization was founded in 1852 as the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society, created by the children of New England Calvinist missionaries who had come to Hawaii during the previous 30 years. Beginning with the native Hawaiian royalty, the missionaries converted the kingdom to Christianity, introduced a written language, began schools and health care, codified laws, and helped the small kingdom deal with the mercantile interests of competing Western nations.

The missionaries played a controversial role in Hawaiian society. They were accused of destroying a native culture, meddling in the politics of an independent nation, and controlling the economy to their own advantage. A number of children and grandchild-

Legend may pass for fact so long that new research must be done before the museum's staff can devise interpretive strategies. Entrenched interests may balk at new findings.

A N.J. historical society must present the history of its county and its building — once a silk industry family 'castle.' Exhibits in the home's former art gallery preserve the room's original purpose.



dren of the original mission families acquired land and entered into business pursuits that dominated the economic activities of the islands. At least two of the so-called Big Five companies, Castle and Cook and Alexander and Baldwin, which monopolized the islands until World War II, were launched by prominent missionary families. These leadership positions in the islands' economy, politics, and society made the missionary forebears a target for criticism.¹⁹

The Hawaiian Mission Children's Society reflected the wealth and control exercised by many of the missionary descendants. And over time it evolved into a historical organization emphasizing the often interconnected genealogical ties of the missionary descendants. By 1910, its 4,000 members sought more deliberately to memorialize the sacrifices and contributions of the missionaries. The society was well on its way, in other words, to using history for the purpose of self-aggrandizement.²⁰

After 1910, the society acquired three buildings in Honolulu. The first, the Frame House, was built in 1821 and served as a home for missionary families. The second building was home from 1820 to 1880 to Levi and Maria Patton

Chamberlain, representative members of the mission community. The third house, the Printing Office, was where the important work of printing the Bible in Hawaiian took place, as did the publication of laws, schoolbooks, and other material which had a lasting effect on the Islands.

Until 1970, the museum, based in the three buildings, opened only occasionally, serving as a quiet memorial to the early mission families and as a centerpiece for a genealogical group that documented and verified ties to the earlier group. During the 1970s, a more formal museum structure emerged, with regular visitor hours. Finally, in 1979, a reinterpretation began, carried out in part through the introduction and rearrangement of period furnishings and interpretive displays.

During the interval, however, vast changes had occurred which significantly affected the museum's potential audience. The Big Five's economic monopoly had been broken after World War II, and so, too, had the political sway of the old business and social elite. The 1960s brought about a renewed study and appreciation of a vanishing Hawaiian culture so damaged by missionaries, who had opposed such native arts as the hula and

surfing and who attempted to change dress customs and abolish native religions. By the late 1970s, many residents of the Islands felt as though the missionaries had done more than anyone to destroy native self-esteem and culture. Yet the missionaries' deeds, motives, and efforts were more complex, with idealism and a desire to provide improved human services at the heart of many of their actions. Some scholars felt the missionaries had become stereotyped on the basis of impressionistic research and attitudes generated by the position of some of their descendants. It was the museum staff's task to break through these to provide a more accurate historical view.

In 1985, funds provided by the Hawaii Committee for the Humanities supported the Mission Houses Museum's project, called *Missionaries in Hawaii*. Six public programs held throughout the islands used role-playing, audience participation, and discussion to explain the lives of the missionaries and other Hawaiian residents of the 1820s. The role players portrayed native Hawaiians, seminary students, sea captains' families, and merchants, as well as members of the Congregational Mission. Eleven hundred people of various ancestries attended.

The project served as a catalyst for an ongoing reinterpretation of the museum, one that has affected not only interpretive techniques and content but also the composition of the guides. Today, Saturday visitors to the museum are rewarded with first-person interpretation by white and Hawaiian guides who assume the role of nineteenth century characters, actual or composite. These include male and female missionaries, an antagonistic chief, a Hawaiian minister, sailors, and other figures which help the visitor understand the missionaries' brand of religion and the new society of mixed races which was to become such a fea-

ture of modern Hawaii. As with the Colonial Dames' house, the Mission Houses Museum has moved to broader aspects of its region's history, and as a hereditary membership society, to validate other historical experiences in its locality.

The museum's decision to confront ambiguities embodied in its houses rather than to avoid them was the key to ensuring a positive response. The results were enormously popular with visitors, and improved the entire operation's image. By linking revised content to appealing teaching methods, the museum staff presented its governing board with a popular and artistic success. The staff could argue convincingly that the new interpretation was not only more accurate historically but served to build, enlighten, and captivate the museum's audience. The staff made sure that the Mission Children's Society, the museum's governing board, had a good grasp of the new programs' effects on the community. The society has consequently supported and been pleased with the changes.

The innovative role-playing programs also proved rewarding for staff by humanizing the lives of the historical characters whose deeds and homes had previously been so memorialized and sanctified that they had become one-dimensional. And new scholarship on the missionaries and the groups they interacted with also has provided new directions for interim restoration and furnishings.²¹

The Historic House as Multipurpose Building

As historical organizations evolve into more professional institutions, a more intellectually honest period representation and interpretation can conflict with other functions of an organization which has to operate within a historic house. Operating organizations are often uncertain of their mission and the role they play with

regard to stewardship of a historic house.

The Passaic County Historical Society faced this problem of facility and historic representation at Lambert Castle in northern New Jersey. The mansion, which sits atop Garret Mountain above the nineteenth century industrial center of Paterson, was built in 1892 by Catholina Lambert, a prominent silk manufacturer. Lambert erected what has been referred to as a "savage face" in sandstone to house an extensive art collection he had amassed. An English immigrant, Lambert was a self-made man whose relations with this employees were notoriously bad. He was one of the most visible hard-liners during the general silk strike of 1913.

In 1922, the property was sold to the county, which subsequently tore down half the castle. The remaining wing stands in a county operated park in a location particularly accessible and inviting to park users. In 1927, the Passaic County Historical Society, which had been founded two years earlier by a fairly typical group of prominent citizens, antiquarian collectors, and history buffs, began operating a museum on the first floor.

When the society hired its first professionally trained director in 1982, it had been collecting county history for 50 years and filling formerly glorious rooms with wooden and glass cases to display the usual range of historical society materials. In one cabinet of curiosities, visitors saw a china chocolate set "used by the Empress Josephine," a three-dimensional foundry sign, an unrealistic tin model of John P. Holland's first submarine (tested in Paterson), and assorted marbles, fans, and candle molds.

As the new director, Catherine Keene, attempted to set future directions for the society, the question of interpreting the castle as Lambert's house arose. Many of

the more than 10,000 yearly visitors to the museum came because of the house's striking location and imposing appearance. They expected to learn about the person who built such an edifice. But the staff lacked the furniture and other objects from Lambert's tenure in the castle. With only some impressive dining room pieces, a substantial gravity clock, and smaller items remaining, the absence of artifacts made the building itself the real Lambert artifact.

The staff could not focus its presentation entirely on Lambert anyway. Although visitors were confused by the haphazard display of county memorabilia with no clear interpretation, there was a real need for the society to present other aspects of county history besides the story of Lambert and the Paterson silk industry. The staff faced a challenge of illuminating this broader community history in the society headquarters building while meeting the visitor's expectation of finding the castle interpreted as a historic home.²²

The solution to the dilemma came from a jointly sponsored public program. In 1983, the society entered into a consortium with the nearby Botto House National Landmark and the Paterson Museum to sponsor an exhibition on the silk industry in Paterson. The Botto House received funds in May 1983 from the National Endowment for the Humanities for an exhibit, "Life and Times in Silk City," which opened in April 1984. The exhibition was divided into three site components. "The Worker" at the Botto House used an Italian silk worker's home. "The Process" was presented in the renovated mill that served as the facility for the Paterson Museum. The castle interpreted the role of the manufacturers in Silk City.

The Passaic County Historical Society used the influx of money, expertise, and creativity which the exhibition partnership generated

to banish the haphazard display methods from the museum's public rooms. To prepare for its exhibit component on the silk elite, an interpretive strategy was developed to select some rooms that would lend themselves to period representation and to identify others for contemporary exhibits that were not site specific.

The staff determined that the drawing, music, and dining rooms would be the most effective areas to interpret as period rooms. This decision was based on the rooms' physical conditions, the surviving evidence, and the story suggested by these rooms and their furnishings. The staff also decided that contemporary interpretive exhibits could best be presented in the mansion's large enclosed center court, an area that had served as Lambert's painting gallery. Its use as a gallery, therefore, was in keeping with Lambert's own intention.

During the yearlong run of "Life and Times in Silk City," the gallery held the exhibit on the lifestyle of those who owned the Paterson mills. Until recently, the staff continued to use the space for changing exhibits on such topics as county folk art. The three period rooms which had received furnishings and decorations remain to interpret Lambert's residence in the house. Short of an additional or alternate facility, the staff feels it has utilized the structure to fulfill its mission in the broadest terms and has struck a compromise between stewardship and interpretation which is effective for the institution and its constituencies.

A historic house, Thomas Schlereth has observed, contains "at least two histories: its existence as an actual residence and its past and present life as a house museum." Indeed, it is that dual component that has made the house museum a particular challenge for museum professionals and public historians. Sometimes the two histories

coexist peacefully. More often, as these case studies demonstrate, efforts to convey broader social history are impeded, to varying degrees, by the museum's own assorted and accumulated furnishings: the desires and beliefs of its traditional constituency, the sometimes myopic vision of its founders or inheritors, and the restraints of its own local political and social environment.

Tensions between stewardship and interpretation, in short, are perhaps more common to historic houses than any other medium of public history. But these museums, as their popularity attests, offer one of the more exciting and accessible bridges between local history and the public. Although their traditional interpretation may be confined to a particular time and place, their stories, like biographies, present perspective on often impersonal chapters in American history. Museum professionals must work to tailor those individual histories so that the legacy of any particular house museum extends beyond the particular. The historic house's greatest asset is its personal history; its greatest potential lies in its ability to engage the public and sensitize it to the larger social context that has shaped that history and is in turn reflected in it. ■

¹ Attendance figures, Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union.

² Michael Wallace, "Visiting the Past: History Museums in the United States," in Susan Porter Benson, Stephen Brier, and Roy Rosenzweig, eds., *Presenting the Past: Essays on History and the Public* (Philadelphia: 1986), 137-61.

³ Edward P. Alexander, *Museums in Motion* (Nashville: 1979), 89.

⁴ *Manual for Woodrow Wilson House Museum Guides*, vol. 2, *Interpretation* (Washington: 1985).

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ Patricia West, "The New Social History' and Historic House Museums: The Lindenwald Example," *Museum Studies Journal* 2 (Fall 1986),

22-26.

⁷ Charles Phillips, "The Old Rock House Restored," *History News* 37 (April 1982), 6-11.

⁸ "The Hermitage," The Friends of the Hermitage, no date, 4.

⁹ *Ibid.*, 4.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, 4.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, 5.

¹² JoAnn Cotz and John A. Herbst, "Interpretive Plan for the Hermitage, Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey," 1986.

¹³ Interview with Florence Leon, director, Friends of the Hermitage, March 10, 1987.

¹⁴ William Seale, "The Ximenez-Fatio House in St. Augustine, FL," *Antiques Magazine* 131 (Feb. 1987), 426-31.

¹⁵ The Ximenez tenure in the building initially saw its use as a kind of public house, with liquor, gambling, and cockfights as attractions for a clientele that was certainly male. This aspect of the property's history was not emphasized by the Colonial Dames.

¹⁶ Interview with Mrs. Charles Lockwood, Colonial Dames of America, July 20, 1987.

¹⁷ Interview with William Seale, Aug. 26, 1986.

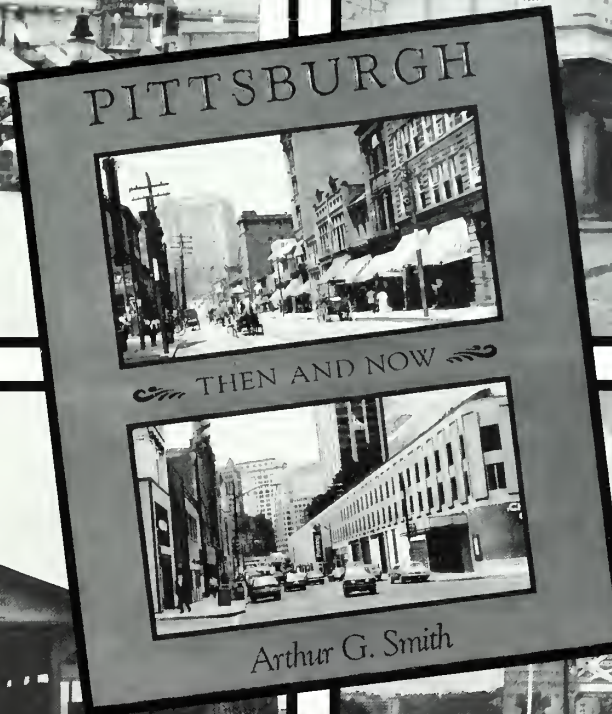
¹⁸ Upgrading of the site continues. The Colonial Dames purchased adjoining land once part of the original property in order to reconstruct the outbuildings of the kitchen complex, such as the laundry and chicken yard. The patio, a major feature of the house, will be landscaped to provide a more accurate historic setting.

¹⁹ "Missionaries in Hawaii," Hawaiian Mission Houses Museum, no date; Noel J. Kent provides a harsh critique of the missionary descendants' rise to economic and political power in *Hawaii: Islands Under the Influence* (New York: 1983).

²⁰ *The Maile Wreath: Hawaiian Mission Children's Society, 1852-1970* (Honolulu: 1969).

²¹ Interview with Debra Pope, director, Mission Houses Museum, Feb. 12, 1987. The Chamberlain House will have a new time period of interpretation. Moving the time period to 1850 will allow the museum to deal with the influences of mission children who over the years assumed economic and political leadership in the Islands.

²² Interview with Catherine Keene, director, Passaic County Historical Society, March 10, 1987.



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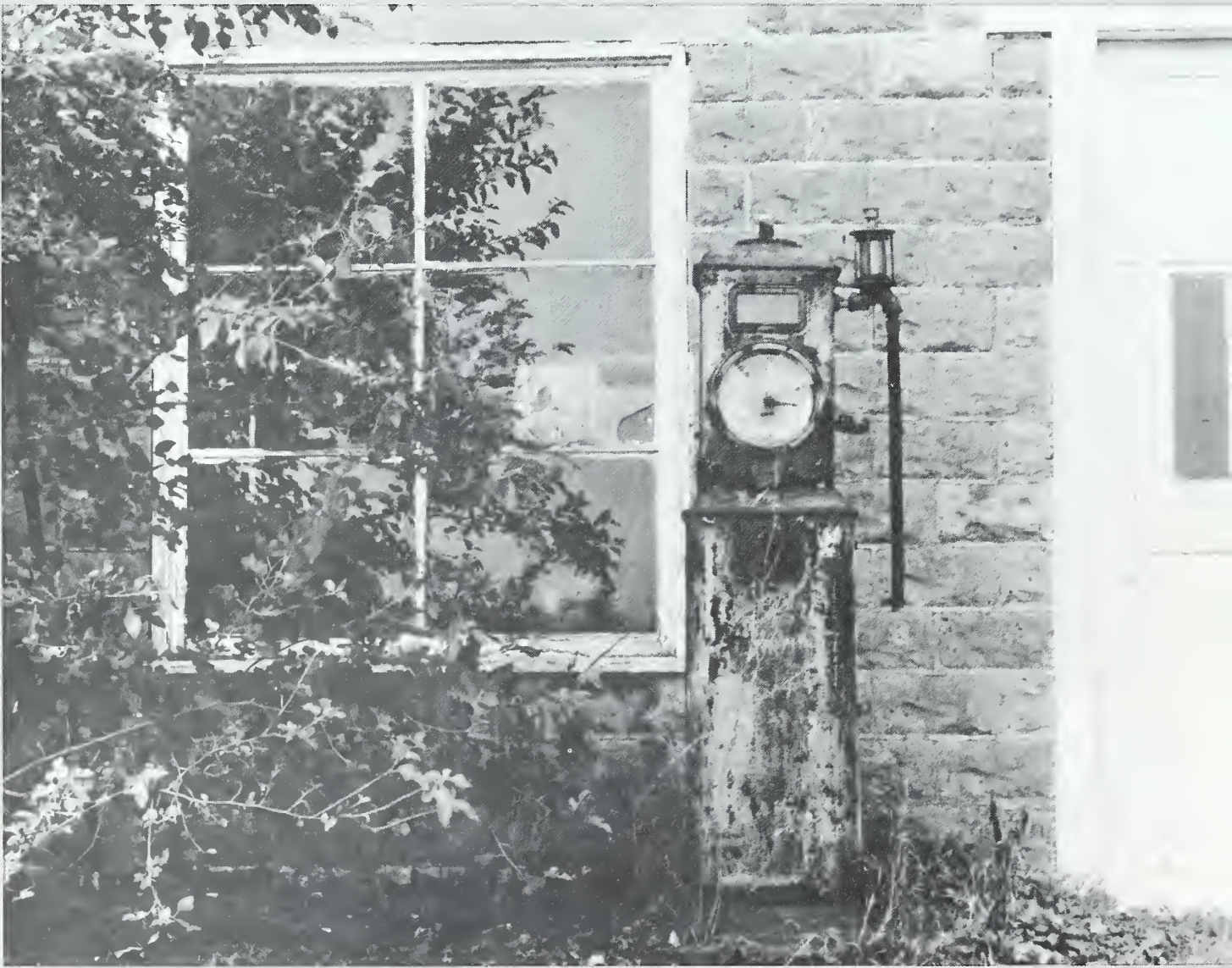
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Continuity and Change along the National Road in Pennsylvania

William B. Rhoads



Early twentieth century garage and gas pump on the National Road in West Alexander, Pa., bypassed with a new highway in the 1940s.

IN 1929, a stream of autos and trucks hurtled over the new concrete of the old National Road that opened in 1818 between Cumberland, Maryland, and Wheeling, West Virginia, on the Ohio River. At night some drivers could sense “their headlights...dispelling strange shades of the past: the Conestoga wagons, the picturesque, hard-swearing, hard-fighting tribe of teamsters, the 6000 pound loads of freight...; the Great Eastern and Western mails....”¹ To the east of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, headlights might also pick out shades of Colonel George Washington and his colonial troops who had contested bravely but unsuccessfully with the French and Indians at Fort Necessity in 1754, or a shadow of General Edward Braddock, killed in battle in 1755 and buried in the middle of the trail which was supplanted by the National Road some 60 years later.

Advocated by George Washington, Albert Gallatin, Thomas Jefferson and Henry Clay as a means of unifying the eastern seaboard with the western lands of the Ohio country, the National Road, authorized by Congress in 1806, was constructed in Pennsylvania as a straighter, broader and smoother version of the tracks used by Washington and Braddock. Great stone bridges crossed streams and rivers, dozens of inns lined the road, and when the federal government turned the road over to the states in 1835, polygonal toll houses were erected about every 15 miles.² Until the 1850s, America’s first federally financed highway functioned as the primary route to the West for countless settlers, merchants, statesmen and politicians, including John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson.

Soon the National Road — especially the 80 miles traversing southwestern Pennsylvania — began to function as more than a commercial route, becoming recognized for its historical significance as well. In the early nineteenth century, James Reeside, a leading proprietor of stages on the road, had posters that proclaimed:

Western Pennsylvania...offers a panorama of the struggle for Independence. Our luxurious coaches follow the old road that Gen. Washington and Gen. Braddock made famous. Watch for the ruins of Fort Necessity and for the Braddock elm and grave.

One Baltimore merchant in the 1840s, upon seeing the swampy Great Meadows where Fort Necessity had stood, was moved to call the ground a “holy place.”³

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Road workers in 1804 came across what presumably were Braddock’s bones, in his grave, a little more than a mile from Fort Necessity and a short walk from the National Road. The bones were reinterred under a noble looking tree. A board lettered “Braddock’s Grave” and nailed to the tree attracted patriotic pilgrims.⁴ After the tree was felled by a storm, Josiah King, editor of the *Pittsburgh Gazette*, in about 1872, paid for the planting of elms, larches and a Norwegian spruce, all imported from England, and a weeping willow from the site of Napoleon’s tomb, as appropriate memorials for the fallen British commander.⁵

The second half of the century saw the once-great road fall idle and decay, vanquished by the railroad. Local farmers became its main users. Still some attention was paid its most historic sites. The Fort Necessity Washington Monument Association, incorporated by 1850, laid the monument’s cornerstone four years later, but the project languished, perhaps in part because travelers were turning away from stages in favor of the faster trains of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which entered Wheeling in 1853.

By 1879, the National Road had experienced a quarter century of decline. Recognizing it as antiquated but picturesque, a journalist, William H. Rideing, surveyed a portion of the road and declared the “old national pike” to be “a glory departed.” Nevertheless, relics of the road’s heyday survived: “the taverns, with their hospitable and picturesque fronts, the old smithies, and the toll-gates, have not been entirely swept away.” Rideing thought it “questionable whether or not our means of locomotion in palace-cars are preferable to the [stage] coach in point of luxury, but it is certain that the extinction of the old tavern of the pre-railway period deprives the world of a very great boon.”⁶ Longfellow’s *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863) helped create nostalgic sentiment for historic inns, but the revival of their popularity along the National Road would not occur for another four decades.

The period of disuse and decay continued into the 1890s, when a native of the region, Thomas B. Seagriff, catalogued in great detail the picturesque buildings and personalities of the road’s halcyon years. A former tavern, the Temple of Juno, (whose bastardized portico was said to have been designed by a local man “not likely versed in the classic orders of architecture”) had adjoining “two immense stables...one log, the other frame, both still standing, weather beaten, empty and useless, [which] bear silent, but impressive testimony to the thrift of other days, and impart a tinge of melancholy to the memories of the old pike.”⁷ The steam railroad had made the stables useless.

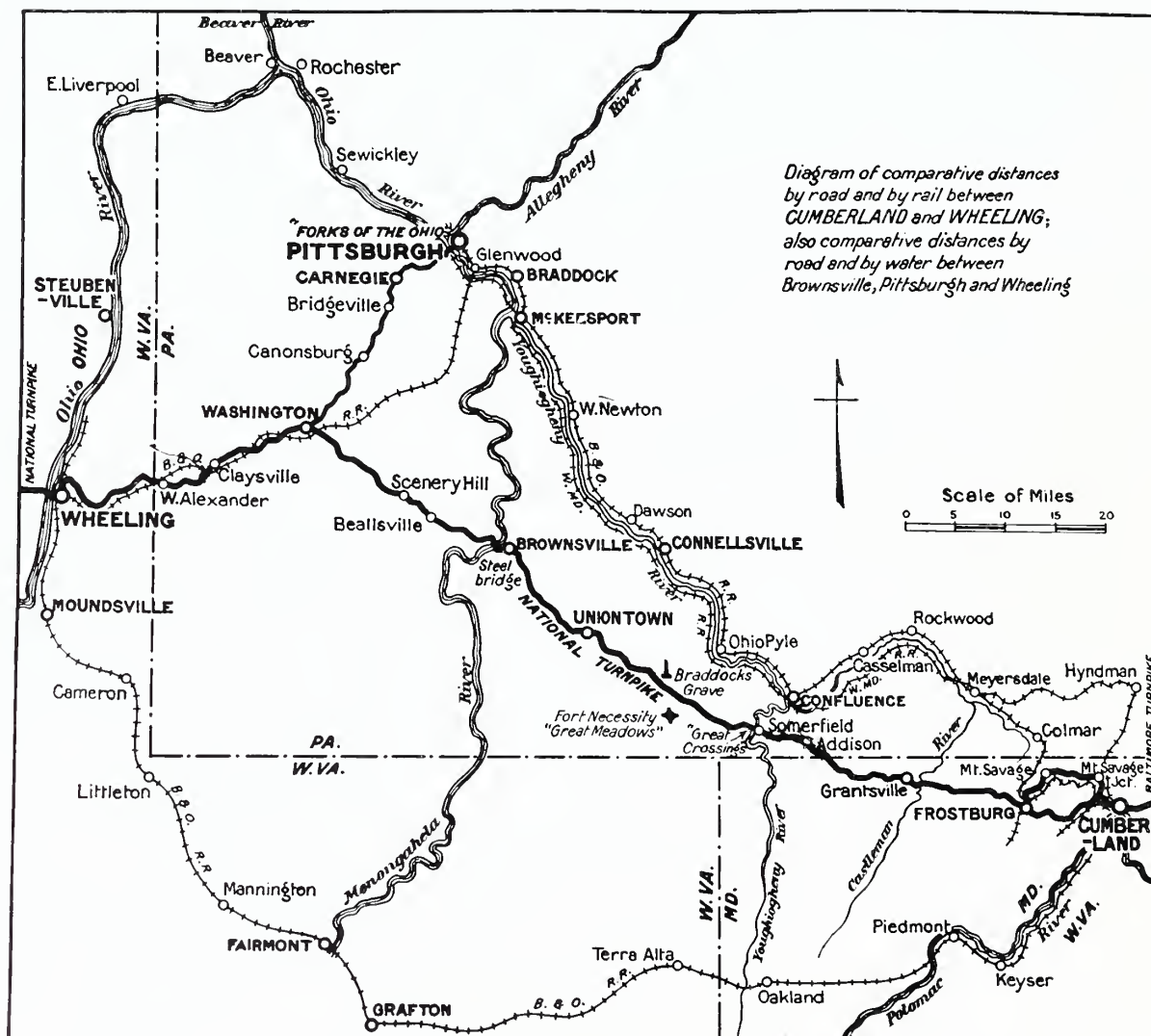
Searight expressed a widely felt "grief" over the replacement of the "four-horse coach" by the "steam car," and he found only little satisfaction in observing steam itself being challenged by electricity (in the form of the trolley) so that "the time is coming when the steam car will follow in the wake of the old stage coach."⁸ Searight's devotion to the National Road was so great that he asked to be buried as close to it as possible. He died in 1899 and his grave in Uniontown's Oak Grove Cemetery is within a few feet of the roadway.⁹

By 1900, the road and its appurtenant structures still seemed to be in decline. Archer Butler Hulbert noted a "few ponderous stone bridges and a long line of sorry looking mile-posts mark the famous highway.... Scores of proud towns, which were thriving centres of a transcontinental trade, have dwindled into comparative insignificance," and "the clanging of rusty signs on...ancient tavern posts" told a story of

"inexpressible pathos." But, the automobile age was beginning, and Hulbert predicted "the revolution in methods of locomotion" would soon reverse the road's long downward movement. Ironically, the antiquated road would again become useful thanks to the auto revolution.

The bicycle and automobile presage an era of good roads, and of an unparalleled countryward movement of society. With this era is coming the revival of inn and tavern life, the rejuvenation of a thousand ancient highways....[T]he old National Road will become, perhaps, the foremost of the great roadways of America.

Its location and grading made it ideal as a "trunk line" for commercial traffic to the West. Yet, Hulbert also envisioned that "its historic associations will render the route of increasing interest" to thousands



of travelers. "A hundred National Road taverns will be opened, and bustling landlords welcome, as of yore, the travel-stained visitor."¹⁰

By 1909, Hulbert's forecast was coming true. The roadway was slowly being improved for rubber-tired vehicles, and *The Travel Magazine* recommended the National Road for history-minded auto tourists, citing Braddock's grave as a place where "stopped many an automobile on the adjacent roadway." Why did they stop there? Not merely to honor a fallen general, but also to pay tribute to "one of the leading spirits in pushing westward and leaving behind him trails that became permanent highways." The grave, still marked by a cluster of evergreens, was remarkable as "one of the first landmarks in the history of American touring," and consequently "should be honored by every automobilist." Motorists were further advised that for more historical excitement they should begin their tour in historically uninteresting Ohio and go east into Pennsylvania, where "you begin to feel that you are traveling on hallowed ground." The experience, if not quite religious, was "in great contrast to the popular notion of 'joy riding.'"

And where should these tourists eat? "At some ancient hostelry which was a rip-roaring inn in the stagecoach days.... Here you have a home-made supper and listen to home-grown yarns about the days when General Braddock chased the Indians, General Washington chopped down trees for roads...."¹¹ The resurrected inns therefore satisfied the auto tourist's craving for food, historical information and entertainment.¹²

The resurrection was not accomplished at once. In 1910, much of the road was "in rather bad repair" and only a few of the old inns were operating. Still, Pennsylvania was resurfacing the road, partly from "appreciation of its historical value." Soon the hills would echo with "the cheerful honking of motor horns — just as in former times they responded to the merry tootling of the coach guards' trumpets."¹³

In 1912, the National Highways Association and others tried to gain state and federal funds for highway improvements by appealing to legislators' historical and patriotic instincts. The association designated the National Road as the eastern segment of the transcontinental National Old Trails Road. The association's president argued that the benefits of improved roads were not only commercial but also "social, moral...[and] educational."¹⁴

Allied with the association was the Daughters of the American Revolution, which created a National Old Trails Road Department. To educate generations of travelers concerning historic sites along the road, the D.A.R. in 1912 began mounting tablets such as the one at Great Crossings bridge (1818) at Somerfield, which described Washington's and Braddock's movements in 1753-55. The D.A.R.'s Great Crossing



Polygonal toll house near Addison. Toll houses were built along the National Road in Pennsylvania about every 15 miles, beginning in 1835, when the federal government turned the pike over to the states.

Chapter, responsible for this tablet, later preserved the nearby toll house at Addison. Not as lucky, the toll house near West Alexander, without the protection of the D.A.R., became a "notorious speakeasy" in the early 1920s and subsequently was destroyed.¹⁵

Some prominent men in Fayette County in 1909 formed the Braddock Memorial Park Association, purchased 24 acres around the grave, laid out a park and erected an "imposing" granite shaft to Braddock's memory. Dedication ceremonies were attended by a deputation from his old regiment, the Coldstream Guards, who presented a bronze memorial tablet.¹⁶

This flurry of monument building was predicated upon the presence of an audience — auto tourists in particular. They were given further guidance by the National Highways Association's publication, *The National Road: Most Historic Thoroughfare in the United States, and Strategic Eastern Link in the National Old Trails Ocean to Ocean Highway* (1916), by Robert Bruce. Written specifically for the "motor tourist," this volume noted that it was now possible for the "good driver" to cover the road between Cumberland and Wheeling almost as quickly as the fast trains of the B&O. However, Bruce offered many historical enticements to delay the tourist. Detailed maps and text indicated the location and significance of old taverns, stone (and one iron) bridges, as well as Fort Necessity and Braddock's grave. West of the grave was "the only original stone mile-stone from Cumberland to Wheeling." In Uniontown, the motor tourist was told that none of the hotels catering to tourists were "as they were in olden days," but the former White Swan Tavern (built of logs about 1805)

might be visited for a glimpse of its old-fashioned barroom. In West Alexander, travelers were more fortunate because the Lafayette Inn still served plain but substantial meals and showed the room in which Lafayette was said to have slept in 1824.¹⁷

Bruce's intention was to highlight the road's historic and scenic wonders, while downplaying the unattractive intrusions of turn-of-the-century industry. Still, he was obliged to acknowledge the presence of a large coke plant at Brier Hill and oil derricks from Glyde to the West Virginia line. Brownsville seemed like "a small Pittsburgh — smoky and grimy, but busy and prosperous."¹⁸

As Bruce conceded in 1916, the business traveler, as well as freight and mail, would shun the National Road in favor of the railroad. But during and after World War I auto tourists had to accommodate themselves to the presence of "the great automobile truck, well able to move several tons on the heaviest grade, appear[ing] in convoys of ten, twenty, thirty, or more." Tourists who sought romance in driving the National Road could join John Faris in likening these convoys to lines of "picturesque" Conestoga wagons so that they became "motor-conestogas."¹⁹

By the 1920s, the sleepy days of the National Road were over. "Motors now rush and roar" over the new concrete surface of U.S. 40, the transcontinental highway of which the old National Road was a small part. Traffic and tourism were great enough to allow the reopening of still more ancient taverns,²⁰ but these were not sufficient. Low-budget travelers could stop at Hilderbrand's Cool Breeze Camp and Rooms, east of Brownsville, after servicing their vehicles at the more dignified Garlett's Garage.²¹

The cities of Washington and Uniontown each had a new high-rising hotel whose names, the George Washington and White Swan, paid tribute to the past. Bruce had recommended a visit to the venerable White Swan Tavern: it was removed, and a seven story,

red brick, Georgian Revival hostelry was erected on the site in 1925. While the exterior of the million-dollar hotel had nothing in common with its modest wooden predecessor, the Georgian-Federal details suggested in a general way the stage coach era. The hotel's publicity insisted it was "seemingly brought from the early romantic days of a century ago, when the old White Swan Inn...was always the favorite stopping place for travelers." Furthermore, "relics" from the White Swan were exhibited on the lobby floor to impress upon guests the continuity of the old and new establishments.²² Similarly, the George Washington Hotel (1922-23) asserted its ties with the historic road through its Georgian-Federal exterior and lobby, but even more clearly through murals (1935) by Malcolm Stevens Parcell in the Pioneer Room depicting early travel on the road.²³

By contrast, the Summit Hotel near Uniontown spurned local and American tradition with its Mediterranean-styled facade and Germanic Munchausen Wine Vault.²⁴ Stronger evidence of the changing population residing near the road was provided by the exotically towered St. Nicholas Greek Catholic Church (1913-17) facing the road in Brownsville.

Immigrants were subjected to the Americanization programs of the D.A.R., which sought to instill American traditions and values. In 1928, new and old Americans riding east of Beallsville were confronted with a roadside sculpture, the "Madonna of the Trail," a monumental, 10-foot tall woman honoring "the pioneer mothers of the covered wagon days." Where histories of the road had thus far dwelt on the masculine arts of war, road building, stage coach driving and innkeeping, the D.A.R., in erecting this sculpture, chose to pay tribute to the strength and virtue of pioneer motherhood. It was the 10th in a series of 12 similar monuments designed for the D.A.R. by the obscure St. Louis sculptor A. Leimbach and placed along historic roads joining the Atlantic and Pacific. It also was the the focus of intense conflict between Washington and Fayette counties, both of which sought the honor of its presence. Harry S. Truman of Missouri, president of the National Old Trails Association in 1928, visited both counties, met with male civic leaders and found them "at swords' points" over this issue. In the end, Beallsville, Washington County, was chosen.²⁵

The 1930s were both years of economic depression and reaffirmation of faith in the founding fathers; for example, the restoration of colonial Williamsburg began in 1926. While Great Meadows had been a pilgrimage site for a century, only



A 1936 post card of the Fort Necessity Museum near Uniontown. The museum opened in 1932 in the old Mount Washington Tavern, c. 1827.

remnants of the earthworks survived to give the auto pilgrim a sense of the actuality of the battle. In 1932, as a part of the national observance of the bicentennial of Washington's birth, the federal and state governments, and local organizations, joined to recreate Fort Necessity. The nearby Mount Washington Tavern (c. 1827) was acquired by the state in 1932 to serve as a museum of the battlefield with relics from the fort, colonial household utensils, military equipment and Indian relics. The recreated fort was dedicated in the presence of 20,000 Americans and military attaches representing Britain and France. Without the concrete highway and mass-produced auto, such a crowd could scarcely have assembled in an out-of-the-way field to dedicate this "altar of national patriotism."²⁶

In 1940, the Works Progress Administration Writers' Program described both the old and a few of the modern sites along the National Road, U.S. 40: "Historic mementoes linger here amid industrial activity." Tourist cabins were found in clusters on the way to Fort Necessity. After the war, Philip Jordan noted the proliferation of "new taverns, some doing business where Jacksonian inns stood. Many attempt to recreate the old days with parlors filled with antique cherry tables and walnut rocking chairs." Jordan was not fooled: "[W]aitresses in nylons and starched uniforms have replaced the cotton-stockinged, calico-clad maids of 100 years ago. And short orders are more in demand than leisurely dinners." Moreover, few slept in the old inns, but streams of cars pulled into tourist camps and motor courts drawn by "neon signs, garish, glittering letters...." Apparently "the old road has become a hurried, neurotic highway." But not just like any other U.S. highway. Here a truck driver discoursed knowledgeably on Fort Necessity and Braddock's grave. Chamber of Commerce secretaries certified that "thousands travel it annually just because it is the country's most historic national highway."²⁷

The National Road in Pennsylvania remains a constantly changing mixture of old and new.²⁸ Much long-distance traffic has apparently abandoned it in favor of interstate highways completed in the 1970s. Still, historically minded motorists in not too great a hurry may avoid the monotony of the Turnpike and I-79, and seek out remnants of the early nineteenth century road and its attendant structures: they will find about 20 of the cast iron mileposts manufactured about 1835 in Brownsville and Connellsville,²⁹ a fragment of the "S" bridge west of Washington,³⁰ the Searight and Addison toll houses (the latter surrounded by historical and patriotic monuments), Mount Washington Inn (now operated by the National Park Service as a museum interpreting the National Road and its inns), and Century Inn at Scenery Hill (opened 1794, still offering food and beds, and featured in the *Wall Street Journal*). Fort

Necessity, recreated in 1954, remains a major tourist attraction, though few seem to stop at Braddock's grave.³¹ Since 1946, motorists have been alerted to historic places (including the road itself) not only by older D.A.R. plaques but also by free-standing blue and gold markers placed by the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission. State and county tourism offices

tout the annual National Pike Festival urging visitors to "Travel the Road that Made the Nation."³²

Of course changes along the road have made the 1940 W.P.A. guide obsolete. U.S. 40 now bypasses West Alexander, a village near the West Virginia line, yet a D.A.R. plaque still identifies the Old Trails Road. This plaque was mounted on an abutment of the bridge carrying the B&O over the National Road at the state line. The B&O tracks and steam cars are gone; the road has triumphed. The Lafayette Inn at West Alexander was demolished about 1940, to be replaced by the R. K. Grimes & Son garage and service station. Grimes preserved the front door and the door to Lafayette's bedroom as entrances to the garage office. The Great Crossings stone bridge lies submerged beneath Youghiogheny River Lake, completed in 1943 by the Army Corps of Engineers;³³ the village of Somerfield was obliterated by the same project. Triple X-rated videos may be viewed in Washington across the National Road from the historic and beautifully maintained LeMoyne House (1812).

Landmarks from the road's busy period in the early twentieth century have also changed. Early gas stations and motor courts have declined and new ones have arisen. Neither the George Washington nor the White Swan function as hotels, and a 1926 prediction that the George Washington would "construct an airplane landing on its roof before the passing of the next century" has yet to come to pass.³⁴ Tourists are welcomed at the National Trail Motel, near Braddock's Grave, and at the colonial-style Washington Motor Inn in Washington at the junction of U.S. 40



The Daughters of the American Revolution erected "Madonna of the Trail" near Beallsville to salute pioneer motherhood. In 1928 the D.A.R. began placing a dozen such statues along U.S. historic roads.

and I-70. Coke ovens and oil derricks are not much in evidence, but a coal yard adjoins Searight's toll house. Change is ongoing, but the survival of Fort Necessity and the "S" bridge may reassure motorists that the upheavals of the twentieth century—including the revolution in ordinary living caused by the universality of the automobile—have not destroyed all signs and memorials of an heroic past. ■

¹ Wainwright Evans, "Covered Wagons to Rubber Tires," *Outlook and Independent* 152 (28 Aug. 1929), 686.

² Philip D. Jordan, *The National Road* (Gloucester, Mass.: 1966), 21–89; Robert C. Alberts, *Mount Washington Tavern* (Eastern National Park & Monument Association: 1976), 2–26.

³ Jordan, *National Road*, 106–07, 183. In 1820, the "romantic history" of Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain brought on initial steps to preserve the ruins. Charles B. Hosmer, Jr., *Presence of the Past* (New York: 1965), 31.

⁴ Jordon, *National Road*, 107–08, 175; John Kennedy Lacock, "Braddock Road," *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* 38 (1914), facing 36.

⁵ *New York Times*, 19 Oct. 1913; John T. Faris, *Seeing Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia: 1919), 103; Earle R. Forrest, "History of the National Pike in Fayette and Somerset Counties," (typescript in the Washington County Historical Society, Washington, Pa., of articles published in the *Washington Reporter* and *Washington Observer*, 1956), 105.

⁶ William H. Rideing, "The Old National Pike," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* 59 (Nov. 1879), 801–07. Rideing only traveled from Frederick to Cumberland, Md., but his comments were also applicable to the National Road in Pennsylvania. Jordan, *National Road*, 368.

⁷ Thomas B. Searight, *The Old Pike: A History of the National Road* (Uniontown, Pa.: 1894), 217. The Temple of Juno disappeared by 1914. Forrest, "Fayette and Somerset," 136.

⁸ Searight, *The Old Pike*, 353. The Uniontown Street Railway was chartered in 1890. *West Penn Traction* (Chicago: 1968), 13.

⁹ Robert Bruce, *The National Road* (Washington, D.C.: 1916), 67.

¹⁰ Archer Butler Hulbert, *The Old National Road* (Columbus: 1901), 15, 122–23. Between 1905 and 1914, Hulbert was a lecturer on the economics of good roads for the Office of Public Roads, U.S. Department of Agriculture. *Who Was Who In America*, vol.1 (Chicago: 1942), 604.

¹¹ B.T.H.(author), "Our Wonderful National Pike," *Travel Magazine* 15 (Dec. 1909), 140–41.

¹² In 1914, Earle Robert Forrest noted on the back of his photo of the Youghioghenny House (1818) in Somerfield that "the old house enjoys as big a trade as it ever did during the best of the old pike days, as it is a famous stopping place for automobile parties." Photo 1710, Box 7, Forrest Family Papers, Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania Archives, Pittsburgh (hereafter Forrest Papers). For the revival of old inns elsewhere in the country thanks to the coming of auto touring, see William B. Rhoads, "Roadside Colonial: Early American Design for the Automobile Age," *Winterthur Portfolio* 21 (Summer/Autumn 1986), 135–36.

¹³ Rene Bache, "Building a Thousand-Mile Boulevard," *Technical World* 14 (Dec. 1910), 422–23, 431.

¹⁴ Charles Henry Davis, "The National Old Trails Road," *Travel* 25 (May 1915), 34–36.

¹⁵ H.E. Candace Cornell Engell, "Romance of the Road," *Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine* 45 (Dec. 1914), 331–35; Bruce, *National Road*, 55, 57; Earle R. Forrest, "History of the National Pike in Washington County, Pa.," (typescript in the Washington County Historical Society, Washington, Pa., of articles published in the *Washington Reporter* and *Observer*, 1955), 259.

¹⁶ *New York Times*, 19 Oct. 1913.

¹⁷ Bruce, *National Road*, 9, 62, 66, 76; Faris, *Seeing Pennsylvania*, 119. In fact, Lafayette stopped, but did not sleep at this inn.

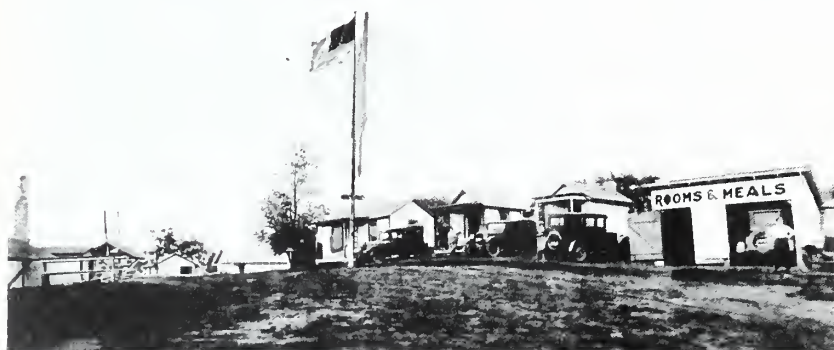
¹⁸ Bruce, *National Road*, 68, 72, 74.

¹⁹ Bruce, *National Road*, 10; Faris, *Seeing Pennsylvania*, 77–78. Real Conestogas had almost vanished; in 1922, one of the last in Western Pennsylvania was rescued by Henry Ford from a farm near Hickory, Washington County.

²⁰ Carroll Miller, "The Romance of the National Pike," *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine* 10 (January 1927), 34. U.S. 40 originated in the mid 1920s and incorporated the Pennsylvania section of the National Road. George R. Stewart, *U.S. 40* (Boston: 1953), 14.

²¹ The camp and garage are pictured on post cards published by Curt Teich about 1926 and 1920–24 respectively. I am grateful to Katherine Hamilton-Smith, curator of the Curt Teich Postcard Collection of the Lake County (Ill.) Museum, for directing me to these and other images of roadside architecture.

²² L. Gillespie Vajk to author, 12 Sept. 1988; text printed on Curt Teich post card (mid-1920s) of the White Swan Hotel. The hotel also published a brochure by Dr. William Blake Hindman, "The History of the National Highway Route 40," in 1931, "for the purpose of making your trip over America's most historic highway more interesting." Brochure in Historical Society of



In the 1920s Hilderbrand's Cool Breeze Camp and Rooms, east of Brownsville on old U.S. 40, was a stopping place for low-budget travelers.

Western Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh.

²³ Donald Miller, *Malcolm Parcell* (Pittsburgh: 1985), 62, 66. Parcell was a native of Washington County with a national reputation in the 1930s. The George Washington was designed by William Lee Stoddart, a New York architect who specialized in hotels. Forrest, *Washington County*, 882; *New York Times*, 3 Oct. 1940. I wish to thank Lucy P. McCoy of the Washington County Historical Society for providing information on this hotel.

²⁴ Curt Teich post card, early 1920s; E.C. Kropp post card.

²⁵ Harry S. Truman to "Dear Babies," 17 April 1928, in Robert H. Farrel, ed., *Dear Bess: The Letters from Harry to Bess Truman* (New York: 1983), 333. When Washington County sought to erect the Madonna on the courthouse lawn, the State Art Commission, apparently pushed by disgruntled Fayette County politicians, determined it was not a work of art and so could not be placed on state or county owned land. Resourceful Washington County leaders secured the donation of a plot on the National Road from the Nemacolin Country Club, and there the monument was erected. Forrest, *Washington County*, 71-76. Some criticized the Madonna as "mannish." Mrs. John Trigg Moss, who had conceived of the monument, and oversaw Leimbach's work, replied that it was to represent a woman capable of plowing a field. *Washington Reporter*, 8 Dec. 1928.

²⁶ *New York Times*, 3 July 1932, 5 July 1932; Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration, *Pennsylvania* (New York: 1940), 596; Alberts, *Mount Washington Tavern*, 2, 30. George Washington owned a part of the Fort Necessity battlefield between 1769 and his death; in 1784, he proposed it would be a good site for an inn.

²⁷ Writers' Program, *Pennsylvania*, 594-95; Jordan, *National Road*, 395, 402, 407.

²⁸ I drove U.S. 40 from Addison to West Alexander (from the Maryland to the West Virginia state lines) on 2 and 3 August 1988. For a comprehensive list of surviving "transportation related resources" from about 1818 to 1939 along the National Road in Pennsylvania, see Denise L. Grantz, "National Road: Historic Resource Inventory," "at the Bureau of Historic Preservation, Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.

²⁹ Grantz, "National Road," 28; Alberts, *Mount Washington Tavern*, 6.



Modern day National Road in Washington, Pa., with the beautifully maintained LeMoyne House on the left. Home of physician and abolitionist Francis J. LeMoyne, this historic house, built in 1812, was a stop on the underground railroad. Today it is the headquarters of the Washington County Historical Society.

³⁰ In 1929, a new bridge was located to permit the retention of much of the historic bridge. The National Old Trails Association had opposed the relocation of the road. *Washington Observer*, 10 Dec. 1929, Forrest Papers, Box 12.

³¹ Century Inn advertisement, "Good Times: A Guide to Washington," July 1988, 4. Archaeological explorations in 1952 led to the second, more accurate reconstruction of the fort. J.C. Harrington, *New Light on Washington's Fort Necessity* (Richmond: 1957), 49-121; Charles Morse Stotz, *Outposts of the War for Empire* (Pittsburgh: 1985), 95.

³² Roy F. Nichols, *The Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission: A History* (Harrisburg: 1967), 22, 25. Stewart, *U.S. 40*, 105, observed in 1953 more state historical markers in Pennsylvania than in other states crossed by U.S. 40. "National Pike Festival," Washington County Tourism brochure, 1988.

³³ Forrest, *Washington County*, 280; George Swetnam and Helene Smith, *A Guidebook to Historic Western Pennsylvania* (Pittsburgh: 1976), 195.

³⁴ Forrest, *Washington County*, 753.

Molly Rush, Housewife with a Hammer to Bear

By Paul Garver

Hammer of Justice: Molly Rush and the Plowshares Eight

By Liane Ellison Norman

Pittsburgh: Pittsburgh Peace Institute, 1989. Illustrations, introduction by Ramsey Clark. Pp. 256. \$24.95, \$12.95 paper

OUR popular heroes often seem to come from Luke Skywalker's far away galaxy, or other distant times and places. They do not often appear in the guise of a small, unassuming working-class woman from Dormont, a neighborhood in south Pittsburgh. Yet, if our human species and our green earth are to survive and flourish, it will be because of people like Molly Rush.

Liane Norman's narrative sets Rush's developing life in the familiar context of Pittsburgh's traditional, family-centered neighborhoods. Rush came from a family that knew insecurity and poverty, in part because of her father's alcoholism. The oldest of eight children, Molly had to help raise her own younger siblings, some of whom were at one time temporary wards of juvenile court. Although awarded a scholarship to Duquesne University, she chose instead to forego college, marry early, and begin to bear her six children.

In the short intervals a busy

Paul Garver, who teaches labor studies at Rutgers University, has been active in the labor and peace movements in the Pittsburgh area for 20 years. He notes that 16 years of his education were in Catholic schools.

mother of a large family can find, Rush read voraciously. She began to widen her horizons; her activism grew from family, community, and religious roots. A connector rather than an alienated rebel, Rush widened her family circle first to the community, and then to the world. Her passionate commitment was to all the children, beginning with her own. She joined the Catholic Interracial Council to fight segregation, and came to oppose the Vietnam War. One of her favorite authors was Thomas Merton, the Trappist monk who found religious relevance in the struggle for civil rights and against nuclear weapons and war. When Pittsburgh's progressive Catholic movement founded the Thomas Merton Center to struggle for peace and justice, Rush became its first director and mainstay. Every day she worked quietly, almost invisibly, for the many causes of peace and social justice.

And then, one day in 1980, Rush entered a nuclear weapons factory in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania. Along with seven other religious peace activists (together they comprised the Plowshares Eight), she hammered two missile nose cones into scrap, and then quietly waited for the police to arrive. To her husband, her brothers and sisters, and to most of her community, it appeared as if Rush had lost her balance. For this symbolic action against nuclear war, she had risked a long imprisonment, and a lengthy separation from her children and her useful community work.

Most of *Hammer of Justice* is

dedicated to locating the various threads of explanation as to how Rush came to pick up that hammer. Liane Norman reaches back to the early history of Pennsylvania, to William Penn's trial for civil disobedience resulting from his pursuit of religious freedom; this provided Norman with marvelous parallels to the latter day trail of the Plowshares Eight. The author also recounts acts of oppression in regional history relevant to Rush's case, such as infecting Indians with smallpox; similarly she invokes local history to explain Rush's family roots.

This is generally interesting and useful background. I would have



Molly Rush and five others in the Plowshares Eight were released this spring after a York County judge commuted their sentences to time served, with court costs and probation. In February 1989, the state Supreme Court had overturned their original sentences on grounds of judicial bias. Three other members of the group remain in custody on charges stemming from other acts of civil disobedience.

liked more attention to the specifically Catholic strand of Rush's inheritance, and more than passing reference to what she learned from Merton's seminal writings. We know the Plowshares Eight prayed together, but we learn little about that process. While some aspects of the Catholic tradition can be narrow and parochial, the universalism latent in Catholic thought may have expanded Rush's sense of the family of mankind.

I find most useful in the *Hammer of Justice* the material drawn from Rush's prison letters and diaries, from her statements during the trial and from interviews with her. These present a remarkably consistent picture of a person whose strength flows directly from her everyday life as a housewife and mother, and from her disciplined reflection upon that life. Norman is very sensitive and helpful to the reader, providing apt quotations at the right times. It's tempting simply to make a pastiche of some of Rush's reflections:

I'm no heroine. Lots of people make sacrifices for their kids....I want my kids to live. I want to have grandchildren, and I want those children to live....Every mother ought to think about the threat that's hanging over her kids and ask what she's going to do about it....That (a mother) is not all that I am, but it is certainly part of it.

Convinced as she became that nuclear war threatened all that she had worked for as a mother, Rush felt that she had to do something to break through the "psychic numbing" that causes our inability to deal with the omnipresent threat of annihilation. She wondered how people could go to work every day, to build the weapons that could kill their children and her own. If she could not end the arms race, Rush could at least act on behalf of life, and thereby

connect with some people to break through the numbing.

Perhaps most difficult for Rush was discussing with her family the possibility that she might be separated from them by her action. Her own brothers and sisters were mostly opposed — one brother even informed the FBI of her plans. Her husband, fiercely opposed and feeling himself abandoned, tried every way to dissuade her. Rush's own children, the youngest of whom was 12, were anxious. From prison, she wrote: "Maybe you're wishing right now that you had a normal mother instead of me....You know that it (nuclear war) has to be stopped soon before it's too late....Why me? Because I know, because I love you."

Knowing that she had cracked her family's world wide open, Rush feared that she would fade out of their everyday reality, that she herself would be walled off from the family she loved and from her frustrating but satisfying work for peace and justice. Yet even in prison she felt freer than before. Her action freed her from the "myth of her own powerlessness." She no longer felt oppressed as she had felt when she was not acting consonant with her beliefs and feelings. At her trial, Rush tried to prove that she and her friends "consciously, knowingly, and willfully acted to protect and save the life of the human family."

In 1990, as the imminent nightmare of global war recedes a little, we can easily forget that in 1980 the United States was accelerating the nuclear arms race, and that President Carter's Directive 59 contemplated a first-strike on Soviet missiles. We don't need to agree on whether Rush's hammer blows helped save the human future. The miracle is, and remains, that this quiet mother's heroism is the right stuff that our beleaguered planet needs for its survival. Environmental destruction, widespread war, famine, the legacy of injustice that condemns

Brazilian farm laborers and ghetto teenagers to short and brutal lives — any or all of these in combination threaten the future of our children and grandchildren. "Peace demands the most heroic labor and the most difficult sacrifices. It demands greater heroism than war...." (Thomas Merton, as quoted in *Hammer of Justice*.)

I am reminded of those other mothers and grandmothers whose courage in the Plazo de Mayo helped overthrow a brutal military regime in Argentina, simply by patiently demanding an accounting for the tortured bodies of their children. I am reminded of women in western New York state who are defying the law to prevent their communities from becoming dumping grounds for nuclear waste. There are many women, like Rush, who love life so much that they break through the passivity of the female roles culturally allotted them, by organizing, demonstrating, trespassing, and sometimes risking imprisonment or death.

As a father and grandfather, I find some hope for the future of my children and grandchildren, and the world they are inheriting, in the expansion of "maternal thinking" (see Sara Riddick, *Maternal Thinking* [Beacon Press: 1989]). Just as Rush expanded the sphere of preservation and nurturance of her own children to all of the world's children, so more of us must overcome our individualistic, greedy, militaristic patterns of culture and thought to take responsibility for future generations and the health of the planet. Even as the threat of instant nuclear annihilation recedes, we still are leaving a heritage of environmental despoilation, hunger, poverty, and hopelessness for the majority of the world's children (and for too many in our own country). There will be no peace and no security for any of our progeny in such a world. Perhaps men like my son who fully share in

the tasks of child-rearing will find “maternal thinking” more congenial than men have usually found it.

Meanwhile, we have much to learn from our own Molly Rush, and thanks go to Liane Norman and the Pittsburgh Peace Institute for telling her story. ■

Red November, Black November: Culture and Community in the Industrial Workers of the World

By Sal Salerno

Albany: State University of New York Press, 1989. Bibliography, notes, index, illustrations. Pp 220. \$34.50, \$10.95 paper

THE Wobbly, a rank and file member of the Industrial Workers of the World union, has assumed almost mythic proportions in labor history. In *The Rebel Girl, an Autobiography* (New York: 1955), Elizabeth Gurley Flynn summarized the image: “They were strong and hardy, tanned and weather-beaten by summer suns and winter snows. They regarded the city workers as stay-at-home softies — ‘scissor-bills.’ They referred to a wife as ‘the ball and chain.’” As portrayed in the historical literature, the Wobbly legend bears some relation to sustaining myths of the American Republic; the legend captures the American values of frontier independence, physical strength and personal rebelliousness. It is also a myth of native born radicalism and masculine solidarity.

Sal Salerno’s *Red November, Black November* offers labor scholars a new glimpse into the history of the Industrial Workers of the World through the lens of culture. Salerno’s main argument is that historians have neglected the role of immigrants in the

I.W.W. Ignoring elements of its ideology directly influenced by European syndicalism (a trade union movement that advocates bringing the means of production and distribution under the direct control of a federation of labor unions), historians have focused instead on the union’s indigenous roots. Salerno sets out to correct this omission by asserting direct links between the I.W.W. and French and Italian anarcho-syndicalism.

The weight of the book’s argument falls on an exploration of syndicalist symbols, language and organizing strategies in the I.W.W. Employing the familiar icons of the wooden shoe or Sabot, and the cartoon characters of Sab Cat and Mr. Block, Wobbly artists wove themes of class exploitation and conflict with folk symbols expressive of resistance and solidarity. According to Salerno, Wobbly subculture addressed the confrontations between capital and labor through its embrace of syndicalist tactics of direct action and sabotage.

Salerno argues that immigrants and ethnics played a central role in the formation of the I.W.W. At the founding convention in 1905, anarchists and libertarians helped to develop the Industrial Union Manifesto and the I.W.W.’s Preamble. The German anarchist community in Chicago provided some of the ideological underpinnings for the movement. More important, Salerno highlights the relationship of the I.W.W. with the French syndicalist organization, the *Confederation Generale du Travail* (C.G.T. or General Confederation of Labor). While the I.W.W. rejected open affiliation with the C.G.T., rank and file Wobblies had full knowledge of its range of tactics and imitated them. Salerno argues that the symbolic uses of the Sabot and Sab Cat express C.G.T. influence. Further, William Z. Foster, later the organizer of the steel and meat-

packing industries, helped adapt French tactics and ideology to the I.W.W. For Salerno, Foster’s departure from the union to form the Syndicalist League of America is yet another sign of the adaptability and range of syndicalist influence.

There are aspects of Salerno’s approach, however, which undermine his case for the immigrant origins of the I.W.W. Despite his use of illustrative cartoons, most of Salerno’s textual argument is concerned with refuting the historical interpretation of the Wobblies, and not with primary sources. The limitations of the secondary literature on this specific subject make it difficult for Salerno to construct a convincing case. Furthermore, by focusing on I.W.W. activity in the West, the author neglects Italian syndicalists and anarchists who were central to the organization of workers in such towns as Paterson and Lawrence.

In exploring the nature of Wobbly culture, Salerno also ignored an important theme which might have opened up his discussion of the I.W.W. — that is, the ways in which the notion of solidarity itself was constructed by and for Wobblies. The image of the “footloose rebel” and the independent, manly laborer broad-

The Wobbly legend springs from myths of frontier independence and male solidarity.

cast the workers’ belief that collective strength and unity were born of brotherhood and manliness, an image rooted not in eastern immigrant communities but in the I.W.W. myth of frontier origins. The self-presentation of the Wob-

blies was native-born and masculine; it masked the role of immigrant workers and activities, the connections between communities and workers, the cultural underpinnings of solidarity, and the substantial involvement of women — not only for historians but also for the participants.

Using these insights into I.W.W. culture could substantially enrich our understanding of key events like the steel strike of 1919 by focusing on contrasts between the Wobbly's self-perception and actions and workers' ideology. Organized by Foster, a syndicalist, the strike mobilized a diverse and largely immigrant and ethnic male labor force against the power of the steel barons. It depended on the cooperation and solidarity of entire ethnic communities. As heirs to the I.W.W. legacy, the syndicalist organizers embraced the ideal of the aggressive, isolated individual Wobbly, an image which contrasted sharply with the family orientation of immigrant steelworkers aptly portrayed in novels like Mary Heaton Vorse's *Strike!* and Thomas Bell's *Out of This Furnace*. The steel strike of 1919 foundered in the face of employer hostility, state intervention, ethnic factionalism and inter-union conflict. Inherent in this failure, as in the decline of the I.W.W. generally, was a failure of the Wobblies to comprehend their own powerful myths. If historians have been led astray in believing the I.W.W. was a product of indigenous radicalism, it was because Wobblies themselves helped to construct that myth.

I am willing to accept Salerno's argument that immigrant ideologies, tactics and cultural expression helped shape the social movement of labor in the I.W.W., but more evidence of alternative origins and patterns is needed. Despite the shortcomings of the book, Salerno points the way to a more vibrant history of labor unions as social movements. His

emphasis on the cultural history of the working class and use of iconographic texts like cartoons opens up the possibilities for a history of labor in which workers not only act, but think and express themselves in art and language. Salerno has opened the way for a reinterpretation of the I.W.W. that captures the diverse origins and cultural riches of working class organization. ■

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The Pittsburgh & West Virginia Railway: The Story of the High and Dry

By Howard V. Worley, Jr. and William N. Poellot, Jr.
Halifax, Pa.: Withers Publishing, 1989.
Introduction, illustrations, maps, appendix. Pp. 384. \$52

IN their history of the Pittsburgh & West Virginia Railway, the authors have assembled a veritable encyclopedia of information on the subject. The details of corporate history, the time table information, the equipment roster, and particularly the photographic coverage attest to the authors' years of research and dedicated interest.

Through its yearly summaries of corporate activities, the book details how the company's fortunes echoed those of the Pittsburgh area economy. The predecessors to the P&WV — the Little Saw Mill Run Railroad, the Pittsburgh Terminal Railroad & Coal Company, and the West Side Belt Railroad — all owed their existence to the growth of industry based on bituminous coal, a resource in which the area was rich.

By 1900, Pittsburgh, with the world's greatest bituminous coal fields, had also become the nucleus of related industries such as iron, glass, steel, coke and tinplate.

The combined industrial output made the Pittsburgh area first in the amount of originated freight tonnage of any city in the world. However, the supply of freight transportation to meet this demand was almost entirely under the control of the Pennsylvania Railroad and its allies. Even though the PRR could not meet the industrial demand due to shortages of cars and locomotives, it fiercely fought any competition. As a result, industry had to cut production, and the Pittsburgh economy suffered.

This set the scene for the entry of George Gould, who, while already controlling several major railroads, primarily west of the Mississippi, had dreams of controlling a unified rail system from coast to coast. Gould's interest in the rich Pittsburgh freight market and a transcontinental rail system led to the construction of the Wabash-Pittsburgh Terminal Railway to link Pittsburgh with the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad and Gould's Wabash Railroad. He reached an agreement with Andrew Carnegie, who had experienced difficulties with the Pennsylvania Railroad's service to his mills, that Gould's new road would connect with the Union Railroad, a Carnegie road serving mills in the Mon Valley.

After overcoming intense corporate and political opposition to the intrusion of another railroad into Pittsburgh, the Wabash proceeded to construct a railroad through the extremely difficult terrain southwest of the city, while maintaining a minimum of curves and grades. The result was a tribute to civil engineering, with many impressive bridges and tunnels. The crowning jewel of the railroad's entry into Pittsburgh was a lavish terminal in the heart of the city's business district. At the opposite end of Liberty Avenue from the adversarial Pennsylvania's station, the new building's beauty gained it the name the "Palace

Depot." But despite the grandeur of the Wabash's imposing new passenger terminal, the new line found very few customers for its few scheduled passenger trains. It was King Coal that was to provide the bulk of the local connecting road's traffic and hence its revenue.

Before the railroad opened to traffic, Carnegie sold his steel interests to the new United States Steel Corporation, which ironed out the previous freight problems with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Although the connection with the Union Railroad was built and used to carry iron ore from the Great Lakes via the Wabash and its West Side Belt to U.S. Steel mills, the proposed tonnage commitments were not kept. This proved disastrous for Gould's newcomer railroad in town.

In the railroad's early years, coal and mine products represented over 80 percent of the freight carried. However, the high expenses required to build the road, an inability to develop its freight business, and minimal passenger traffic combined with the effects of the business Panic of 1907 to force the Wabash into receivership by 1908. On January 29, 1917, it emerged from receivership as the Pittsburgh & West Virginia Railway Company. No longer part of the Gould empire, the new management set out to build the road's traffic.

Similarly, the authors follow the development of the railroad through the relative prosperity of the 1920s, when it built an extension to Connellsville, Pennsylvania, through the hard times of the Depression and beyond. After record freight volumes during World War II, the post-war decades called for new efforts by the P&WV to promote railroad traffic and industrial development along its route. But despite the railroad's best efforts, its business continued to erode.

Unable to turn a profit, the

P&WV began looking toward lease or merger with a larger road. In October 1964, it was absorbed into the Norfolk and Western Railway as a leased line. As the trucking industry made serious inroads into rail freight traffic in the 1970s and '80s, business on the N&W's former P&WV lines continued to decline. By 1988, the now parent Norfolk Southern applied to abandon the Connellsville line and the Clairton branch. The local railroad appeared to be headed for the same fate as Pittsburgh's once mighty coal and steel industries.

But the reader should be aware of an important development since the publication of this book. Just as employee buy-outs and new investors have brought new life to steel mills in Monessen and

The book is especially valuable for studying the impact of transportation on area development.

Youngstown, the transportation needs of small industries faced with railroad abandonments have led to the development of short-line railroads, usually backed by local investors. In January 1990, plans were announced for the Wheeling Acquisition Corporation to acquire the former Wheeling & Lake Erie and the Akron, Canton & Youngstown railroads, sublease the former P&WV, and purchase equipment from the Norfolk Southern to form 568 miles of railroad between Bellevue, Ohio, and Connellsville. It would appear that the P&WV may be a key element in forming another chapter in Western Pennsylvania's railroad history.

Pittsburgh area historians will find this book a valuable source for

studying the impact of transportation on area development. The background which led to the road's construction, the economic speculation and engineering skill involved, and the roller-coaster path of the railroad's fortunes are all covered. The P&WV's business history is depicted as closely mirroring the area's economic history, with the coal and steel industries providing the heartbeat of the region. As that pulse weakened, the railroad was forced to promote development of new industry in order to survive.

Readers could much more easily digest the financial and statistical data provided were it in tabular or graphic form. As is, the reader can only trace the railroad's freight volumes or financial trends by gathering the year-by-year data presented in the text. In fact, this annual report style of presentation results in a text so dry as to discourage the reader not deeply interested in the subject.

On the other hand, the reader discouraged by the style will no doubt enjoy the excellent photographic coverage. The work of Pittsburgh photographer Brady Stewart dramatically depicts the engineering and construction achievements involved. The book's photographs not only cover the evolution of P&WV locomotives and rolling stock, but portray the railroad in operation through the years. The P&WV Album section of the book, primarily featuring views by author Bill Poellot, Jr., his father William Sr., and George R. Poellot, shows most effectively daily life along the railroad. Scenes in such communities as Avella, Rea, Hickory, Venice, Bishop, Gladden, Bridgeville, Rook, Fairhaven, Castle Shannon, and Longview capture a bygone era in which coal mining and railroads were keystones in Western Pennsylvania's economy.

There are some discrepancies in the book. For instance, whereas a photo of private business car

#300 (the "Westmoreland") is identified as having been taken on September 14, 1963, the notes to the rolling stock roster indicate that the car was dismantled and burned at Rook in 1959. There are also spelling and typographic errors. Inclusion of a more detailed map would have been welcomed. The reader could then better identify textual references to sidings, bridges, tunnels, and stations which don't appear on the end-paper maps.

Despite these shortcomings, the authors deserve great credit for producing a comprehensive history of the Pittsburgh & West Virginia Railway. While written primarily as a railroad history, the book offers much more by highlighting the role of this key local railroad in Western Pennsylvania's industrial and economic development, and in the lives of the region's people. ■

Oliver W. Miller
*Pennsylvania Railway Museum
 Association, Inc.*

Indiana County 175th Anniversary History, Volume II, 1866-1988

By Clarence D. Stephenson

Indiana, Pa.: A. G. Halldin Publishing Company, Inc., 1989. Pp. xiii, 809. \$32.50 (paperback source notes for volume II, \$8.75). Four volume set, \$107.50

THIS is the fourth volume to appear in Stephenson's monumental history of Indiana County. Volume I, reaching through 1865, was published in 1978; Volume III, a source book, appeared in 1979, and Volume IV, biographical sketches, followed in 1983. Stephenson plans a fifth volume which will include an index, maps and gazetteer. (See reviews of earlier volumes in this journal's predecessor, *The Western*

Pennsylvania Historical Magazine, Vol. 67 [April 1984], 158-9; and Vol. 68 [July 1985], 271-3.)

The rules of modern historical scholarship dictate that seldom does a single author write a massive multi-volume history anymore (approximately 3,000 pages in this case) — much less a four volume county history. Stephenson has ignored the rules and taken us back to an historical style of the last century, a century which was more certain that facts embodied truth and spoke for themselves. It was also a century which liked its history long. Those readers who like their history in an old-fashioned mold and measure it by length, weight and facts will be pleased with this series and this volume. This is, then, traditional county history.

Nonetheless, the author has produced a work of some charm and value despite what are, from the professional historian's point of view, major flaws. The flaws in Volume II are much the same as noted in earlier reviews. There is an endless piling up of names and facts, as if the author feared discarding any piece of information he had so carefully gathered over the years. The massive quantity of information has not been digested into a central theme. There is little discrimination between major and minor events. Just about everybody and everything get mentioned — at least once. Names of all the churches are included, and there are regular sections on "Disaster and Tragedies" in which mine accidents, fires and floods are remembered. There is even one quaint section entitled "Miscellaneous Woes." In sum, this is not a critical and analytical history of Indiana County. As with earlier volumes, budget constraints made it impossible to produce a really handsome series. There are, however, over 70 illustrations which help capture the image of the Indiana County that was. I again lament the absence of maps, but

we can hope that this deficiency will be overcome in the fifth volume.

To be fair, it was not Stephenson's intention to write a modern, critical history. He identifies major divisions in his two narrative

In Stephenson's work, just about everybody and everything get mentioned — at least once.

volumes (I and II) as "Chronicles," and indeed there is in all of this something of the faithful medieval chronicler dutifully, even lovingly, recording events. There is also something of the collector and preservationist. That is, one senses that the author believes that in the act of collecting and recording information he has preserved parts of Indiana County which would otherwise be lost, and there is, of course, merit in that. Therein rests part of the attraction of this volume and series. Stephenson's work is strongest when he lets the past speak in its own idiom, and he does that regularly. There are frequent insertions of primary materials — in places the volume reads more as a source book — which transport the reader, rather nostalgically, to earlier moments in our history. For example, he includes a good number of letters from Indiana County doughboys who fought in France in World War I when all seemed much clearer and simpler and when war was the just against the unjust. When I read into the Vietnam era I yearned for some letters from Indiana County soldiers to point up the contrast. There is also some very flavorful material on the temperance movement, ethnic tensions rising out of the coal boom and immigration

into Indiana County, and native Protestant suspicions of Roman Catholic "foreigners."

Any attempt to describe the scope of Stephenson's work fails because he put in so much. There are sections describing "Cultural Developments" which range widely over topics from minstrels to the Indiana County Fair. Transportation, one of the author's favorite subjects, receives much attention, as does the development of coal mining. He also inserts interesting stories on all but forgotten events such as the involvement of 24 Indiana County men in the Madeira & Mamore Railroad project in Brazil in 1878, but we never learn why. In a section dealing with the "Home Front" in World War II, we learn on page 552, but wonder why, that "[b]y December 8, 1943 the Laboratory School pupils had bought an average of \$41 of war bonds and stamps per pupil — enough to pay for 12 jeeps." There is information on women and Women's Clubs, all presented in a traditional way; for example, there is a section on the "Achievements of Local Women." There is a lot on local politics. In all this, admittedly much of it interesting, one wishes for a hint of what sets Indiana County off from other counties, of what is distinctive and different here, and a stab at justifying county history as a unit of historical analysis. Alas, those points are never approached.

But, there is a lot of valuable material here. Stephenson is a conscientious and diligent digger for information. His sources are mainly traditional, but know them he does. Both he and his volumes are important historical resources for Indiana County. Thus, any future historian working on Indiana County would do well to consult Stephenson. Libraries and local historical societies would want to acquire his series for their reference value if nothing else, and there are enough suggestions for

term papers in Stephenson to keep a teacher of American and Pennsylvania history going a lifetime. Teachers at high school and college levels might also find this volume useful to develop exercises in critical thinking and quantitative methods. For example, Stephenson writes (page 784) that there is "little doubt that Indiana County, along with the nation at large, is suffering a decline in moral and ethical standards." He cites increased liquor sales, pornography and a high rate of teenage pregnancy as evidence. It might make an interesting class exercise to examine exactly what is moral and ethical decline and then try to devise a scheme to measure it.

These volumes are obviously not the kind of history you pick up and read from the start to finish. At best readers will select out bits and pieces which catch their fancy, and if sensitive at all, their historical consciousness will be pricked. And if that happens these books will have done their work. ■

James M. Oliver
Indiana University of
Pennsylvania

Photograph Credits

Seen Any Good Diners Lately?

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Page 100	Courtesy of Darrell Dean
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The Artful Memory of Mary Shaw

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Page 118	Courtesy of Westmoreland Museum of Art

The Challenge of Interpretation at Historic House Museums

Page 120-21	Courtesy of the Helen Clay Frick Foundation
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Continuity and Change along the National Road in Pennsylvania

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Page 138	Courtesy of Liane Norman
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John Vachon, Esso Midway station on Turnpike, October 1947

THE Pennsylvania Turnpike celebrates the 50th anniversary of its opening on October 1, 1990. As America's first super-highway, it forever changed the way roads were designed. It symbolized, while also greatly advancing, a general shift in the interest of American travelers—from leisure to speed.

The Midway station near Bedford was the showplace of the original 10 service plazas. A pedestrian tunnel linked the large eastbound station to a small station on the westbound side. The main building had showers, a lounge and sleeping area for truckers, dormitories for employees, a public lounge and 120-seat dining room. The service stations sold products such as tires and batteries, but did

no repairs other than lubrication work. The stations were operated by the Standard Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, while Howard Johnson's restaurants had the contract for all concessions. The 10 colonial-style plazas, with Pennsylvania graystone block and slate roofs, cost a whopping (for the time) \$500,000.

Ironically, on the most modern highway of all time, motorists found not streamlined buildings of the period but structures reminiscent of colonial inns and stagecoach taverns. Howard Johnson's restaurants fit well; his early restaurants combined modern equipment with shutters, dormer windows, knotty pine interiors, and white cupolas topped by a weathervane. The nostalgic associations proved quite popular and com-

forting to a society frantically embracing new technology. Some would argue that such styling is still soothing.

But whatever the atmosphere was like along the road, the Turnpike and Johnson popularized faster travel and faster eating, while also advancing the public's acceptance of standardization. Johnson felt people wanted "a better place to eat than lunch wagons and hot dog stands," but within a few decades the decreasing quality and appeal of his Turnpike operations would lead to their replacement by fast food restaurants.

— *Courtesy Photographic Archives, University of Louisville; text by Brian A. Butko*

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Pittsburgh

HISTORY

A Magazine of the City and Its Region

Winter 1990



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Cover: The area around Montecatini Alto, in Italy's Tuscany region, was the home of at least 50 families who emigrated to mining towns along the Monongahela River in Western Pennsylvania. The Italian influence there is still strong today. Terry Necciai's article about these Italians, especially his remarkable great-grandfather, begins on page 171.

Thanks to Nadine Grabania for the idea, and to Emily Hetzel for the photographic help that went into making the cover.

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FROM THE EDITOR

YOU are reading the eighth issue of *Pittsburgh History, A Magazine of the City and Its Region*, which completes the Historical Society's 73rd year of publishing a regional history magazine. I thought a little report on our enormous progress would be nice.

I am told that ours is the oldest continuously published periodical in the area, and we have made giant strides in the last year at making this less of a secret. The magazine's circulation — arrived at by adding the 280 libraries around the world which receive the publication, plus the people who receive it as a benefit of membership in the Historical Society, plus those who buy it in a store — has nearly tripled since we began producing it in this larger format two years ago. All the other people at the Society, along with a highly supportive Board of Trustees, deserve a lot of credit, for it is their hard work — staff and board members alike — that has caused the Society's membership to nearly triple as well. This has occurred as our organization steers its way to a heightened presence and new home at the Pittsburgh Regional History Center, described many times in these pages over the past months by Executive Director John A. Herbst in his "Director's Gallery" features.

For 71 years, we published the *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, an authoritative publication whose sole bit of flash was the monotone color photograph of our Oakland headquarters on each cover. We usually sold about 50 copies a quarter, total, at a handful of bookstores around the region. *Pittsburgh History* is now available at some 350 retail stores, and people now buy about 1,000 copies of each issue. Our circulation nears 2,500 each quarter, a figure on par with regional history magazines in much larger cities and a testament to the intense interest that citizens in this region have for local history. By the way, we sell the magazine here at the Historical Society also. Visit on the day of one of our programs; check out our Museum exhibitions and our Library and Archives.

Lest this turn into a simple sales celebration, I want to mention the other group responsible for our success — our contributors. I wrote in this space two years ago about the world being overstocked with people who communicate with one another about complex subjects through extremely specialized publications, often full of nearly impenetrable "professional-speak." I hoped to take the magazine along a different path, in which outstanding researchers (and their ideas) share space with other people, the nonspecialists who often have as much to say, in different ways. There are few, if any, magazines in America achieving this goal as consistently as ours, and I want to thank everyone — university and college profes-

sors, amateur and professional writers, and all the others, friends, critics, sympathizers — who have chipped in countless good ideas. It is, literally, a dream come true for me.

Each year, the Historical Society singles out someone for making an especially notable contribution, by awarding that person the Solon J. Buck Award for Western Pennsylvania History. A special advisory committee gives the honor to the author of the best article published in the last volume of the magazine, and the winner receives a \$500 honorarium. Professor Edward K. ("Ted") Muller of the University of Pittsburgh won the award for "The Legacy of Industrial Rivers," in the Summer 1989 issue. His article was the cornerstone of our first year of *Pittsburgh History*. Expect to see more of Dr. Muller's work in 1991.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mystery railroad bridge identified

Dear Editor,

In a recent *Pittsburgh History* article there was a photograph of a railroad bridge, from the 1940s, that could not be identified ("The Business Career of Henry Clay Frick," vol. 73, no. 1, Spring 1990, page 10). The place is North Bessemer, Penn Hills Borough, Allegheny County, Pa. Leechburg Road goes under that bridge, the "Bessemer Bridge."

Engine 902 (pictured) was one of the passenger train engines for the Bessemer line. The train went from Greenville, Pa., to North Bessemer in the morning, and from North Bessemer to Greenville in the afternoon. My father worked for the railroad from 1916 to January or February 1963. I rode the passenger train from North Bessemer to Mercer, Pa.

I now live in North Bessemer, and I still regret that the Bessemer changed from steam engines to diesel engines. The large steam engines had a very majestic appearance.

The freight yard in North Bessemer is very quiet since the steel industry's demise in the 1980s. At one time the freight yard was always full of hoppers going north or loaded hoppers going to the steel mills.

Howard Clark
Penn Hills

Editor's Note: Beginning operations in 1869, the Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad is the only Lake
(Continued on page 189)

Inside the Wicket Gate: A Child's Adventures in Glenshaw

Memoir by Margaret Fay Shaw



MY great-great-grandfather, Alexander Shaw, sailed with his four sons from Scotland's Gourock on the Clyde to Philadelphia, arriving in 1782. He was thought to have come originally from the northern town of Inverness to work in the Carron Iron Foundry near Glasgow. One son remained in Philadelphia, while the others crossed the Alleghenies to Pittsburgh.

The three sons were granted a large tract of land by John Wilkins. It was north of Pittsburgh near the Allegheny River. One son, my great-grandfather, Thomas Wilson Shaw, chose a narrow valley; his brother John built a grist mill at the end of the valley, and brother James took the land above the valley, to farm. Thomas built a small factory for making sickles, hoes and other agricultural implements. His sickles must have been his own design, for there is not a similar one to be found in Scotland or the United States. One still hangs on a wall in the house which he built in 1823 of bricks fired on the place. The walls are four bricks thick. He married a Scots-Irish girl, Sarah Scott, and they had one son and eight daughters. The son was my grandfather, also named Thomas Wilson Shaw.

'In the 1850s, two surveyors from Scotland arrived to work for my grandfather. A post office was to be built and its location had to be named. One surveyor suggested Glenshaw.'

Margaret Fay Shaw is a scholar on Gaelic culture who lives on the Isle of Canna in Scotland. *Opposite, top:* The modern-day Thomas Wilson Shaw house, hardly changed in the last 150 years, is the Glenshaw landmark north of Pittsburgh where Margaret Shaw grew up. *Inset:* Margaret, right, with her sister Elizabeth, c. 1908.



In the 1850s, two surveyors from Scotland arrived to work for my grandfather. A post office was to be built and its location had to be named. One surveyor suggested Glenshaw. A log house for a school was half way up the hill on what is known as Kleber Road. Great-grandfather built a Presbyterian church on his property. (The sickle factory had doubled as the meeting house.)

His son became a doctor in Pittsburgh and married Katherine Stoner. The eldest of their nine children was my father, Henry Shaw. My great-grandfather had given him a piece of property near his own house and my father built a house to his own design. There I was born, the youngest of five daughters.

In the narrow wooded valley between the two bridges that span Pine Creek — “The Crick” to us — was the house my father built, great-grandfather’s house, the church, and a small house occupied by a family named Hunter. This was during my early childhood, around the turn of the twen-

tieth century. Our house had a large garden, fruit trees and a grape arbor. The Presbyterian congregation would come on the road made of planks, in surreys, buggies, and traps, tying their horses to hitching posts across from the church at the edge of the creek.

The hillsides were thick with trees, mountain laurel and sassafras, with trillium and jack-in-the-pulpits in spring. The shallow creek with the flat rocks was where we played, catching crayfish and shivering at the sight of the occasional water snake. A wide lawn stretched from our house past my great-grandfather’s and had giant elm, maple and apple trees, and then the barn, big and mysterious with the lovely smell of horses and leather. We would climb at some peril onto a beam in the hayloft and jump off into the mountain of hay.

By the barn grew an apple tree which bore what we called July apples, for they were the first to ripen. We children would gather the first that fell and hide them in the hay-mow to ripen. They



were small, yellow with red stripes, and I have never tasted their like — the best ever. There were other apple varieties. Northern Spy was one, and they were for cooking or eating, and some for making apple butter. A huge iron cauldron was placed on a wood fire outside under a sycamore, and filled with sour apples flavored with cinnamon, spice and sugar. My great aunts, Maria the cook, and anyone tall enough, would take turns with a long handled paddle

shaped like a hoe with holes in it, stirring until the mixture was a dark ruddy brown. Then it was put in Mason jars. The family legend is that Mrs. Heinz made her first ketchup in the huge copper cauldrons borrowed from our Glenshaw kitchen.

Beyond the hay field behind the barn was a path made of two narrow planks with a wooden railing. It was overhung with elder bushes, first laden with white blossoms and then masses of deep purple berries. The path ended at a little wicket gate that I was forbidden to pass, for there was the high bank and the tunnel through the hill. The trains came roaring up the valley, blowing their whistles and ringing their bells, rushing with thunder into the tunnel. A great cloud of black smoke would come out after they passed. How I longed to see what was on the other side of the tunnel! For me, it was through the tunnel that the great wide world lay. I heard that was the way to travel: hop a freight and lie flat on the top. Then came the fast trains with the sleeping cars bound for Chicago, streaking past and away through the tunnel.



pictures to enjoy and his greatest delight was seeing the International Exhibition of paintings that came to the Carnegie Museum once a year and attracted visitors from Europe as well as from around the United States. He longed to visit London, and when he was recovering from pneumonia and in need of a change from Pittsburgh's foul air, he and my

mother sailed in February 1903 to London. People in the hotel were shocked that he wouldn't stand in the cold to see King Edward pass by but had gone through snow to hear Campbell Bannerman speak in Parliament. And he returned with a fine collection of etchings which he greatly prized.

My father first worked in a steel mill in Joliet, Illinois, after college. He later became head of the Garrison Foundry in Pittsburgh on the south side of the Monongahela River. My father knew every man in the mill — many were Czechs from Pittsburgh — and the warmth and good feeling among them was my father's pride. The mill made steel rollers used in the manufacture of, among other things, Peters Chocolate silver paper wrappers and Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

My father travelled daily, including Saturday, from Glenshaw to the Allegheny depot on the North Side and back on a B & O train. This was the early 1900s. When I was 7 years old, my father took me to see the fiery molten metal being poured into the sand molds — a fearsome sight — and to meet the mules which pulled the heavy loads. The animals were black and enormous, but they bent their heads to allow me to stroke their soft, white, velvety noses.

My father was extremely well-read. Every Christmas, we five daughters would give him a George Elliot novel in the Nelson Edition. He and my mother gave one another books and marked for one another passages they'd enjoyed. They were both very active in the Pittsburgh Civic Club, trying to do something about the slums where the immigrant mill workers lived. My father voted for Woodrow Wilson because he liked the man; he couldn't abide Teddy Roosevelt; I forget just why, but I'm sure he'd have opposed anyone so pugnacious.

My mother's maiden name was Fanny Patchin, daughter of Henry Lyman Patchin and Lydia Tompkins. She was a Yankee from New England,

My great-grandfather had told my father how as a little boy his father had lifted him up on his shoulders to see General Washington pass by on a white horse when he came to Pittsburgh. In addition to serving as a surgeon at Gettysburg, my grandfather had been a doctor for the immigrants in the slums of Pittsburgh who had come to work in the mills. He was first an intern and then a doctor at Mercy Hospital, which was a Catholic hospital with nuns, and of course he was a Presbyterian. The nuns adored him. When my sister Kay went to work in the 1930s as a pathologist with Dr. Ernest Willets, a prominent Pittsburgh physician, an elderly nun saw my sister's name on the door and said, "Are you by any chance a relation to a Doctor Thomas Shaw?" They were still making up his "purge pills," known as "Dr. Shaw's Little Black Devils."

My father was the eldest son and the pride of his father, a civil engineer and a graduate of Rensselaer, already a famous college of engineering. He had wanted to be an artist and had shown some talent in portrait painting, but my grandfather regarded artists as Bohemians in velvet jackets and flowing ties, supported by their parents. My father bought

where breeding and mental ability were what mattered. Her maternal ancestor, Joseph Patchin, came to Connecticut in 1640 from England as a bonded servant. In the following 100 years, the Patchins married into well-known New England families and eventually settled in Bennington, Vermont. I think she found the wealth of the Pittsburghers, without the distinguished minds, difficult to take. But she had in my father a like mind in taste and in books.

The "big house," as we called my great-grandfather's house, was always cool on the hottest day. The room known as the front parlour was only open for special callers and tea parties in summer. It was a light and pretty room with a white marble mantelpiece and portraits of the great-grandparents. In winter it was piercing cold; one time it was said

to be below zero. But the living room and dining room were warm and welcoming. The house had 10 rooms; one of the large bedrooms was made into a bathroom long before my time. There was a carriage house, various farm buildings such as the wash-house which had a fine open fireplace, and a spring cellar with a stone trough cut by Daniel Boone's nephew. There were two rooms above the wash-house for the hired men. All but the barn are there today. There were both horses and cows in my earliest memory.

My great-aunts, Martha Shaw and Ellen Watson, and her husband, Robert Watson, and a nephew, Charles Spencer, lived for many years in my great-grandfather's house. There was also the Negro cook, Maria Lawson. The family spent summer afternoons in their splendid wicker chairs



Above: Glenshaw, 1912. The train depot, right, and grain processing building, center, owned by one of the Shaws, are now gone. The Shaw homestead is up the valley, behind the grainery. Today, the area is connected to Route 8 by the same road that crosses the tracks in this photograph on the far right. *Opposite:* Thomas Wilson Shaw's building, also gone, was a farm implement factory. He built it in the mid-1820s a few hundred yards up the Pine Creek Valley from the Shaw homestead. Date of the photograph is not known.

Below: Glenshaw Public School, c. 1912. According to Vi Roe, Librarian at the Glenshaw Public Library, Margaret is the seventh from left, first standing row. *Opposite:* Pine Creek, c. 1912, with the Presbyterian Church and the Shaw house in the distance. "Then a thaw would come," recalls the author, "and the ice on the crick would crack like the sound of a gun."



on the porch with its four white pillars. They had pockets in these chairs to hold their books and the big palm-leaf fans that they used slowly and elegantly.

My great aunts were a contrast. Aunt Martha was tall and large. Looking up beside her, it seemed a mile to her belt with the silver buckle. Her loving kindness was a warm cloud around her great frame. Aunt Ellen was small and stout with a sharp tongue and a keen wit. With her smart black bonnet tied under the chin with broad ribbons, so neat and assured, she was a pillar of the church and the missionary society. She had no illusions nor awe. My father went with her to attend the funeral of a wealthy relative by marriage who had been a missionary in China. The family knew him to be very hard on their gentle cousin, but the minister extolled the virtues of this man, who carried the message of Christ to the heathen. "He shall be found in the bosom of Abraham," said the minister. Aunt Ellen whispered, "Harry, wouldn't he make a

handsome breast pin!"

Aunt Ellen outlived Martha and Robert, dying in 1928 at 90, and the house was inherited by my four sisters and me. Caroline has continued to live there and the eldest, Dr. Katherine L. Shaw, returned there after her medical studies. My sister Martha was then Mrs. Paul Caruthers and Elizabeth became Mrs. William Boone Groves.

If there was illness or company in our house we were sent to stay in the big house and this was an adventure. The beds were so enormous and one sank deep in the feather mattress with a mass of bedclothes on top. A hot brick wrapped in flannel warmed the frigid feet. The first sound in the morning was the coffee mill which Maria held between her knees to grind. Breakfast was always with Maria, in the kitchen: buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, wheaten cakes with hot molasses and butter, corn meal mush or porridge. A neighbor farmer, Mr. Glasgow, always brought pork sausage when he killed a pig in winter weather.

Maria was related to my parents' Negro cook, "Birdie" Nash, whose husband was Louis, the gardener and house man. Their son was Harry. They had a house in the village. They left soon after my mother's death in 1911, when I was 7, and Alice Diggs, also Negro, came to live in the house. We also had teenage nursemaids from the village, two of them being the sisters Mary and Minnie Myers. We were close friends with all of these people. Harry was between my sister Elizabeth's age and mine, and we played and went to school together. I kept in touch with him, and his oldest daughter became a highly-thought-of maternity nurse at Magee Hospital in Pittsburgh.

And how cold the winter! The creek was frozen hard and there was skating on the mill pond. The snow lay deep and one knew from the special squeak of the wagon wheels that it was below zero. We would put bananas on the windowsill when we went to bed, and in the morning they were frozen as hard as stone and we chipped off pieces. So delicious!

Then a thaw would come and the ice on the crick would crack like the sound of a gun. One time, around 1912, it formed a great gorge a long way up the valley. My father, hurrying home from the train, warned us that the gorge was about to break and would bring a flood. We sat by the fire listening. Soon we heard the sound of water in the dark. It filled the cellar and my father, with his trousers rolled up his thin white legs, went to rescue his laundry which was afloat in the baskets. Then the water was above his knees and he came up the cellar stairs, worried about the big house, for the year I was born the water had come in several inches deep and the best carpet in the front parlour was frozen to the floor. We peered out the window into the blackness and could see the shine of lighted windows on the water and great white lumps of ice banging against the house and floating away.

The next morning found us marooned. Enormous cakes of ice, like plinths of giant statues, were everywhere. The whole valley was a frozen lake. My sisters put on their skates and sailed off to the big house to find that all was well, and then on across the lawn and through the meadow. What gaiety this catastrophe brought! My father managed to scramble from the back door to the

hillside and found his way to the village and came back laden, mostly with baked beans. There was no gas, so we dined from a chafing dish, which was more fun. There were no trains and no post, no school for my sisters for several days. Everyone was skating. So many Shaws: uncles, aunts, countless cousins, and my sisters. I, being the youngest, was spoilt one hour and bullied the next. Just as a very pretty cousin bent down to give me a kiss, a young man put his dirty hand between her lips and my cheek.

Even in summer the creek where we loved to play, and whose gentle song we heard as we lay in bed, could become a raging flood, sweeping across the lawn, surrounding the houses, washing away the road planks and the bridges, as it swept on to the Allegheny River. Then it would quietly return to its proper place and the yellow water would clear. We would wade in the pools left in the garden and catch the tiny minnows in the grass. Once, around 1906, the water filled the cellar and washed out the mushroom beds of manure from the dark recesses. But there was little destruction compared to what happened in a village called "the Flats" further down the valley. Mrs. Mauser was carried away while seated in her outdoor privy, which fortunately lodged between two trees. She was gallantly rescued, but I was horrified, thinking of her embarrassment. It was afterwards known as Mrs. Mauser's gondola.

Automobiles were appearing and our more well-to-do relations would come from their fine houses to call on their country kin in large Pierce Arrow limousines with liveried chauffeurs. The seats were of fine leather, but in summer they were covered in white linen. We were sometimes taken to visit these relatives and I enjoyed their elegance but was so shy that I could scarcely speak when spoken to and had a painful time swallowing at the table. "Don't you

like your orange juice?" I was asked. Of course I loved it but felt that I made such noise swallowing that I was ashamed to drink it.

There was a lovely summer when my father's young widowed sister, with her little boy and various uncles, visited. The little boy brought his pony with a governess cart, a thing we had never seen before. Our world had only buggies and



surreys and what we called a “trap.” How I longed to ride in that two-wheeled contraption that looked like a giant laundry basket, but my mother forbade me to ask. I stood in the drive watching them jump in. I could bear it no longer, and I said, “Here’s me!” The kind uncle lifted me up. I hadn’t asked and now I think I was extraordinarily astute for a child of 4.

On rare occasions I was taken to Pittsburgh — “town” as we called it — on the local train from Glenshaw to Allegheny. One train ran in the morning and the other at noon, with a return at night. My sister Martha took my nearest sister, Biddy, and myself to see “The Bluebird” at the Nixon Theatre. We were so excited, dressed in our beaver hats and Peter Thompson coats (navy blue with brass buttons and an eagle on the shoulder); then the train ride and the sight of the wonderful theatre in red plush, white, and gold. I was spell-bound until Tytyl, the black cat in the play, cried at a door on stage to be let in. Such a passion for cats I have that I was desperate, seeing one in such a state. I cried out, “Let him in, let him in!” Poor Martha was so embarrassed and I was soon in tears and disgrace.

The visit to the Carnegie Museum was much more of a success. It was not only by train to town, but a trolley car ride to this enormous grey stone building. Such a hush was inside! My sister Martha’s one reason for taking me was to see what she called the “dipple-a-dockus.” The complete bones of this reptile had recently been put together, and it was the biggest ever found. I was appalled at the sight, though I was told it would wear a thick grey hide and only eat vegetables. I saw it again in a dream when I looked from my bedroom window to see that the crick had flooded and subsided to leave the valley a sea of yellow mud. Half-buried in the mud was a railway engine and very near at hand stood the dipple-a-dockus. It looked amiable but not pleasant.

My father tried to persuade me that most snakes were harmless and beautiful, making me stand beside him while he tickled a harmless black snake with a long piece of straw so that it curled up and shot out its forked tongue. Black snakes were the friend of man, and the water snakes in the crick would do no harm unless we stood on them. But I knew there were copperheads about. My friend Rosalia was playing in the grape arbor one hot Sunday afternoon and began to cry. Her aunt took off her sandal and sock to see the two fang marks. She at once began to suck the wound, and the only car in the village was sent for to take her to town to hospital, where she stayed quite a while. From that time on, we were made to wear boots while playing in the long grass.



Aunt Ellen's tomcat brought in a snake and left it on the flagstones at the kitchen door. We all gathered to see it and were told by our young nursemaid Minnie that it wouldn't die until sundown. I showed the most fear, so she took it by the tail and chased me, whirling it around and then letting it go. It struck me in the back. I ran so fast and tried to scream, but no sound came. After that I had dreadful nightmares: a snake was in the goldfish bowl, and I could see its white underside as it moved against the glass. My sister's long black pigtail on the pillow in the night made me scream. I was a long time getting over this fear, until some years later I made myself pick one up by the tail. I

found it dry and firm, not like what I had imagined. It cured me of my phobia.

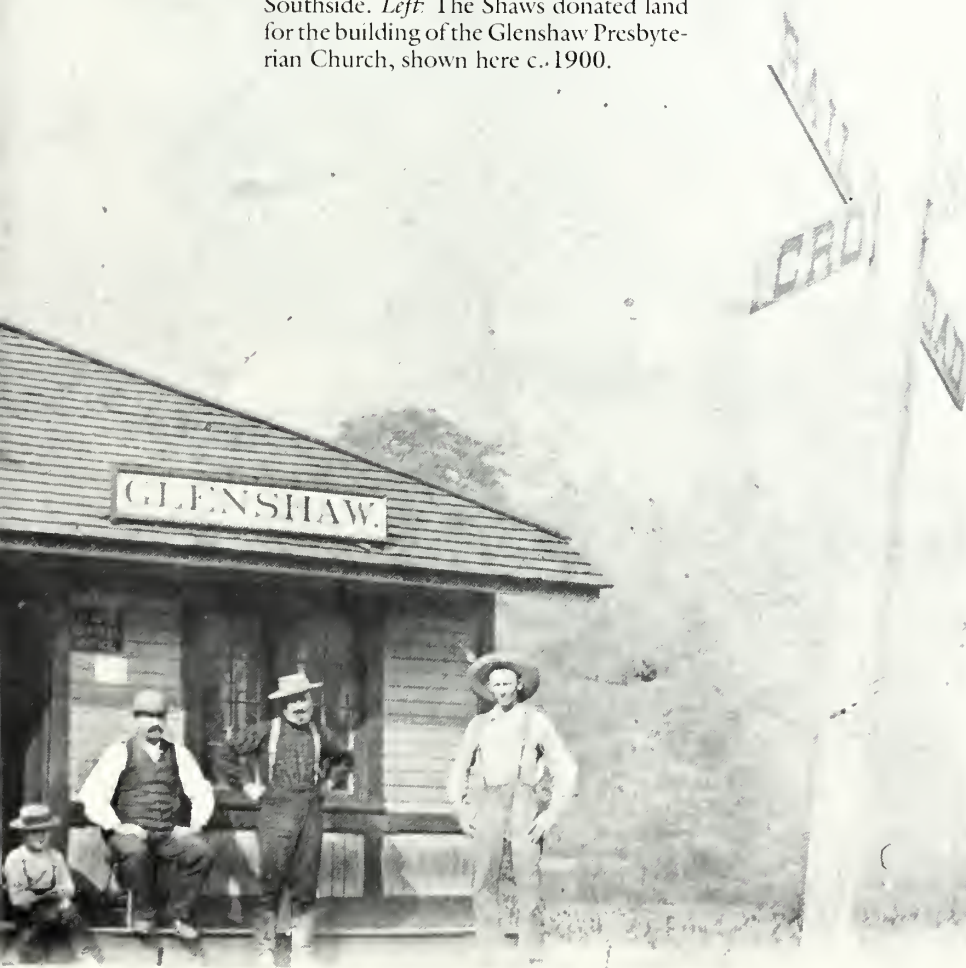
My father was a lover of animals, but he didn't allow dogs because there had been a case of rabies, and he was nervous, especially in the summer. There were so many wild animals in the wood. The most lovable were the raccoons: so fat and thick-coated with stubby ringed tails, and bright sweet faces. They were a pest, but my father had forbidden hunting of any kind. They would come down at night in a band to take the ears of corn off the stalks, never finishing one but tasting many. They could remove lids from garbage pails and had a fondness for cake and sugar. We had a tame one that lived in a pen built around a tree. He had to have a pan of water, for everything given him he would take in his little hand-like paws and wash thoroughly, whether bread or a crayfish.

Weasels were the great menace. If they got in the hen house they would murder every one, sucking the blood. One day a fine red fox carried off one of my father's precious Rhode Island Reds, but he was so delighted that such a rare animal should be in the vicinity, he ignored the crime. Opossums would come to steal the eggs and one gorged himself and then fell asleep in a nest. I saw him there as I tiptoed in: such a lovely fur coat but a long and scaly tail. I was distressed because the gardener took him away to be roasted for a party. But Louie was a wonderful friend, always patient with questions and showing me many exciting things. Once he took me through the snow to the crick bank. The ice on either side didn't quite meet and the water ran swiftly between. There on the opposite side was a brown mink with her two striped kittens clinging to her back. She was busy fishing. I remember his anger when the orange cat, Caesar, walked up the back steps which he had just finished painting green. My sister cried to him from the kitchen door, "Poor Caesar, how shall I get the paint off?"

"You bring me a kettle of boiling water...!" Louie said.

Being the youngest of five

Glenshaw train station, built in 1877, according to Glenshaw Public Library records. (Date of photograph unknown.) Margaret's father commuted daily on the Baltimore & Ohio train to Pittsburgh, where he ran the Garrison Foundry on the Southside. *Left:* The Shaws donated land for the building of the Glenshaw Presbyterian Church, shown here c.1900.



sisters, with three years between myself and my sister Biddy, I was left alone to find my pleasures. I can still hear the voice of "Chick-a-biddy" as I tried to follow her and her friends: "Do we have to take her?" But I concluded that to tag along would be grim, and I had other interests. Music was a joy even when it brought tears. My father gave my mother a phonograph

that played wax cylinders, but they were distressed when, upon hearing "My Darling Nellie Gray," I flung myself in my mother's lap and was hard to console. It was my first taste of woe. I much preferred listening as my cousin Charlie would sing "Susan Brown" to his guitar, or "Over the Bannister Leans a Face," or my favourite, "Beauty's Eyes." All his songs were cheerful and full of love. Sad songs were a disaster.

But the great temptation was the piano. Caroline was the sister who showed musical talent; she was given lessons by a German professor in Pittsburgh. I was not to touch the piano, for it was hers to practice on and play. But when she was out of the house, I would touch the keys and find a tune. One day as I tried both hands, I suddenly found my tune and played "All Through the Night." Louie was polishing the stairs and showed his astonishment. The key I had hit upon was six sharps and remained so for all my tunes until I added five flats. I was limited to those two keys. To this day, I can't play the simplest thing in the key of G by ear, but I can be blind and play in six sharps. Now the piano is, after all, a modern instrument. Why is it that somebody born today plays in that key without any training at all? I don't understand it. This habit of playing by ear in those two keys from the age of 6 (and ever after) proved a great handicap when I started my music lessons at 12.

My father was delighted, and from that time, he took me to hear the very rare little concerts that came to Glenshaw. (Most of the music at Glenshaw came from the church choir, which sometimes had the accompaniment of a string quartet. I disliked contraltos and cellos which to me were dark brown and sad.) I remember the first time vividly: four men called the "Bell Ringers from London" came to Glenshaw and arranged their innumerable bells on a long table in the church. They played with such agility and ease that the audience had the thrill



of its life — or so I felt. But the day above all others was the day when my father took me to Pittsburgh to hear Sousa's band play at Exhibition Hall, around 1910. "Stars and Stripes Forever" and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody Number Two" stayed in my head until I found their titles long afterwards.

It was at Easter time that my mother died.

My sister Biddy and I had been taken to stay with a family friend, away from our valley where this sorrow was to come. The friend took me on her knee to tell me my mother had gone to Heaven. In my misery and tears, I told my first lie. She asked me if I was using a handkerchief, and I said "yes;" but it was my doll's dress. This was on my conscience for years.

Why is it that grown women will talk together before a child of all the pity and worry they feel, as if the child were deaf and could not have any understanding? Then there was the embarrassment of returning to school, which was thought would be the cure for my grief. The stares and silences from the other children were too hard to bear. I ran off one afternoon, crossed the crick and hid in the woods where I found relief and interest in the flowers and in being alone. When I thought school would be out, I walked through the woods to the village, where I would meet the other children to come home. It was too early. My way took me through the backyard of an elderly cousin. She saw me and called me to come to her porch where she had milk and cookies waiting. She never asked me where or why, and she never told. I loved her forever.

My father decided when I was 9 that we would move over the hills to the village of Sewickley on the Ohio River, where he had sisters and brothers to comfort and advise him on bringing up his five daughters. He had pleasure in building a house there in 1913 on Thorn Street. But it was a contrast to the lovely woods, fields, and freedom of Glenshaw. No more Louis, Birdie, or little Harry, to my sorrow — and then Alice, whose loving arms knew what I missed. She wore her spotless white aprons so stiff with starch that I cut my lip on the hem when I flung myself into her lap; I still have the scar.

I remember sitting on the steps of the house at

Glenshaw looking down the valley towards the place where it makes a sharp bend, and there is on the hillside a sheer rock that used to catch the red glow of the sunset. I had watched for that glow so many times; long afterwards I found a poem of Emily Dickinson's lines that bring back that desolate day:

There's a certain slant of light
On winter afternoons,
That oppresses, like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.
[. . .]

When it comes the landscape listens,
Shadows hold their breath;

When it goes, 'tis like the distance
On the look of death.

Sewickley is some 20 miles over the hills from Glenshaw. People used to refer to it as a village, but it was much more like a small town, with two banks, many shops, a police station with two cells, and a fire engine house. Along the tree-lined streets were the fine houses of the well-to-do, while up the hill were the splendid estates of the very wealthy. It was and still is the elite suburb of Pittsburgh.

My sister Martha, who was next to the eldest, had returned from boarding school to take the responsibility of being mother to me, and of the



Opposite: Grove Street in Sewickley, looking toward Centennial Street. Margaret and her sisters moved here after their father's death. The street was typical of the many tree-lined streets of Sewickley. *Above:* Bell house, Grant Street, Sewickley. Mrs. Bell was a neighbor of Margaret's.

house. At 18, this was a heavy load for her. It would have been easier to go on living in Glenshaw, where we belonged and had no overseers. In Sewickley we were surrounded by aunts, who had moved there, too. Martha was determined that my sister Biddy and I should appear before them as models of neatness and good behaviour. Biddy was all that could be desired in both accomplishments, and besides, was very pretty. I was untidy and slow, also plain, called dilatory by Aunt Ellen, and had a mind that wandered. My school reports always had the note: "lacks concentration." And yet I had two teachers whose teaching stayed with me: tall, elderly Miss McClyments, who gave me an understanding of grammar and an appreciation for the pleasing sound of a sentence rightly in order. She read aloud for one hour on Friday afternoons. Miss Mitchell, who followed her, was regal and severe, but she encouraged us to use our eyes with our minds and to make a map with illustrations in watercolour of Stevenson's *Inland Voyage*. She praised my effort, a rare occurrence.

Across the street from our house lived Mrs. Hershberger, who was an invalid. She had a Victrola and classical records. When she and her husband found that I loved to hear them, they would ask me to come in the evenings when Mr. Hershberger would be home to put them on. So I heard Caruso, Galli-Curci, Kreisler, and many others who would transport me to Heaven.

Another neighbor had a boarder, a tall, fair young man who was simply known as "Mrs. Bell's boarder." I haunted that house to hear him play the piano; Brahms waltzes were his specialty. His name was James Hendel and he became my lifelong friend. It might have been that he was pleased with my adoration of his performances, but he was kind and amusing. He wrote me letters that were to continue for 70 years. I addressed him as "Mr. H" and I was "M. Shaw." They would come when I was in want of understanding and help. One especially important letter was waiting for me when I went to St. Bride's school in Scotland years later. Feeling the chill of being conspicuous with my accent and my clothes, the letter said to look at this new experience as though it were a movie — not to let it penetrate, but to watch and enjoy it, and to look for the gold which we are told is to be found under the most unprepossessing exterior. This advice was to be my salvation.

Meanwhile, my piano playing improved, always in six sharps or five flats, and when it was found that I could listen and then play the songs and dance tunes my sisters adored, I became of some value. My Aunt Elsie thought I should attend Miss Molly Chaplin's Dancing Class, held in the ballroom of the Edgeworth Club. Being excessively shy, this was an ordeal. I was among children of the



private schools, the very well-to-do, and I had no one I knew. My Aunt Elsie, the most generous and imaginative of persons, saw that I had proper dresses and slippers, but I felt a barn cat among Persians.

Miss Molly had a Mrs. Porter, who played the piano for our dancing and for when we marched around the room. She knew that I played by ear, and one day she said to me, "Now you play the march for them to walk out." So I did. Miss Molly, then, meeting my sister Kay when she came to pick me up, said, "Your sister should have piano lessons."

My sisters thought that since Caroline had had expensive lessons and had given them up, preferring to be a singer, that as I could play well enough to amuse them, I had no need for lessons. And I, who had seen my friends labor with scales and silly little pieces, wanted none of it. But Martha thought of the organist at the Presbyterian church who played accompaniments for visiting singers. So a Mr. MacAfee was asked and I went in fear for my first lesson. He was a giant of a man with a head like a Roman Caesar. We began with simple duets, arranged for teacher and pupil.

Playing duets with Mr. MacAfee helped me to read music, though I've never been proficient; people who play by ear always have difficulty in reading music. We progressed rapidly to lovely airs

Fair Acres, Blackburn Road, Sewickley Heights. 1912, was typical of the wealthy estates that looked over Sewickley.



of Schubert and Mozart, to Weber's "Freischutz" and Polish folk songs. It was a joy for me to play.

My father died suddenly, in 1915, and I had to find my way again. The house was sold, and my two oldest sisters and my sister Elizabeth and I moved to an apartment on nearby Grove Street. ■

More about the author: At age 14, Margaret Fay Shaw went to the Baldwin School at Bryn Mawr. She continued her education at other schools, including five years as a piano student in New York, London and Paris. In 1928, she began to learn Gaelic and to collect traditional folk songs on the island of South Uist in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland. She has spent nearly her entire life since on the Gaelic-speaking islands of South Uist, Barra, and Canna. Her husband, John Lorne Campbell, purchased Canna in 1938; they farmed there until 1983, two years after giving the island to the National Trust for Scotland. They now live in retirement on the island.

Shaw is the author of *Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist*, the classic on the subject published in Great Britain in 1955, and now in its third edition; the book contains dozens of photographs by her, many of which had previously appeared in a 1947 *National Geographic* article. [Right: This photograph, #21 in Shaw's book, is of "Mrs. Iain Campbell (Bean Iain Chlachair) with her Hebridean sheep." Used by permission of the author.] Her numerous other contributions include films on old Hebridean culture shown several times in Britain. Shaw has retained her American citizenship and keeps a close connection with her old home in Glenshaw.



Looking for Appalachians in Pittsburgh:

*Seeking 'Deliverance'
and Finding the
'Deer Hunter'*

By Phillip J. Obermiller and
Michael E. Maloney

APPALACHIA is an abiding symbol of rural white poverty in America. When the media needs a visual clip, a sound bite, or a few column inches on rural poverty, reporters and photojournalists are dispatched to Appalachia. When presidential contenders need a social issue, their campaign trails often include a stop at a small Appalachian town for a quick speech and few photos.

Apart from its symbolic function of

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Pittsburgh, c. 1920, from Mt. Washington,
looking toward downtown.



invoking images of poverty, Appalachia remains fairly unknown to mainstream America. Millions of Appalachians, primarily from West Virginia and Appalachian regions of other central and southern states, have left the region and settled in metropolitan areas from Baltimore to Los Angeles in search of work and improved life chances for themselves and their families. These migrants receive even less recognition than their kinfolk back in the mountains. Urban Appalachians have been characterized aptly as the "invisible minority" — invisible because their culture is not recognized and minority because when it is recognized, it is not accepted by individuals and institutions in the urban mainstream.

Appalachian migrants to cities like Cincinnati have begun to organize, and they are imposing a severe strain on the

assumptions, stereotypes, and biases of urban power brokers. Cincinnati's urban Appalachians are teaching government social service departments, philanthropic organizations, social welfare agencies, school systems, and mainline religious groups that ethnicity is not restricted to people of foreign lands and cultures, that poverty is not confined to blacks and rural whites, and that assimilation into the urban milieu is not a foregone conclusion for many rural-to-urban migrants.

In Pittsburgh the picture is entirely different. The city, the county (Allegheny), and all of Western Pennsylvania lie within the Appalachian region as defined by the federal government, making the entire population of the Pittsburgh metropolitan area technically "Appalachian." Yet there is no sign of an

Appalachian cultural presence in Pittsburgh. The city's history of immigration and its strong ethnic neighborhoods would lead most observers to believe that Appalachians are merely the most recent group of white ethnics to establish itself in the city. Yet Pittsburgh may be the only major metropolitan area or near the Appalachian region without a significant population of migrants from other parts of Appalachia. This article explores the reasons for this anomaly.

The authors, one Appalachian, and the other of European ethnic stock, are familiar with the dynamics of Appalachian migration and ethnic neighborhood formation in Cincinnati and other midwestern cities. We traveled to Pittsburgh expecting to find hidden enclaves of "invisible" Appalachians. We visited several different neighborhoods in an



around Pittsburgh. We interviewed key informants across the city — preachers, social workers, educators, shopkeepers, university professors — and always asked where we might find a neighborhood populated by West Virginians or by “folks from the mountains.” We scanned scholarly documents and daily newspapers, looking for hints of an Appalachian presence in Pittsburgh. Using annual county-to-county migration data produced by the U.S. Census Bureau and Internal Revenue Service records, we studied migration flows out of Appalachia and into Allegheny County in selected years from 1955 to 1981.

The results of our studies are presented here in the form of a comparison between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh. Cincinnati represents the 30 major metropolitan areas in which Appalachians can be found as a legitimate, if invisible, ethnic group. Pittsburgh, surrounded by Pennsylvania’s Appalachian counties and readily accessible by Interstate 79 from West Virginia, stands alone; it represents the only known case in which Appalachian migration streams have almost entirely avoided a readily accessible industrial city.

The Appalachian region is composed of 397 counties, which lie across portions of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina, North Carolina, Kentucky, Ohio, New York, Virginia, Maryland, western Pennsylvania, and the entire state of West Virginia. Although Appalachians are generally perceived as rural people, about 75 percent of the region’s 1980 population lived in metropolitan or urban counties.¹ Major urban areas in the Appalachian region include Birmingham, Charleston, Chattanooga, Huntington, Huntsville, Knoxville, Pittsburgh, and Tuscaloosa. Cities located in counties bordering on the region include Atlanta, Buffalo, Cincinnati, and Memphis. Extractive industries, specifically

coal mining, traditionally have formed the region’s economic base; agriculture, forestry, tourism and recreation, and textile manufacturing are also components of the regional economy.

There is significant cultural diversity within the Appalachian region. In eastern Ohio, for instance, there are areas with people of primarily Anglo-Saxon and Celtic heritage who have historic links to Kentucky and Virginia. Other sections of the region were settled by people from New England and are not a part of the “upland South” cultural region. The river towns north of Marietta, Ohio, are home to large numbers of people with central and southern European backgrounds. Similar diversity is

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found in Appalachian Pennsylvania. Washington County appears to be more strongly influenced by the culture of the British Isles than the steel towns along the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, where central European ethnicity is more prevalent.

What then is meant when we say that a person is “Appalachian” or when we use terms such as “an Appalachian neighborhood?” Because of the variety of connotations and denotations that the term “Appalachian” can have, we will describe some of the most common usages and indicate which one we are using at any given time. A politician might reasonably refer

to all residents of the 397 counties in the region as Appalachian. This usage ignores the reality that many people living in the region may have moved there from other places, but because of the availability of data, many researchers employ this definition. Research on Appalachian migration generally considers a person who was born in the region or whose forebears were born in the region as Appalachian. “Southern Appalachian” refers to people living in West Virginia and the mountainous areas to the south, while “Northern Appalachian” refers to people living in the hills of southeastern Ohio and upland areas to the north.

Anthropologists studying value orientations go beyond these geographical and topographical distinctions and define as Appalachian anyone who is tied to the region by ancestry and who shares the subcultural values of that area. Further distinctions could be made between mountain subcultures — for example, between farmers and miners, rural folk and small town folk, or snake handlers and Primitive Baptists.

The most dramatic Appalachian migration to metropolitan centers began in the decade after World War II. Those who clustered in blue-collar ethnic neighborhoods and who experienced problems typical for most low-income migrants (underemployment, poverty, school failure, stereotyping, and discrimination) are primarily from the northern and southern Appalachian coalfields. As might be expected, this group is predominantly white, mostly Baptist or Pentecostal, and heavily blue collar. They are for the most part of Scots-Irish or Anglo-Saxon heritage, speak with a distinct accent, and especially enjoy country and western, bluegrass, and “old time” gospel music. When we went looking for Appalachians in Pittsburgh, these were the people we sought.

Based on these characteristics we expected to find Appalachian neighborhoods replete with “hill-billy” bars and restaurants, Pentecostal and Baptist churches, and people speaking with mountaineer accents. Other typical lifestyle features of blue-collar Appalachian neighborhoods include pickup trucks with hunting rifles mounted inside the back window, camping vehicles, body shops, and shade-tree mechanics working on cars and trucks.

We acknowledge that there are other kinds of Appalachians in Pittsburgh — for example, professionals from West Virginia living in suburban communities, or blacks from eastern Kentucky living in integrated middle-class neighborhoods, or blue-collar Polish- and Italian-Americans from the mining counties of southwestern Pennsylvania living in central city neighborhoods. Our point is not to deny Appalachian heritage to any of these groups, but to recognize that they are quite likely highly assimilated into urban milieus shaped by the dominant social, economic, and cultural forces on each group.

The motive for Appalachian migration has been largely economic. In 1954, 53.6 percent of the farm operators in southern Appalachia were engaged in nonfarm work, a sign that farming was failing to provide a livelihood.² Unemployment combined with the economic and social effects of World War II to impel a migration from the region, which swelled in the postwar period. The railroads’ conversion to diesel fuel, the change over to electric ovens in the steel industry and to gas furnaces in residential heating, and the automation of mining above and below ground put thousands of miners out of work in the central Appalachian coalfields. The number of bituminous coal miners in southern Appalachia in 1940 was 170,385, but by 1954 the average number of miners work-

ing daily in the same area was only 108,902.³

The move was social as well as economic.⁴ Manufacturing jobs were opening up in the industrialized cities of the northeast and midwest. Post-war improvements in travel and communication systems added to the lure of the cities. Southern Appalachia lost more than 13 percent of its population between 1940 and 1950, 19 percent from 1950 to 1960, and another 5 percent during the 1960s.⁵ Although there is evidence of net return migration during the 1970s, out-migration from Appalachia seems to have resumed in the 1980s.⁶ At one point migration from the Appalachian region was

so heavy that the Council of the Southern Mountains felt compelled to publish and distribute a pamphlet explaining which personal documents the migrants needed to take with them to establish residency in their new cities.⁷

The destinations of the migration streams have changed over time from cities in the Midwest and the Northeast to urban growth centers in the South and Southwest. In the 1960s Washington, Detroit, Chicago, and Cleveland ranked among the top 10 receiving cities. By the early 1980s Houston, Nashville, Tampa/St. Petersburg, Phoenix, Dallas, and Los Angeles were showing rela-

Favorite Cities for Appalachian Migrants

- Appalachian Region Boundary as designated by the Appalachian Regional Commission in 1965.
- Old destination – Major metropolitan area with historically large Appalachian community.
- △ New destination – Metropolitan area among the top 10 for migrants from the Appalachian region, 1980-81. (Also includes Houston, not shown.)
- An old and a new destination – Metropolitan area with historically large Appalachian community that remained among the top 10 destinations for Appalachian migrants into the 1980s.



tively large net gains of Appalachian migrants. Metropolitan areas within the Appalachian region such as Birmingham, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Charleston, Huntsville, Huntington, and Tuscaloosa are also popular destinations.⁸

As we begin the 1990s millions of Appalachian people are living in cities as far apart as Baltimore and Phoenix or Detroit and Ft. Lauderdale; some are recent migrants, while others are the children and grandchildren of migrants.

The impact of migration on Appalachian people has been well documented by authors such as Harriet Arnow, Joseph Howell, Robert Coles, James Brown,⁹ and William Phillips,¹⁰ but the effect of Appalachian migration on the receiving cities has been largely neglected. The urban costs and benefits of what Brown and Hillery called "The Great Migration" probably will never be calculated accurately because they are likely immeasurable. Nevertheless, we will suggest a few areas where the impact has been felt.

The first and most obvious contribution of the Great Migration has been economic. Many Appalachian workers stopped trying to fill coal cars in the countryside and began to build cars in the cities. They moved from West Virginia to Akron to make tires for Firestone and Goodyear, to Cleveland to refine gas for Sohio, to Canton to make engine bearings, or to Youngstown to make wiring harnesses for Packard Electric. From Kentucky they moved to Dayton to make batteries at Delco and to nearby Middletown where they rolled steel into sheet steel for auto bodies at the Armco plant. Workers came by the thousands from Appalachia to the GM, Ford, and Chrysler assembly plants in Detroit, Flint, Pontiac, Fort Wayne, South Bend, and Cincinnati. Many others went into construction, building the streets, homes, factories, and offices of urban centers. Many of these

workers had roots in the United Mine Workers of America; they contributed to the growth and vitality of the various construction brotherhoods and to the automo-

Appalachian women left their kitchens for food processing plants, potato chip factories or commercial bakeries in the cities.

tive, rubber, and chemical workers' unions as well.

Appalachian migrant families moved from the mountains to the cities with their work ethic and their social roles fairly intact. Appalachian women joined the urban labor force in large numbers, adapting their traditional familial roles to the urban environment. In Cincinnati, where nearly 80 percent of the Appalachian women hold full-time jobs outside the home, they found work as teachers, nurses, and social workers, continuing their involvement with children, the sick, and the elderly. They left their kitchens for food processing plants, potato chip factories or commercial bakeries; they translated their crafts into assembly work at Kenner Toys.

In short, Appalachian people made up a large part of the midwestern labor force that stimulated economic growth after World War II. Appalachian men and women played an important role in building the physical infrastructure, producing the durable goods, and providing the human services that fueled the post-war economic expansion in our cities. Their role was especially critical in the face of the heightened nation-

alism and other factors that slowed the influx of immigrants from other countries, the barriers that prevented black workers from holding many jobs, and the relatively undeveloped state of automation at the time. Without Appalachian workers, the rate of economic development in the receiving cities would have been much slower.

The new urban environment had its effect on Appalachian migrants as well. They worked hard to maintain the cultural values and institutions they had brought from the mountains. Upon arrival in the cities, Appalachians connected with family and peer networks which were usually concentrated in heavily Appalachian neighborhoods.¹¹ These urban areas were dotted with the bars, restaurants, churches, stores, and workplaces which other Appalachians frequented.

In Cincinnati, the cultural differences of the newcomers gave rise to stereotyping and negative labeling by natives.¹² New urban myths arose to explain the behavior of the "hillbillies" moving into the city. Rather than identifying with these stigmatized images, most migrants reject all labels (including "Appalachian") and identify with their state of birth or simply with being "from the mountains."

Appalachian values and folkways have adapted to the city. For instance, bowling has replaced fishing and hunting as a pastime for some migrants. Gender roles changed as well, with women experiencing more independence through paid employment and careers outside the home. Many Appalachian churches have evolved from small inner-city storefronts to stained glass and stone sanctuaries serving hundreds of suburban families.

A Tale of Two Cities: Cincinnati

Its diversified industrial base is a key factor in Cincinnati's record

of economic stability and balanced growth. Early immigrants from manufacturing cities in Germany established metal casting foundries and precision machine tool companies that endure to this day. One of the area's largest employers, General Electric, fabricates and assembles precision parts for jet engines. Automobile companies such as Ford and General Motors also employ many skilled workers in their local plants.

Germans from more rural areas founded stockyards, abattoirs, and meat packing plants that earned Cincinnati the sobriquet of "Porkopolis." These thrifty immigrants were famous for using "every part of the pig but the squeal" and their industrial legacy is just as diverse: the Kroger meat and grocery chain, Proctor and Gamble soap products, and Jergens cosmetics all have headquarters in Cincinnati.

Following a pattern similar to that in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati's early industrialists founded schools, philanthropic foundations, hospitals, banks, and insurance companies that provide a wide array of job possibilities. With its blend of employment opportunities in manufacturing, marketing, finance, health, and education, Cincinnati has long been a magnet for migrants in search of work.

Cincinnati is a city of strong neighborhood identities that convey more than a sense of location; they are also associated with specific ethnic and racial groups and with varying economic conditions. Historically, Cincinnati and its environs have been a major destination for Appalachian migrants. The migration peaked in 1958 but continued strongly into the next decade; between 1965 and 1970 one out of 10 recent migrants to the city was Appalachian.¹³ By 1981 greater Cincinnati ranked ninth of the 30 major receiving cities; nearly one of every four residents of the metropolitan area was either a first- or second-

generation Appalachian migrant.¹⁴

Most Appalachian families came to Cincinnati to find jobs. They were generally young, married, less well-educated than their urban counterparts, and frequently in the unskilled or semi-skilled sector of the labor force. Many Appalachian workers found regular employment, joined unions, and became an integral part of the urban economy. Others, however, were less fortunate. Used by employers as a pool of surplus labor to augment the local labor force during cyclical busy seasons, these Appalachians became the working poor, who often slipped unnoticed into the urban underclass.

Taken as an aggregate, first- and second-generation Appalachians are not doing badly. When compared in 1980 with non-Appalachian whites and non-Appalachian blacks in the Cincinnati metropolitan area, white Appalachians have a socioeconomic status lower than that of other whites but higher than that of blacks. As

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for schooling, work, and income, Appalachians are doing better than blacks but less well than their white counterparts. White Appalachians have 26 percent fewer high school graduates, 26 percent fewer workers in white-collar occupations and skilled trades, and 14 percent less average annual income than do other whites in the area.¹⁵

A different picture emerges, however, when the metropolitan Appalachian population is divided between residents of Cincinnati

and residents of the suburbs. About one-third of the Appalachian population lives within the city limits of Cincinnati, and members of this group fall consistently below their suburban counterparts on a variety of economic and social indicators: they are younger and less educated, earn less money, work at less prestigious jobs, and are more likely to be living alone.¹⁶

When Appalachians living in the city of Cincinnati are contrasted with their non-Appalachian black and white counterparts, their situation appears even poorer. The three indicators of socioeconomic status — education, occupation, and income — show non-Appalachian whites to be at the higher end of the scale, white Appalachians at the lower end, and blacks in the middle. Only 32 percent of the non-Appalachian whites have less than a high school education, for example, but this proportion rises to 47 percent among blacks and 67 percent among white Appalachians. Similarly, one-third of non-Appalachian whites are employed in professional, technical, or managerial occupations, but only 19 percent of blacks and only 8 percent of white Appalachians hold such positions. Whereas 22 percent of the non-Appalachian whites report annual incomes of \$40,000 or more, only 16 percent of blacks and 7 percent of white Appalachians have incomes at this level. Although the Appalachians' lower socioeconomic status is attributable in part to the higher percentage of females in the group, it is evident that Appalachians living in the city have a lower overall socioeconomic status. As a group they are closer to blacks in these characteristics than to non-Appalachian whites.¹⁷

Slightly more than 13 percent of Appalachians in greater Cincinnati are black; nearly 22 percent of the blacks in the area are first- or second-generation Appalachians. Black Appalachians have somewhat less education but earn slightly

more income and enjoy higher occupational status than do other blacks in Cincinnati. Yet these differences become inconsequential when compared with the much larger differences between blacks and whites in the city. Overall, the socioeconomic resemblance of black Appalachians to other blacks is much stronger than the similarities between white Appalachians and other whites. Black Appalachians have assimilated into the urban black community to a degree that white Appalachians have not achieved in relation to the larger white community in Cincinnati.¹⁸

Like black Appalachians, Appalachian women form a minority within a minority in urban areas. Although nearly four-fifths of urban Appalachian women are working full time, they are less educated, hold lower status jobs, and live in households earning less average annual income than their male counterparts. The subordinate status of Appalachians in greater Cincinnati seems to intensify the stratification between Appalachian men and women.¹⁹

A Tale of Two Cities: Pittsburgh

The steady decline of the steel industry over the past 60 years has affected Pittsburgh's demographic profile directly. The story has been one of out-migration rather than in-migration; the Steel City has lost 80,000 industrial jobs and more than 90,000 residents in the last two decades. Between 1980 and 1989 the Pittsburgh metropolitan area experienced the largest population decrease for any U.S. metropolis. The city's demographic losses are the highest in the nation, whether considered in terms of net population loss (134,000) or as a percentage of total population (5.7 percent).²⁰

According to research on Appalachian migration to Pittsburgh using 1960 and 1970 census data, Pittsburgh was an unpopular destination for migrants from southern Appalachia.²¹ In 1960 Pitts-

burgh was ranked 27th out of the 30 top-ranked metropolitan destinations for Appalachian migration; by 1970 it had dropped to 29th and was ranked a distant last among the seven metropolitan receiving areas located in the Appalachian region.

Surprisingly, 1980 figures on Appalachian mobility rank Pittsburgh at the top in the same ranking for metropolitan receiving areas. Indeed, the 14 southwestern Pennsylvania counties alone contributed 32,215 migrants to Pittsburgh and Allegheny County in 1980.²² But we must keep in mind several factors that make drawing a precise picture of the migration flows difficult when interpreting these data. First, in terms of net Appalachian migration (the number of people entering Pittsburgh from elsewhere in Appalachia minus the number of people leaving Pittsburgh for some other destination in Appalachia), Pittsburgh actually experienced a net loss of 1,789 migrants in 1980. Second, the 1960 and 1970 data consider only migrants from southern Appalachia; they disregard those from Appalachian counties in New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. Those statistics excluded the ring of Ap-

Women experienced more independence through paid employment and careers outside the home.

palachian counties surrounding Allegheny County, whereas these counties were included in the migration for 1980. This makes the more recent data on migration to Pittsburgh in 1980 from the Appalachian counties of southwestern Pennsylvania difficult to inter-

pret. The balance of the migrants came principally from the other Appalachian counties in Western Pennsylvania, as well as in southwestern New York and southeastern Ohio; migrants from West Virginia are a fairly small part of this migration stream.

Pittsburgh, like Cincinnati, is a city of neighborhoods. Natives and visitors alike are keenly aware of this reality; one gives and receives directions that begin with statements like "Oh, that's in Oakland," or "Yeah, take the Liberty Bridge over to Mt. Washington." In both cities natural neighborhood boundaries such as rivers, hills, and ravines are supplemented by parks, boulevards, and railway tracks.

Long-established ethnic group settlement patterns give Pittsburgh residents a good idea of who lives where.²³ Polish Hill, of course, was Polish. Bloomfield remains heavily Italian. Much of the black population lives in the Hill District northeast of downtown. Squirrel Hill is heavily Jewish. Oakland, near the city's universities and hospitals, is diverse and cosmopolitan. Large-scale out-migration of blue-collar families since 1970 has weakened but not destroyed these ethnic enclaves. Gentrification has occurred in some areas, but these demographic changes will not soon alter basic neighborhood characteristics based on ethnicity and social class.

The area has suffered heavily from loss of population and of blue-collar jobs, but Pittsburgh's ethnic neighborhoods remain intact, primarily through the resilience of their residents. In the past, three generations of working-class families in ethnic neighborhoods usually occupied three separate houses in their community. These families are now doubling and tripling up in one house. As one informant told the authors, "Grandma moved in and the kids are staying or moving back in." Family income lost in the former

industrial economy is replaced partially through informal exchanges and casual labor, the "off the books" transactions such as flea market sales, odd jobs, repair work, and babysitting. One informant reported, "The jobs are not here to support the yuppies the city seeks. The ethnic neighborhoods are safe."

Home ownership is another factor in the relative stability of Pittsburgh's neighborhoods. Nationally the home ownership rate is 63.8 percent; in Pittsburgh it is 74.4 percent. Moreover, housing in this area is less expensive than in other U.S. cities. Only four of the largest 150 cities in the country have average housing costs lower than Pittsburgh's.

The existence of ethnic neighborhoods is not enough in itself to explain why West Virginians and other Appalachians have not established their own neighborhoods in Pittsburgh. Ethnic succession in urban neighborhoods is a fact of life in most major metropolitan areas; in 1940 several Cincinnati inner-city neighborhoods were predominantly German Catholic or Jewish; by 1970 these same neighborhoods were Appalachian or black. Yet this process does not seem to have affected as many neighborhoods in Pittsburgh as it did in Cincinnati and other midwestern cities.

In Cincinnati, Appalachians are the largest resident group in at least 10 neighborhoods. They are organized politically and culturally, operating several community centers and celebrating their culture with local and regional festivals. The Frank Foster Library on Appalachian Migrants is located in Cincinnati, as is the Urban Appalachian Council, the Appalachian People's Service Organization, and the Appalachian Community Development Association. Appalachian churches can be found across the city and (more frequently in recent years) in the suburbs. Urban Appalachians have gained rec-

ognition by city government, the school board, and community social agencies as Cincinnati's second largest minority group after blacks.

Blue-collar Appalachians are a major part of the work force in local factories; their white-collar counterparts work in hospitals,

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schools, and social service agencies across the metropolitan area. Urban health care delivery systems are learning to adapt to the special needs of Appalachian migrants, such as screening and treatment of pneumoconiosis. As early as the 1970s the superintendent of the Cincinnati Public Schools stated that serving the educational needs of Appalachian students was one of the most serious challenges facing the school system.

Because one of every four residents has Appalachian roots, Cincinnati has long been a focal point for academic research on patterns of internal migration, urban social problems, and ethnic group formation. The research has resulted in numerous journal articles, four scholarly books, several novels, and the organization of Appalachian studies courses at local colleges and universities.

No such expression of an Appalachian presence can be found in Pittsburgh. On our visits to the city residents easily gave us directions to other ethnic neighborhoods in the city, but no one could direct us to an Appalachian neighborhood, a "hillbilly" bar or restaurant, or to a preacher with an

Appalachian congregation.

We visited poor white neighborhoods in and around the city. The central institutions located in these neighborhoods — grocery stores, bars, and churches — stocked no Appalachian food on their shelves, played no bluegrass music on their jukeboxes, and included no traditional mountain hymns in their services. We checked for West Virginia plates on cars and trucks in driveways and on the streets. We looked for Church of Christ and Holiness Church congregations. We listened for regional accents and asked people whether they knew of anybody from West Virginia living in the area. All to no avail. All of the people we spoke with were technically "Appalachian," in that they lived in the federally defined region. Some no doubt are rural-to-urban migrants, but we found no evidence of large concentrations of people who had migrated from the mountains of West Virginia or who could be considered culturally Appalachian. Even in the steel towns along the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, we received the impression from our interviews that West Virginia migrants were relatively invisible. They settled in, socialized among themselves, and got along peaceably enough with their neighbors of Croatia or Polish descent. They did not, however, take over large sections of the towns or build any permanent edifices equivalent to the domed and spired churches of the European immigrants. Perhaps a typical pattern was that the first-generation migrants moved back to West Virginia to retire, and their children, second-generation migrants, moved on to other midwestern cities as the decline in the steel industry grew more severe.

Hypotheses

There are many possible explanations for the different outcomes of Appalachian migration to Pittsburgh and to Cincinnati. The first

we call the spatial argument: Pittsburgh offered no physical, social or economic space to the newcomers. Tight-knit ethnic neighborhoods prevented the relatively late-arriving Appalachians from establishing a toehold in the city. These ethnically homogeneous communities had been maintained over time because individual houses were often inherited by family members or sold to neighbors. The same consistency typified the blue-collar job market in Pittsburgh; working-class ethnics controlled the unions and lower management positions, ensuring that new hires would come mostly from their own networks of kin, neighbors, and friends. The abiding solidarity of early migrants to Pittsburgh may have acted to exclude Appalachian newcomers from communities, housing, and jobs. Whether through elaborate or direct channels in the chain migration process, word would have filtered back to others in the mountains that Pittsburgh was just not a good place to move and find a job.

Another, similarly possible explanation is based on the nature of ethnic group behavior. Patterns of ethnic clustering by occupation and industry have been well documented. Groups not only are excluded from occupational opportunities, but also self-segregate in the labor force through ethnically specific job search patterns and employment preferences. According to this view, Appalachian workers in the Midwest gravitated toward the automobile industry rather than the steel industry, for whatever reason. This tendency would account for the presence of large numbers of Appalachians living in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and Cincinnati, as well as for their absence in Pittsburgh. (The only exception to this pattern we are aware of is found at Armco Steel in Middletown, Ohio, but most of Armco's output is consumed by the automobile indus-

try.) This theory is also supported by the recruitment practices of industries; having found a reliable and satisfactory source of labor, they tend to tap it again and again.

Another possible explanation for the absence of Appalachian neighborhoods in Pittsburgh is a variation of the ethnic argument. That is, the migrants to Pittsburgh from the Appalachian region are

Much more work is needed to determine why Pittsburgh is an anomaly in the migration of Appalachians since World War II.

themselves of immigrant stock, and have blended quietly into the various ethnic communities. The urban Appalachians in Pittsburgh may have been, for example, miners of Italian and Polish descent from the Appalachian coalfields of southwestern Pennsylvania. These ethnic miners may have moved to Pittsburgh to become steelworkers. Evidence supporting this ethnic argument comes from the recent migration data for Allegheny County cited earlier.

From a different viewpoint, we can hypothesize that Cincinnati and Pittsburgh experienced different types of migration streams from Appalachia. Unlike the fairly direct moves from the region to midwestern cities such as Chicago, Detroit, and Cincinnati, the flow to Pittsburgh may have been interrupted by diffusion. In short, migrants coming up the Monongahela Valley or across the Ohio River valley may have encountered intervening opportunities in the mill towns and suburbs south and west of Pittsburgh. The

opportunity to avoid the "big city," combined with job opportunities closer to "home" in West Virginia and southeastern Ohio, may have siphoned off many potential migrants to Pittsburgh. In a variation of this idea, the migrants may have stopped short of Pittsburgh and may have taken up residence in the ring of counties surrounding the city. By commuting, these people could participate in the city's labor force while retaining some semblance of rural life. This line of thinking gains credence from the presence of a large white Protestant underclass in towns such as Beaver Falls, Aliquippa, and Washington. These people, living in Appalachia as defined by the federal government, display some Appalachian cultural characteristics and may have been early Appalachian migrants to the area.

Another set of explanations comes from an understanding of the respective social structures of the two cities. The long-term decline of the steel industry and the concomitant downward trend in the Pittsburgh-area economy began in the 1930s and was reversed only briefly by World War II. The area may never have had the same attraction to migrant workers as industrial cities not dependent on steel, such as Cincinnati, Baltimore, and Columbus.

Social mobility also was limited in Pittsburgh by an abiding working class. In Cincinnati, by contrast, working-class people of German heritage moved into the middle and upper classes, providing an opportunity for blue-collar Appalachian migrants to move into the neighborhoods, housing, and jobs left behind. Thousands of Cincinnati Germans, for example, joined the post-war movement to the suburbs. The stagnant Pittsburgh economy, on the other hand, inhibited mobility socially and economically.

Does this situation mean that Pittsburgh's current efforts to move from reliance on blue-collar

to white-collar industries will create new social and occupational opportunities for Appalachian migrants? We think not. Jobs in the primary and secondary industrial sectors are vanishing, even as jobs in the tertiary sector are being created. Ethnic succession in Pittsburgh's labor force and neighborhoods is less likely to occur than the social immobility caused by the decline in blue-collar work.

Which of these hypotheses accounts most accurately for the absence of Appalachians in Pittsburgh? Probably all of them, in some combination. As observers from Cincinnati we have raised the question and have brought it to this point. Now students of Pittsburgh's history must take up the task, examine the historical evidence for each hypothesis we've offered, and determine their relative importance. ■

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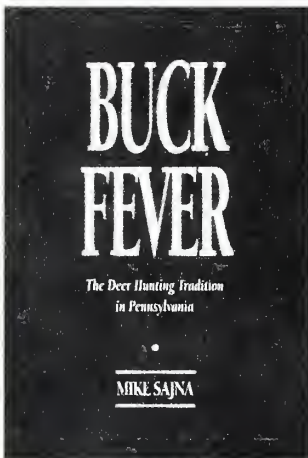
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THE CONQUEST OF MILLSBORO

by Terry A. Necciai

MY great-grandfather, Agostino Necciai, was born March 29, 1861 amid circumstances I have only begun to understand. Until very recently, about all I knew of my great-grandfather's family was that from about 1893 they had lived in mining towns along the Monongahela River in Western Pennsylvania, and that my great-grandmother and most of her children had died very young.

A year or two before my grandfather died, in the early 1970s, my grandparents, parents, aunts, uncles, and a few cousins were inspired at the end of one of my Aunt Alberta's wonderful Thanksgiving dinners to pack into a car and drive 45 minutes upriver to Millsboro, the little town where my grandfather, Primo Necciai, was born. We rode around the few streets there, past rows of old frame houses. My grandfather pointed out that his mother was buried under Route 88, which had been re-routed over the cemetery site. My father accidentally backed his car into a fire hydrant, denting the chrome bumper on the old Ford LTD, and we all decided it was time to turn around and go home.

Well, there was also one other thing that I knew. My great-aunt, whom we called Zia Marfisa, was a sort of trinket collector, and in one of her trunks full of

trophies from self-indulgent trips to the 5¢ & 10¢ was a faded copy of a booklet my great-grandfather had written, entitled *La Conquista Di Tripoli* (*The Conquest of Tripoli*). I was immensely curious about the content of this tiny volume of poetry by Agostino Necciai. I asked Zia several times if I could see it, and she went through the whole ritual of opening the blanket box where she kept it, shifting around some figurines and costume jewelry, and lifting out the tiny book. I asked her what it said, trying to get her to make good on an old promise she had made to teach me to speak Italian. But she always seemed to get out of telling me much of anything about the poem, thus heightening the mystery. One time, she studiously read through several lines, coming to the word "*chiacchierone*" and chuckling out loud. I asked what was funny, and she told me that the word means "chatterbox." That was all. Chatterbox. Very funny.

Actually, it was a great point of irony. "Chatterbox" was the last word on earth you could use to describe a Necciai — at least before this one was born. Most of my Necciai cousins are very quiet, and it was difficult getting them to tell me much of anything, both because I am very talkative, and because they are not. I credit my mother with making me so inquisitive about family history and helping to mine out what little information I knew about these Italian immigrants who came here to work in the coal mines. She is a seventh generation Mon Valley "Johnny Bull" (the local term for WASP) whose family holds annual reunions just to tell long stories about flatboats, horses, cattle trains, and anything else that happened

Terry A. Necciai received his Bachelor's degree in Architecture and Creative Writing from Carnegie Mellon University in 1981. An avid local historian and historic preservationist, he has written numerous articles on the history and architecture of the Monongahela Valley. *Above:* Early twentieth century Millsboro on the Monongahela River.



Agostino Necciai (seated), c. 1925, with his children who survived into adulthood, from left: Marfisa, Gaetano, Primo and Attilio.

more than a hundred years ago but is still alive in the family's collective, inter-generational memory. It just didn't seem right to her (or me) to carry around a name like Necciai and not know what people by that name had done last century.

In 1976, when I was in college taking an elementary Italian course, I asked my professor, Giovanni Puppo, to translate my great-grandfather's poetry. He did so, very graciously, and the mystery began to unravel about Agostino Necciai and *The Conquest of*

Tripoli. Many more details fell into place when I had the privilege to be the second descendant of Agostino's to return to Italy since he had come here almost a century ago.

Agostino Necciai was born in Montecatini Alto, a castle-town on a small mountain peak in a section of Tuscany known as the Valdinievole (roughly: "valley of the foggy river"). The Nievole is a small river that flows out of the mountains into the Arno River about midway between Florence and Pisa. The Valdinievole is right about the dividing line between the provinces of Pistoia and Lucca, and for a very long time, it was contested territory. In medieval times, it was a walled fortress, barely able to defend itself from surrounding provinces, each of which wanted to conquer this little section and become more powerful. Cosimo Di Medici succeeded in conquering Montecatini Alto in 1554, and tore down the fortress walls and most of the castle's 25 towers, and in the process, destroyed all the written records of the town's prior history. It remained a quiet mountaintop town in Tuscany until the end of the eighteenth century. Montecatini had had thermal springs and even a few

Roman bath houses. In the late eighteenth century, construction began on several large new bath houses at the foot of the mountains, where the new town of Montecatini Bagni, better known as Montecatini Terme, sprang up.

The famous mineral waters of Montecatini were very promising to people in failing health. The spas attracted not only many ordinary people with afflictions, but also a few very famous ones, such as Giuseppe Verdi, who made Montecatini his second

home. In the nineteenth century, the new town at the bottom of the hill was still a very small cluster of bath houses. Many of the visitors stayed high on the mountaintop at Montecatini Alto.

Another nineteenth century celebrity attracted to the waters of Montecatini was Giuseppe Giusti, a poet, born in nearby Monsummano in 1809. Giusti became the most famous of a school of satirical poets from the Pisa/Pistoia area. His poetry was irreverent and burlesque in character. He is still well-remembered there

Agostino Necciai was a poor peasant who somehow managed to teach himself to read and write.

for his attacks against the church. He lived in a palazzo (mansion) next to the

oldest church in Montecatini, and it is said that he consciously turned his head as he went in and out of the house, literally "turning his back" on the church. Giusti's attitude toward his next door neighbor, the church, reflected an anti-church movement that had developed in the town by his time.

Enter Agostino Necciai. Born just 11 years after Giusti died, Agostino adopted many of the same passionate opinions as the famous satirist, including his style of poetry. Agostino actually lived in or near Vico, a word which means approximately the same as the English word "burg." Vico is the name for a village just outside the castle wall, where late-comers to the community lived. Baptismal records at the church next to the Palazzo Giusti show that Necciai were baptizing their children there as far back as 1810.

The name Necciai has a long etymology that takes it back to *leccio*, a term used for acorn. *Neccia* refers to a cake (or bread) made from chestnuts. Until this century, the chestnut was the winter staple for poorer families in Tuscany. Farmers would grind dried chestnuts into a kind of flour called *farina di neccia* and then mix it with water and spices to make a grand reconstituted chestnut called *la neccia*. (Another word for this confection is *castagnaccio*, which comes from *castagna*, the standard Italian word for chestnut.) *Necciaio* means "one who makes *neccia*." *Necciai* is the plural. (Tuscan names almost always have the masculine plural "i" ending.) The name can be traced back to the 1300s, and according to the Heraldry Society of Florence, a Necciai went to France as a servant to Caterina Di Medici. If the old story is true that Caterina's Tuscan chefs created much of what we now call French cooking, then it may also be true that she wanted to have someone in her household who could make chestnut bread when she got homesick!

The Necciai baptismal records indicate that the family was not lacking in rootedness. The first names, for instance, were repeated in every other generation,

from 1810 to well after the emigration to America. Agostino's father was Gaetano whose father was Agostino whose father was Gaetano; little wonder that my grandfather's oldest brother was named Gaetano, and that there are several Augusts and Guys in Uncle Gaetano's large family.

The family was very poor. Unlike Giuseppe Giusti, who was a nobleman, Agostino Necciai was a poor peasant who somehow managed to teach himself to read and write. In *The Conquest of Tripoli*, Agostino refers to himself as a *carbonaio*. This word could mean charcoal burner, coal miner, or coal dealer. I believe he was a charcoal burner before he left Italy, which means that he went out into wooded areas, gathered dead wood, made a mud enclosure around it, set the wood on fire, and then waited until the pile had turned to charcoal. This was a very dirty, menial and hard way to make a living.

Agostino had a nickname which was shared among his brothers, and is still used jokingly by his sister's family members in Italy. The name was "Lo Sghello."

MY only relatives named Necciai still living in Montecatini are descendants of a cousin of Agostino's who was a tenant farmer. This cousin's grandson Giordano had a great story to tell that shows how "agitato" Agostino really was. Around 1893, Agostino was out of work and his cousin offered him a job on the farm,

carrying a tank of water on his back, with a little pump handle on the one side and a short hose on the other. His job was to spray the grapes and the olives. (This photograph shows the same kind of machine, still in use today. The



The man is Signor Mancini, whom my cousin Massimiliano and I noticed working in a field while we were driving through the Montecatini countryside in 1989.) Anyway, as the story goes, every time he pulled on the little pump handle, he would say "*Vo in Amercia! Vo in Ameria!*" which is Montecatinese dialect for "I'm going to go to America!" One day, the pump handle broke, and he walked to the storage shed and threw the machine down, saying "*Adesso, vo in Ameria!*" ("Now I'm going to America!") That was the last they saw of Agostino Necciai. They knew he had gone to America, but they never so much as got a post card from him. They assumed he had gone there and died.

When I was in Italy, it was my first order of business to find out what "Lo Sghello" meant. I was unable to get a satisfactory answer, until I asked some of the family of Agostino's sister. They offered several synonyms which I couldn't understand, and then came

up with “*agitato*” (“agitated”). They kept saying it meant the one who starts a fight, and then gets out before becoming too heavily involved. After getting the message across to me, they pulled out a large unabridged dictionary, and we looked up the etymology together; we learned that the word dated from 1,000 years ago, when the Lombards invaded Tuscany. *Sgherro* was their word for captain. It can also mean coin, because of the image of the *sgherro* imprinted on Lombardic coins. (This may also explain the origin of my father’s nickname “Dindi,” which is Tuscan for

When naming their children, they avoided saints’ names, so common among Italians.

“p o c k e t change,” a name he has carried since he was small, tagging along with his father and grandfa-

ther on trips to the general store, where he was always asking for money.)

A few years before my visit to Italy, my cousin Ron (a former major league baseball pitcher) had made the trip. They were surprised to see him, and at first, didn’t believe this tall American could possibly be a grandson of their lost cousin Agostino. Little did they know that in America, Agostino had sired a large family, whose members, in Monongahela alone, number more than 100. In Italy, there appear to be less than three dozen people still named Necciai.

In fact, Agostino was part of a mass migration, specifically from the Italian hill towns surrounding Montecatini, to the Monongahela Valley, between 1890 and 1920. At least 50 families came. They settled mostly in small mining towns along the river. They brought with them some peculiar ideologies and traditions that set them apart from their neighbors. Many of them were non-believers who carried on a passionate war against the church. The men were often so strong in their anti-cleric stance that they forbade their wives taking the children to church, even once, to be baptized. When naming their children, they avoided saints’ names, so common among Italians. Instead, they used many names from classical literature, such as Giulio (Julius Caesar), Spartico, Arturo, Americo, and so forth. Sometimes, they used ordinal numbers to name their children — Primo, Secondo, Terzo, etc. (My grandfather was a twin — his name was Primo because he was the first of the two, and his twin was Arturo). They also liked very short names, using the same name more than once, in varying forms, to name siblings. Many families had a Lino and a Lina, a Bruno and a Bruna, a Nello and a Nella, etc. In some families, the surname was made into a first name, such as Lenzina Lenzi.

The Tuscans who came to the Mon Valley settled together in Millsboro, Stockdale, Dunlevy, Belle

Vernon, Black Diamond, Gallatin, and New Eagle, among others. Most of these neighborhoods are still well-remembered as the places where the “atheistic” Italians settled. They socialized together, quietly, in unofficial anarchist clubs. These organizations seem to have become less and less visible as time went on, particularly after many of the immigrants were naturalized, swearing on their naturalization papers that they were not anarchists.

The relationship of these Mon Valley Tuscans to other Italian groups is a bit obscure. They seem to have stayed separate from others until the 1930s, when a blending with Italian groups became noticeable, most particularly with across-line marriages, marking the development of a new, merged Italian identity. In 1936, for example, three Italian clubs representing Italians of three different backgrounds (northern, southern, and military veterans) merged in Monongahela to form the Italian Citizens Club, making the Italians the city’s largest single block of voters. The Necciai and many other Tuscan families were part of the newly merged Italian identity. However, some organizations remained distinct, such as the Garibaldi Club in Dunlevy, of which Agostino and his two brothers were charter members.

Agostino settled first in Millsboro, a little mining town on the Washington/Greene County line. Millsboro and neighboring Fredericktown were villages with eighteenth century roots, but which had been very small until the coal boom in the late 1800s. About two years after his arrival, Agostino sent back for his wife Armida and their daughter Marfisa, born just before he had left. Soon afterward, his brother Luigi and his brother Angelino joined them. Together, the three brothers were known as “Glie Sghei” (plural of *Lo Sghello*). Angelo settled in Clarksville, another village in the Fredericktown area (made famous in the 1960s by the United Mine Workers-Jablonsky murders). A shoemaker and a bachelor, he returned to Italy briefly, and



Agostino’s wife, Armida Necciai, c. 1905

then upon his return here, took his own life in 1920.

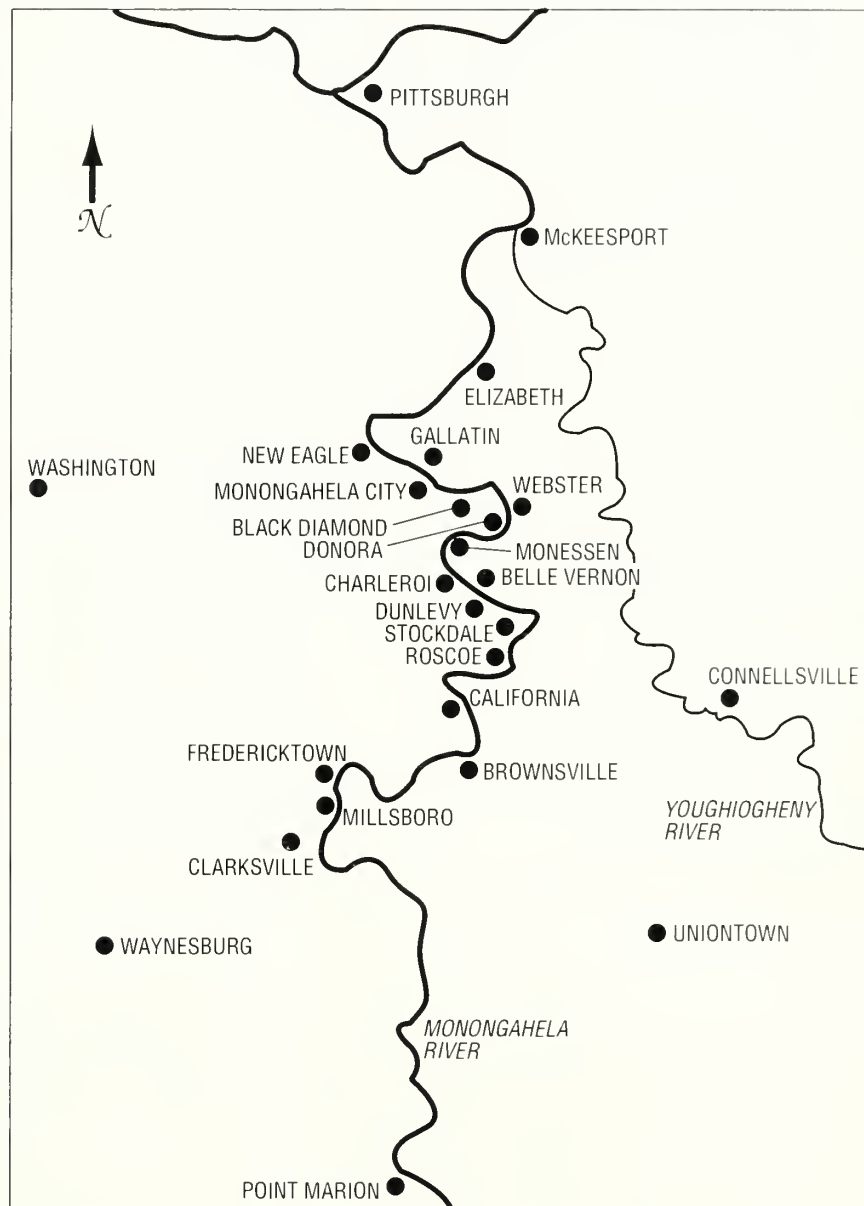
Agostino's family lived in a company house, possibly at Newtown, a "coal patch" that straddles the imaginary line between Fredericktown and Millsboro (my family always called it Fredericktown, even though they technically lived in Millsboro). The family was beset with ailments and accidents. There is a tradition in the family that the fire company (which was located, at one point, next to Agostino's house) would blow the fire whistle every time an accident happened in the Necciai household, such as when my grandfather cut off the end of his finger with a pen knife, or when his 2-year-old sister drank cleaning fluid and almost died, or when Zia Marfisa, as a young woman, fell through the ice while skating on the river, passed out, and almost drowned. My grandfather's mother died in an epidemic when he was three, and of his eight siblings, three died as infants and three died young of pneumonia. When my great-uncle Gaetano contracted pneumonia, about 1910, my great-grandfather carried him on his back 34 miles to Monongahela Memorial Hospital, the nearest hospital at the time. (It was built to serve all the coal miners of the bituminous coal fields.) A very frustrated man who had lost half of his family in this country, Agostino moved from company house to company house, eventually relocating to Dunlevy, and a few years later, to Gallatin, three miles from Monongahela Memorial. Zia Marfisa said that her father had written a long, sad poem about his family's troubles, but somehow, it was lost.

But what of *The Conquest of Tripoli*? Essentially, it is a long satire about the Italian government's propaganda for a war with Tripoli in 1911, with the misguided goal of rebuilding ancient Rome by taking one province at a time. Italy was only three decades old as a unified nation, and the weakness of the Ottoman Empire by that time posed a tremendous temptation to Italian nationalists. Agostino Necciai bravely charted out his course to fight the Italian establishment and to dissuade the Italian commoners from going to war — a very brave thing for an Italian coal miner in an obscure village in Western Pennsylvania!

This story makes a lot more sense when one adds in a very important ingredient: most Italian coal miners who came to work in southwestern Pennsylvania at the turn of the century came here as single men to make money and had no intentions

of staying. About half of them returned to Italy, where they faced difficult choices about political affiliations and military service. Agostino Necciai was not preaching to the lost heathens of another continent, but to young men who might one day be recruited as soldiers.

During the Renaissance, Tuscany had held an important cultural position in Italy. Famous Tuscan writers of that period, Dante and Petrarch, were among the first to write in the vernacular. With the Enlightenment, these classic writers were revived and the Tuscan dialect took on new importance which persisted; when an "official Italian" language began to develop, it was based heavily on the Tuscan dialect. By the late nineteenth century, any Italian who had had any exposure to the "official" language could



THE CONQUEST OF TRIPOLI

By Agostino Necciai

Translated by Giovanni Parmigiani and Susan H. Lewis

1

I do not sing to you in epic verse
Of braveries of the past; nor here begin
A song of Medusa's curse,
Nor of fratricides roaming cast.
And if someone is accusing me of gossip,
I'll say I speak truth and clear:
No longer are these times to sing a line
Of di Brave and Achilles so devine.

2

In Tripoli is there a gold mine?...
Ah then let's go there and take it;
Those Turks of such a depraved line,
Won't fight or endanger us anyhow.
And if the slobbering Grand Turk resists,
We'll fix that turkey with corn meal stuffing,*
So when we've taken Tripoli's golden ore,
We can feast after our glorious chore.

3

Let our lords stay at home, and more
With their lovely ladies and sons.
We will run off to take that treasure,
And those inhospitable, vermillion lands.
And with the echoing roar of the cannons
We young men so fresh like lillies,
Go ever foward, advancing through the woods
Until a cannon ball meets our head.

4

But what an ugly idea is distressing you?!
Courage! and foward and don't think of it;
Who dies in war will rise in glory
Into paradise among a crowd of angels.
And there above with lance at rest
Will entertain those blessed souls.
Eleven thousand surely will applaud,
And "here's a hero" all will say.

5

Young men of the age of twenty-one,
Of twenty and twenty-two, go there and run,
Those of twenty-three will not be lacking.
The pots are ready; do you expect
To find it already served? But this year
My dears you must dish it out yourselves.
Go there with a face brave and proud
And take the Grand Turk prisoner.

6

No one will refuse to go, at least I hope,
The Italian is not faint-hearted,
And for Italy you will conquer a new empire
Even if it costs your dear life.
That will not be difficult for sure;
I've seen more beautiful girls getting married.
But don't worry because that flock of Turks
Will cook in our Italian pot.

7

What do we care about taking Tirolò,
What do we care about Nizza and Savoia,
There is Corsica? oh! it's just a peg
Sticking out of the water: see what a joy...
And there could also be Malta, but where am I going
With these thoughts!...I'm boring myself.
These are lands that have no value;
We want the Turkish land, it's more savory.

8

We all must arm and act for honor;
We will slaughter the bedouins;
And enraged and full of fury,
Go to the ends of the earth.
As I said the lords and ladies
Can stay at home and guard it.
We, who do not care about our lives,
Will race to die for our country.

9

We'll leave united at the fanfare sound
With loaded guns and cannons,
We are Romans (with a little stretching)
Real blood like Caesar and Scipio.
If they don't put us in the coffin first
We'll conquer Korea, China and Japan,
And make them colonies of Italy,
And our lords will enjoy them.

10

Mothers, rejoice: your sons are going
To get corn for your dinner,
You will see how much they'll bring
And then sleep with a full stomach.
However, not everyone will arrive
At the warehouse they desire:
And those who get there will be in no hurry
To return to those anxiously awaiting.

11

Let's expel that damned race
Out of the world, it bothers us too much:
Let's evict them with our guns
And they will end up on the Moon.
By right that sphere belongs to them,
Perhaps up there they'll have better luck.
The Grand Sultan wears it on his head you see,
So they can even walk up there.

12

Italy is populated by heros like Tancredi,
Orland, Camillo and Coriolano,
Aiace, Ettore, Achilles; and therefore with heirs
Of ancient Greece and Rome.
They held the great positions of the world
Because they could fight.
Early masters of civilization
They taught the people with a club.

13

Let's look back at the pious Buglione
That celebrated crusading captain,
Famous general of a legion
Made up of people from France and Italy,
From Austria, Germany and Britain;
In total a good Catholic Christian.
And to liberate the Holy Sepulcher
He devastated half of Asia in passing.

14

But you must not compare
Your enterprise with such trifflings;
Those are not even worth remembering:
And if they are recorded in the annals,
It is only by chance.
But even in that case there are reasons;
That it is so; it is to make you see
The examples of those great heros.

15

Look at Julius Caesar and his
Desires to rule and then you'll see
How at the head of his armies he fought, and then
Always won as you know,
And Alexander, and he who vanquished Troy,
And Bonaparte don't forget,
And Garibaldi leader of squadrons,
With the great defect of not being thieves.

16

Young men for whom Italy was mother
Go all to Tripoli in happiness,
Have the Pope bless you
Invulnerable you will be, otherwise
You will not see again those graceful
Lovers of yours that trembling
You leave now, to go far away
To take the Muslim corn.

17

Why do you argue, slowly please
You say to me, we need
You to come and rant such nonsense,
With chattering as if you're telling a dream.
It seems to you that you have Tripoli in hand,
But Tripoli is not an apple tree
That you can just shake
And have apples for your needs.

18

We want with only discipline
To change the color of those...Turquoise;"
To teach the doctrine of Christ,
And to lighten them of their coins.
And, in the grace of devine goodness,
They'll go among the seraphim and cherubs,
Among the angels and archangels and among all the
That they will smell a little bit of sainthood.

19

And we after the war, triumphant
Will come back to our family's hearth,
To stop the painful crying
Of parents, brothers, sisters and wives.
Some without an arm, many sick,
And some without a leg or full of pain,
But, having vanquished the Grand Sultan,
We'll return home empty-handed.

20

The taylor won't be able to cover his bottom,
You will see the shoemaker without shoes,
The artisan will have no tools,
The peasant will not have food enough to eat.
Now I'll stop and end this mystery
By saying to people will you wake up?
He who battles for others has to know
That he'll die of thirst without drinking.

21

Now if the people would like to have
My name, I'll merrily say it well;
I was a charcoal burner by profession,
Agostino Necciai called "lo Sghello."
I have ambitions, but no power;
Nor have I education and my mind is weak,
I write in verse for fun, but I would like
In the end, my friends, that we could understand each other.

The translator's use of "turkey" for the Grand Turk is intended to mimic the author's satirical play on the Italian word for corn, "granturco," with Gran Turco (two words), which means "Grand Turk." In the Italian version, the Grand Turk is made into polenta, a dish made of corn meal.

In the original, there is a play on "turquoise;" in Italian, "Turchini" means both "little Turks" and "turquoise," the stone.

Agostino Necciai, c.
1930, in Gallatin, Pa.



understand a Tuscan, and this could not be said of a Piedmontese speaking to a Calabrian, or a Bergamese to a Sicilian. Even the poorest, lowest classes of Tuscans who came to America were treated well by immigrants from the rural villages of Italy. Their language was the *lingua franca* (common language), and after immigrating, the Tuscans seemed to have used this fact to their advantage.

A large number of Tuscans in the Mon Valley got into small business, presumably because of their ability to communicate with all other kinds of Italians. Few of these businesses ever grew large. The Lenzi family had a grocery store, a small restaurant, and a gas station. The Nesti family had a gas station. The Giannini, Moncini, Biagini, and Filoni families were in the beer distributing business. The Battaglini family had a construction company, and the Moncini family had a hauling firm. The Luti family went into the sign-painting business. The Valiani family had a butcher shop, and the Vezzani family a bakery. The Bartoletti family had a bar and hotel. The Bandini family had a bar and a trailer court. The Giorgi family started a restaurant. The Lucchesi family ran a bar and restaurant.

Perhaps the two largest businesses started by families from in or near Montecatini were the Calistri Ice Cream Factory in Charleroi and the Marraccini grocery store chain in the Elizabeth/Clairton area. The Tambellini family of Pittsburgh restaurant fame was also from this part of Tuscany (Lucca). In many families, getting into business was a gradual move toward refinement; for example, Pittsburgh architects Albert Filoni and Tom Celli, and architectural engineer Raymond Meucci, are from families of Tuscan ancestry in the middle Monongahela Valley.

It also seems that the Tuscan mining families played a slightly larger than usual role in unionizing the mines. The exact details remain to be researched, but the unionization movement shared some philosophical roots with the anarchistic/atheistic political agenda that the Tuscans brought to the mine patches of southwestern Pennsylvania.

The Conquest of Tripoli carried with it a very heavy political agenda, indeed. (My interpretation of the poem here relies principally on the earlier Puppo translation, which differs slightly from the translation accompanying this article.) The poem opens with a series of lofty allusions to classical themes in the Italian language. Presumably it is intended to make fun of Italian poetic

formalities. Then, in the second stanza, it goes directly into the issue of Tripoli, with opening lines "At Tripoli, is there a cave of gold?.../Then one should go to Tripoli and take it!/That Turkish and depraved race/Doesn't present us with any great danger to contend with."

The next line introduces a satirical theme that runs through the entire poem. The Ottoman leader was "the Grand Turk," a term which in Italian sounds like their word for corn. So, the Grand Turk, that great "slobbering" bedouin, is made into a polenta in the Italian cauldron and devoured. Stanza 3 opens with

"Let the lords rest at home, and with them,/Their beautiful companions and the children." Then the stanza builds to a rushing

climax around the idea of going to war: "We will run to take the treasure,/And those inhospitable and vermillion lands,/And at the sonorous boom of the cannons/We young men, fresh as lilies,/Always advancing, will go forward into the forest/Until a bullet comes into the head."

The climax of the poem is in the last three stanzas. First in stanza 19, the soldiers return, after the triumphant war, to the fathers' thresholds, to make an end to the dolorous tears of the parents, brothers, sisters, wives. Some lost an arm or a leg; the tailor cannot cover his bottom, the shoemaker goes about without shoes, the artisans have lost their tools, the farmer can't grow anything. Then in the next stanza, the poet writes: "*Or qui fo fine e termino l'arcano*" ("Now I will make an end to this mystery")/"*Col dire al popolo, ma ti sveglerai?*" ("To say to the people, but will you wake up?")/"*Chi guerreggia per gli altri ha da sapere*" ("He who fights for others has to know") "*Che morira' di sete senza bere.*" ("That he will die of a thirst without drinking.")

This climactic moral is followed by a brief autobiographic stanza, which says: "Now if the people would like to have/My name, very well, I will tell it to them;/I used to be a charcoal burner;/Agostino Necciai, called Lo Sghello./I am inspired, but I have no power;/Nor do I have an education, and my mind is weak./I write verse for fun, but I wish/That in the end, my friends, we might all understand one another."

Accompanying the poem is a brief introduction that talks about expatriates, the Bank of Rome, the Savoyard bullets attacking the people of Tripoli, and of course, Victor Emmanuel III. The last two lines of the introduction are typeset as verse: "*La guerra si deve fare si faccia alla borghesia/Che più terribile nemico non si può trovare!*" ("The war that one should make is against the bourgeoisie/A more terrible enemy

than them one can not find!") The introduction is signed by *Il Gruppo D'Alba* (the Group of the Dawn), presumably an anarchist society, of Fredericktown. At the end of the pamphlet is a brief poem about war. It contains the line "*O dalla religion madre di guai.*" ("Oh, from religion, mother of troubles.") At the end of this one page piece is essentially the same sentiment against the terrible bourgeois enemy found in the introduction.

On the back of the book is the name "Stamperia e Libreria 'Victoria' /906 Webster Avenue/Pittsburgh, Pa." (*Stamperia e Libreria* means "printer and book-stall.") The Victoria bookstall was a shop in the Italian section of the Hill District at the turn of the century, run by the Frediani family, a Tuscan family who still have a printing business in Pittsburgh's Strip District. Unfortunately they don't have records that go back that far. I have a very hard time imagining my great-grandfather, a poor immigrant, making the 65 mile trek to Pittsburgh from Fredericktown to publish a pamphlet about the Italian drive to go to war.

Agostino Necciai died a rather poetic death on September 29, 1933. The mines in the Gallatin area, which had given him employment in the latter half of his life, did not make it through the violent 1927 coal strike and the Great Depression which came to the area in 1931. The younger generations were forced to seek employment in the steel industry, just as the steel industry was seeking its coal from larger and larger mines farther south than Millsboro. The automobile made it possible, but not necessarily practical, for the local men to commute up to an hour away to steel mills closer to Pittsburgh. One September day in 1933, Agostino, then an old but still fairly healthy man, went out to the road in front of my grandfather's house, to get coal from the coal box. The old *carbonaio* was carrying two buckets, one in each hand, which



Agostino's daughter, Giulia Necciai Biagini, had been married only a short time when she died, at age 18, in a Mon Valley Swine Flu epidemic in 1918.

weighed him down. A steelworker, on his way home from a long night's work, fell asleep at the wheel, striking the bent-over old man. The car's door handle lodged in Agostino's temple, dragging him some distance. In Monongahela Memorial Hospital, the coal miner's last refuge, desperately struggling to heal, he contracted pneumonia and died.

My grandfather, Primo, and his brother, Attilio, took Agostino's old trunk full of clothing and books from the old country and his manuscripts out into the backyard and made a bonfire of them. (Thank goodness Zia Marfisa and one copy of *The Conquest of Tripoli* were in New Jersey at the time.) The motives at work may have been the second generation's drive to be thoroughly American, or maybe the fear that gripped the Italian community after the Sacco and Vanzetti trials. It is hard to say which would have played the bigger role.

Uncle Attilio worked at a local foundry, and he had a falling out with them over union involvement at about the same time that Agostino died. He tried his hand at business, but the business (a "beer garden") failed, and he had to beg for his old job back. The company (Coshocton Iron Works) took him back on the condition that he take no time off for any reason, and then put him to work in the riverfront loading area. He caught a cold, and instead of staying home until he got over it, he kept working until he caught

pneumonia and died, leaving a wife and four small children. My grandfather worked at the same foundry. He was entrusted with the job of lining furnaces made there with asbestos. He died of cancer the year it became public knowledge that asbestos causes cancer. (Government agencies and many private companies were aware of the danger but kept it quiet for three decades, a typical incubation period for asbestos-induced cancer.) My grandfather's doctors advised the family to file a wrongful death suit. They did not, primarily because they felt that my grandfather would not have wanted to hurt his employer of 40 years. Nine years later, the company pulled out of the Monongahela area, leaving at least six descendants of Agostino Necciai without jobs. Nevertheless, 100 or so family members remain deeply rooted there, very quiet, and more than a little "*agitati*." ■



Attilio Necciai, Agostino's son who worked for the Coshocton Iron Works, caught a cold working on the riverfront and died of pneumonia in the late 1930s.

Mind's Eye, Minds Manipulated: Society Seen Through Photography

By Eugene Levy

Symbols of Ideal Life: Social Documentary Photography in America, 1890-1950

By Maren Stange

New York: Cambridge University Press, 1989. Illustrations, endnotes. Pp. xvii, 190. \$34.50

Mind's Eye, Mind's Truth: FSA Photography Reconsidered

By James Curtis

Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1989. Illustrations, endnotes. Pp. x, 139. \$24.95

MANY, perhaps most, of the impressions we have of the modern world are derived not from experience, not from an oral tradition, not from the written word, but from photographic, and most recently electronic, images. The encompassing quality of these images, their power to shape our understanding of self and society, have been emphasized most recently in the various exhibits and publications related to photography's sesquicentennial in 1989. *Symbols of Ideal Life* and *Mind's Eye, Mind's Truth* are not literally part of these anniversary commemorations, but they share with many of them a critical, at times even hostile, approach to the social uses made of photo-

Eugene Levy, a history professor at Carnegie Mellon University, is a frequent contributor to *Pittsburgh History*.

graphs by those who took them and especially by those who controlled their dissemination.

Maren Stange is especially critical of the disseminators in *Symbols of Ideal Life*, her study of the best known documentary photographic projects of the late nineteenth and first half of the twentieth centuries. In four well-defined chapters Stange treats Jacob Riis and the tenement reformers, Louis Hine and the 1907-08 Pittsburgh Survey, the Depression-era photographers of the Farm Security Administration and finally, several efforts at documenting mid-century culture and society, culminating in Edward Steichen's "Family of Man" exhibit in 1955.

Throughout her treatment, Stange carefully distinguishes photographers from those who controlled the distribution and publication of the photographs. Of the photographers, only Jacob Riis takes it on the chin, largely due to Stange's evaluation of Riis as a much better publicist than photographer. Stange might not have intended to "discredit or unmask Riis," but it is clear that she believes she has done just that by showing how Riis manipulated his own photographs as well as those of others to "colonize and dominate" urban immigrant workers. Such a usage of photography, Stange insists, served fundamentally selfish "middle-class interests" as represented, for example, by the turn-of-the-century tenement

house reform movement.

A generation later, Louis Hine, who in Stange's view established documentary photography with his work for the Pittsburgh Survey, rejected the Riis model and "never succumbed to technocracy or social engineering." Hine led the way for later documentary photographers such as the FSA's Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange and Ben Shahn, all of whom struggled honestly and artistically to depict the harsh realities of an exploited underclass America.

Stange goes on to argue that those who controlled the dissemination of the photographers' images had other goals. When she compared the original photos of Hine and Lange with the published versions, she found that editor/bureaucrats, such as Paul Kellogg of the Pittsburgh Survey and Roy Stryker in charge of FSA photography projects, with their technocratic-reformist prejudices, often crassly manipulated the images, surrounding them with misleading text that merely "collaborated with corporate capitalism by providing a theory of benign social engineering that helped to mask the facts of class exploitation." By her concluding chapter Stange can barely contain her contempt for photographer-turned-propagandist Edward Steichen, who by the 1940s frankly indicated that he didn't "give a hoot in hell" for photography as a fine art.



The lens of Gordon Parks's camera caught a worker at a Pittsburgh grease plant in 1944 filling large pans by maneuvering a pipe suspended from a kettle of cooked grease. Parks worked with the well-known Roy Stryker and other photographers for several years in the 1940s on a project sponsored by Standard Oil. Although the company said it

wished to document the oil industry's broad influence in American life, two of the photographers quoted in Maren Stange's *Symbols of Ideal Life* later called themselves "well-to-do, happy, free whores." Stange believes the team produced many artistically satisfying images while also dishing out "cultural propaganda" for the oil giant.

In most ways there is little new about Stange's stinging commentary on the limitations of the American reform tradition. Political historians as mainstream as Robert Weibe and Irving Bernstein argued a quarter of a century ago that Progressive and New Deal reformers were just that — reformers. While most wanted to meliorate the harshness of capitalism, very few sought to dismantle or even weaken the capitalist system. Stange joins a long line of more radical critics who see such meliorism as not only hopeless, but counterproductive. Hine, Lange and other documentary photographers, however, are saved from damnation because, at least in Stange's view, they were not bourgeois reformers misusing photographs as instruments of social engineering, but artists honestly attempting to depict the complexities and agonies of the industrial world.

Stange argues her views forcefully if not well. Her text is heavy going, not because of the ideas but because of a writing style that conceals considerably more than it reveals. One can tolerate political buzz words, but the post-structuralist jargon is deadening. The photos "mediate" and "signify" as we "deconstruct" the "gaze." The

One can tolerate political buzz words, but the post-structuralist jargon is deadening.

text is larded with "codes," "inscriptions," "icons" and "indexes," the last defined for us twice (pages xiii and 66). A brief quote by Louis Hine (86) is more helpful in understanding Stange's point than several paragraphs of her own prose. Thankfully, we have the photographs which help us again

and again in understanding Stange's argument.

None of these problems mar *Mind's Eye, Mind's Truth*, James Curtis's study of Depression-era photography of the Farm Security Administration. Like Stange, Curtis is centrally concerned with what he calls a fundamental "conflict over the process of photography and the meaning of the individual image." However, Curtis's study benefits both from clear, crisp, jargon-free prose and its concentration on photographers Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, Arthur Rothstein and Russell Lee. They were all linked to Roy Stryker, the tireless bureaucrat who directed the FSA photographic efforts, and who was always eager to draw positive, even cheerful, messages from the most doleful images of 1930s America. Curtis does a masterful job of showing how each photographer worked through, around and sometimes in open opposition to Stryker's manipulative efforts.

Curtis's research is thorough, especially in his deep mining of the almost 40,000 images in the FSA archives. The results of this research are especially evident when Curtis, in almost cinematic fashion, zooms in on alternative takes of some of the best-known FSA photographs. His analysis of Evans's 1936 "street scene, Vicksburg, Mississippi," for example, reveals the conflict between the techniques Evans used in composing the photographs and the social "truths" they seem to imply.

Curtis is equally impressive in his handling of other FSA photographers. Most stunning is his treatment of Lange's "Migrant Mother" photographs, one of which is arguably the best known image to come out of the Depression. In this and related photos Lange was able to create what Curtis calls the "shock of displacement" we associate so closely with the era's rural migration. Almost as impressive is his chapter on Lee's "Pie Town" photographs, where the commit-

ment of both Stryker and Lee to a story on "frontier democracy" often conflicted with the social/political realities of the small New Mexico town.

Finally, both publishers deserve praise for the high quality of the volumes. Cambridge University Press and Temple University Press clearly took care in such matters as jacket design, typeface, paper quality and larger than usual format, so as to do justice to the artistry of the photographers and the scholarship of the authors. ■

The Atlas of Pennsylvania

Edited by David J. Cuff, William J. Young, Edward K. Muller, Wilbur Zelinsky, and Ronald F. Abler
Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1989. Pp. xiii, 289. Acknowledgments, contents, preface, references gazetteer, recommended readings, index. \$120

ANYONE would be proud to own this magnificent book. Among the various state atlases, it stands alone in comprehensiveness, visual presentation, and overall scholarly quality; at nearly 300 pages, it is a third longer than any other. Unfortunately, the high price will probably deter some from purchasing it. After all, a good collection of maps can be found in *Pennsylvania: Atlas and Gazetteer* (De Lorme Mapping Co., 1987), available for \$12.95 in large format paperback. That said, there is really nothing that approaches *The Atlas of Pennsylvania*. It includes a wealth of information and such a gorgeous array of maps and illustrations that it is best appreciated when read in small doses. Each reading, no matter how brief, rewards one with greater insights into Pennsylvania.

Unabashedly referred to in the dust jacket as *The Atlas*, this is not the sort of book you can curl up with in a chair. With its hard binding, huge format (opened, it measures 15 1/2 inches by 27 inches) and considerable weight (more than 7 pounds), I found myself placing the book respectfully on a sturdy table to enjoy its content.

This atlas was conceived in 1981 by two geography professors (Wilbur Zelinsky and Ronald F. Abler) at Pennsylvania State University. Zelinsky, along with John R. Rooney and Dean R. Louder, had just completed *This Remarkable Continent: An Atlas of United States and Canadian Society and Cultures* (Texas A & M University Press, 1982). At about the same time, other geographers (David J. Cuff and William J. Young) at Temple University had become aware of a need for a comprehensive, up-to-date atlas of Pennsylvania. They had recently published *The United States Energy Atlas* (The Free Press, 1980). By 1983, Zelinsky, Abler, Cuff and Young had decided to collaborate, and to ask a fifth geographer, Edward Muller of the History Department at the University of Pittsburgh, to join them in forming an editorial committee. Muller's collaboration proved invaluable. He authored and edited significant portions of the atlas for which the Pittsburgh History and Landmarks Foundation has recently awarded him one of their 1990 awards of merit.

Professor Muller also recruited important foundation and corporate support for the atlas project, particularly in southwestern Pennsylvania. For example, during the critical early stage, the Pittsburgh Foundation and the Duquesne Light Company made important contributions. Later, the Howard Heinz Endowment and the Richard King Mellon Foundation provided major grants. The strong conservationist tone of the atlas attracted support from the Western Pennsylvania Conservan-

cy. Total contributions, from across the state, topped \$600,000. While corporations and foundations provided most of the donations, about a third came from the Commonwealth itself. (Details on financial support for the project

It is not hyperbole when the dust jacket describes the atlas as a 'visual cornucopia.'

appear on page vii.) When this subsidization is factored in, each copy of the atlas might be selling for less than it cost to produce.

All three of the Commonwealth research universities, (Temple University, the University of Pittsburgh and Penn State) normally inclined to compete with one another, collaborated effectively in this project. During a formal ceremony in Harrisburg in January 1990, the presidents of the three universities proudly presented a copy of the atlas to Governor Robert Casey. Their comments stressed the cooperative effort involved. Ironically, Pitt President Wesley Posvar, an enthusiastic supporter of the atlas as a project conceived and managed by professional geographers, was the person who had obliterated the Geography department at his own university in 1983.

The Atlas of Pennsylvania is divided into seven sections. The first, "Pennsylvania Mosaic," sets the tone. In only a few pages Peirce Lewis presents the settlement history of the Commonwealth and its regional variations. The long second section, "Land and Resources," edited by Cuff, deals very effectively with the natural environment. It ranges from land forms and climate through habitat types and faunal distributions, to environmental threats and stewardship of the land. Section three, edited

by Muller and called "Pennsylvania's Past," consists of a comprehensive cultural history. A fourth section, "Human Patterns," examines numerous demographic and cultural features. The editor of this section, Zelinsky, includes such things as levels of educational aspiration and even professional football and basketball "fansheds" (areas of support for specific teams). The fifth section, "Economic Activity," was edited by Young; this long section deals with all sorts of occupations, as well as transportation, energy and recreation. A sixth section examines the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh metropolitan areas and was written by Roman Cybriwsky and Muller, respectively. The seventh and final section is a brief one, entitled "Reference." It provides detailed topographic maps of the state, in addition to maps of state legislative, judicial and executive districts. It also includes a guide to Pennsylvania counties, and information on state superlatives and such things as the state dog, fish, and insect. (This last part was bound out of order, after the index, in my copy.)

The atlas contains a most effective balance of maps, illustrations (diagrams, graphs, drawings, photographs) and text. Averaging nearly one-third of each page, the textual material is very valuable, explaining the maps, and providing a wealth of background information that puts them into context. Each page is esthetically pleasing, due in large measure to the talents of Nancy Anderson Tsakos of the Temple University Cartographic Lab. It is not hyperbole when the dust jacket describes the atlas as a "visual cornucopia." Among my favorite illustrations are: the aerial photographs of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, taken at 40,000 feet (page 230-31); the huge population map that gives information down to the township level (122-23); the drawing of noon sun angles as related to the placement of solar energy collec-

tors on house roofs (45); the map showing areas most favorable for wind power generation (46); the map showing annexations by the city of Pittsburgh (245); the natural habitat illustrations (53-56); and maps of the earliest European settlements along the Delaware (80).

Pennsylvania is perceived as part of a continuum extending far beyond its boundaries in all directions. The state is properly represented as transitional in terms of geologic structures, climates, zoology, botany and human cultures. For example, the Mason-Dixon Line centers a belt about 50 miles wide where southern and northern species of plants and animals intermingle. This belt is just one of many important regional transitions covered. With this remarkable atlas, we come to appreciate that the "Keystone State" bridges a fascinating and complex cultural zone between upstate New York and the Appalachian South and between the Middle Atlantic and the Midwest.

Even with a 1989 publication date, one cannot expect the information to be as recent as that year. Zelinsky himself has said that "any atlas is obsolete by the time it goes to the printer." By publishing in 1989, the editors also had to forgo inclusion of any information from the 1990 national census. Errors in the atlas are so few and so self-evident that they are not worth mentioning.

This book is an excellent portrayal of the Commonwealth in a geographic manner. Here, the distinctive personality of Pennsylvania is superbly presented. With maps as the principal tool, it examines the spacial interaction between humans and a variety of natural environments. The temporal dimension is ever present, and so is concern with our accountability as stewards of the land. ■

William J. Smole
University of Pittsburgh

A Shared Authority: Essays on the Craft and Meaning of Oral and Public History

By Michael Frisch

Albany: State University of New York Press, 1990. Pp xxiv, 273. \$54.50, \$17.95 paper

THE 13 essays in this volume, all previously published, are collected for the first time and enhanced by a solid introduction. They focus on case studies of the doing of oral history and of public historic presentations to general audiences. Professor Frisch, a noted practitioner in these fields, details his own experiences and also includes extended reviews of a number of historical documentaries, "coffee table" histories of several New York cities, and urban museum presentations in New York City, Philadelphia and St. Louis.

Structurally, the essays are grouped in three sections: those specifically on oral history, those on documentary form (where hands-on experiences are particularly emphasized), and finally those on public history programming including various exhibition projects. Thematically, Professor Frisch fairly consistently grapples with two related issues. He is concerned with making history effective for audiences — and he believes that many efforts misfire, including those informed by radical as well as by conservative political purposes. He recurrently engages the problem of relating scholarly history and especially the analytical questions raised by various forms of social history, to the historical experiences and judgments of the general public. Neither a how-to manual nor a theoretical statement on oral and public history, the collection revolves around the marriage of practical experience with underlying concerns about what historical evidence and historical learning consist of.

Essay collections are notoriously difficult to review, and even this one by a single author concerned with closely related topics poses problems. Many readers will prefer to pick and choose individual essays of interest rather than reading straight through, for segments are of uneven quality and generality. Several of the essays that are little more than review essays of previously issued material have limited interest, though Frisch seeks to draw more general themes from particular topics. Certain essays fall rather flat. A long piece on problems of editing oral history testimony, while including some sensible injunctions, consists mainly of edited and then unedited transcripts of a single interview which add little to the injunctions themselves. An essay recalling the author's 1972 book on Springfield, Massachusetts, on the occasion of a later visit, is rather trite — a bit self-indulgent — for it offers little more than a few notes on how the city has changed. (Also indulgent are undue introductory layouts on when the author initially wrote each essay.) Two different essays deal with the Public Broadcasting System's documentary on Vietnam; they repeat judgments annoyingly, though the second's more extended comment is interesting in itself.

There are also some troubling omissions that reflect but go beyond Frisch's desire to avoid elaborate theory. While his fascination with oral history as a historical source and a basis for public history presentations conveys the author's excitement, it can also mislead. None of the essays explicitly discusses how to blend oral history evidence with data of other sorts, or the desirability of doing so, though the author's views are compatible with this approach. Public history is so firmly equated with oral history materials that it risks being confined to contemporary topics alone — for in no essay, save the throw away on Springfield

and the review of coffee table books, are periods prior to the Depression evoked. The contemporary history-broader perspective relationship deserves more attention.

Other topics, sensibly treated to a point, are simply not fully explored. Frisch is fascinated by the nature of public memory, but in these essays he does not probe potential social-psychological angles. An intriguing essay on what college students remember about American heroes, though based on very limited data, ventures some plausible conclusions about the importance of general cultural pressures in creating a surprisingly uniform and rather boring viewpoint. Questions about the nature of the public audience for history in the United States, and the kinds of expectations it brings to public history, are more often evoked than systematically probed.

At the same time, the book has two major strengths. First, several of the individual essays are very good. The account of the author's clash with the *New York Times* over how to present oral history testimony about unemployment in Buffalo is both interesting and revealing. Evaluation of audience reaction (both American and Chinese) to a documentary on a Chinese village is useful. The three final essays, on urban museums, the Philadelphia tercentenary celebration and the Ellis Island museum project use the case study approach to excellent effect; here are practical and useful issues to grapple with in thinking about public presentation of history.

The book's second strength comes from the author's characteristic good sense in basic judgment which shines through, even in some essays of modest scope. Frisch wants a balance between use of oral history that is overwhelmed by scholarly interpretation and the nonsense idea that oral history evidence "speaks for itself." Scholarly categories of

analysis and oral evidence must interwine. He wants public history presentations that challenge audiences, rather than confirming stereotypic expectations, and while he recognizes the abstruseness of much social history scholarship, he wants some of the leading issues to inform general exhibits — so that viewers ask questions about their own sense of the past. He attacks conservative impulses in manipulating history, including the common temptation in documentaries to have ordinary people convey only limited reactions while elite participants offer more general perspectives — as if only the latter group could really think in ways anyone else would wish to know about. (This was the core of the dispute with the *Times*.) At the same time he reminds radical historians that the public, and oral history interviewees, are often also conservative because of the power of conventional historical culture and a desire to make the past safe.

Judgments of this sort, often eloquently presented and applied to specific kinds of historical work, offer humane and useful guidance. Rarely definitive, and in some ways not as reflective as the author seems to imagine, this book offers much to readers interested in some newer methods of doing and presenting contemporary history. ■

Peter N. Stearns
Carnegie Mellon University

Cracker Culture: Celtic Ways in the Old South

By Grady McWhiney
Tuscaloosa and London: University of Alabama Press, 1988. Pp. xliii, 290. Preface, prologue by Forrest McDonald, appendix, index. \$25.95

THIS book proceeds by an old principle in ethnic conversation: only Jews may be anti-Semitic, only blacks may use the "n" word. These pages of-

fer up every facet, every detail, every angle of the traditional stereotype of the American South; only what Yankees said to disparage, Grady McWhiney means to understand — in fact, to praise. As the Lyndon Baines Johnson professor of history at Texas Christian University and possessor of the right sort of surname for this kind of book, someone like McWhiney can march forth intrepidly where others would demur.

To parody Crevecoeur, what was this odd beast, this Southerner? Lazy, improvident, reckless and careless; loose of morals and low in ambition. A lover of idleness, of the sensory, sensual and sensational. Hostile to work and trade, to fences, roads and bridges, to government, towns and education. Zealous for whiskey, gambling, tobacco, racing and racy women. Fond of dancing, banjo-playing, fiddling, dueling, eating, hospitality and above all, talking — the more exaggerated, inventive and dramatic, the better. The Southerner was, in short, the Cracker.

But before or beneath that, he was the Celt. McWhiney's intent in this book is not simply to reverse valuations, but to attribute the distinctiveness of the old South to ethnicity rather than to economics (the slave labor system) or geography (the frontier). Southerners in this account came largely from the fringes of the British Isles: Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the north edge of England. Yankees descended mostly from the English heartland. Thus the colonial and early national periods perpetuated — and by the Civil War accentuated — an ancient Old World contest of cultures. Contrary to traditional wisdom, immigration and the frontier did not reduce diversity to a common "American" type; rather they allowed the retention, simplification and intensification of old ways of life that were becoming untenable in the land of origin.

McWhiney thus explains Southern exceptionalism by cutting the South into the main conduit of American history: socio-cultural transplantation. His sense of this process comports well with much recent immigration scholar-

Southerners in this account came largely from the fringes of the British Isles: Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the north edge of England.

ship. Equally valuable is his anatomy of the Celtic-Crackers' socio-economic base. Old World and New, these were tribal, pastoral people, living by open-range herding and along kinship lines. These two fundamentals had two correlates. First, these subjects simply did not have to work hard to get by, so they lived by and for a leisure ethic. Second, as their identity inhered not in doing but in being, maintenance of status required defense of honor and the cultivation of combative abilities. Within this matrix, every item on the above list of "Southern traits" has a place, makes sense.

The reader should be forewarned, however, that the preceding paragraph packs more analytical punch than do McWhiney's 300 pages in toto. His approach is term-paper traditional: give a topic sentence, assemble a bevy of supportive quotations, repeat indefinitely until the reader presumably surrenders to the sheer mass of prose. As I said, his thesis comports well with recent immigration scholarship, but McWhiney shows no acquaintance with it; amazingly, he also interacts mini-

mally with previous scholarship on "Southern character," which is only one of the hoariest topics in American historiography. Bertram Wyatt-Brown's *Southern Honor* gets mentioned in a footnote, but the works of William R. Taylor, *Cavalier and Yankee*, C. Vann Woodward, *The Burden of Southern History*, Edmund Morgan, *American Slavery, American Freedom*, Eugene Genovese and Donald G. Mathews, *Religion in the Old South*, and George Tindall, *The Ethnic Southerners*, pass unnoticed there, much less in the text. Perhaps McWhiney is reserving such disputes for a later volume; he could at least inform us of that here.

His methodology falters only a little less. Being an oral folk, Crackers did not write much, so the author has taken recourse to contemporary travelers' accounts. Fair enough. But while noting beforehand the possibilities of bias in such sources, he proceeds innocently thereafter. We do not know the background (besides "Yankee" or "a foreigner") of many of his travelers, nor the purpose of their tours, the agenda for their observations nor even, too often, the date of their journey, since the book is organized topically rather than chronologically. Would not "Yankee" travelogues be slightly more partisan in, say, 1857 than in 1817? Not from their treatment in this book. For the same reason we do not get any sense of changes over time. In some ways Cracker culture might have been static; but it surely was not so in religion, for instance. From 1750 to 1850, the South changed from the least to the most churchied section of the country, and at the hands of evangelical denominations that championed an ascetic discipline at odds with much of McWhiney's profile. The author does not address that challenge, does not even notice the change. A lacuna of this magnitude makes me wonder how well his thesis holds up with readers in

other specialties.

Finally, as a comparative treatment the book falls over the edge of simplicity into crudity. Crackers are aligned with Celts, Yankees with Englishmen, and that's it, except for an occasional German. Every similarity within each pair is noted, but the possibility of disparities is not even countenanced, nor are possible pairings of Southerners and Northerners as Americans *vis a vis* Celts and Englishmen as Britishers. The author does not ask about ethnic differences among his "Northerners," nor about class differences, North or South. The one hint of flexibility enters with consideration of modernization. McWhiney offers, but does not pursue, the possibility that much of what was supposedly "Celtic" constituted a particular type of pre-modern, rural culture that gave way to Anglo commercialization, first in Britain, then in the United States.

McWhiney's preference for tradition over "progress" is legitimate; his revaluation, interesting; his general thesis, plausible. Maybe his book will provoke others to demonstrate the theory more rigorously. Problem is, by this book's lights, while Crackers have always been provocative, rigor belongs to the Yankees. For the thesis to stand, it has to become outmoded. ■

James D. Bratt
Calvin College

Private Matters: American Attitudes Toward Child-bearing and Infant Nurture in the Urban North 1800-1860

By Sylvia D. Hoffert
Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1989. \$24.95

THE discovery that the parameters of history extend beyond the traditional con-

BOOKCASE

The Headwaters District Roundtable: An Eyewitness History of the Pittsburgh District, United States Army Corps of Engineers 1936-1988

By Leland R. Johnson and Jacque S. Minnotte
Pittsburgh: United States Army Engineers District, 1989
Pp. 249. \$15, \$10 paperback

THIS book on the last 50 years of flood control in Pittsburgh presents the essence of roundtable discussions held four years ago to commemorate the disastrous 1936 flood. The Corps of Engineers saw the anniversary as an appropriate point to capture the experiences of personnel who witnessed the event, as well as to assess the Corps's achievements since then. The discussions covered topics such as post-war flood control, dam operations, and safety and emergency management, to name a few. The book is based largely on interviews with active and retired personnel.

The Fee Family and the Daily Notes of Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania: The Evolution of a Family, Its Newspaper, and Its Community

By William W. Fee
Published by the author, 1990. Introduction, prologue, notes, bibliography, illustrations. Pp. 88. \$9 paperback, postpaid from William Fee, 3300 N. Leisure World Blvd. #714, Silver Spring, MD 20906

A solid book of history that combines genealogy — of the Fee family, whose members were early settlers in the Cannonsburg area and later, most prominently, publishers of the *Daily Notes* newspaper — with a general political and social history, through the 1920s. Without becoming simply another cheerleader, Fee writes with conviction about the independence, strong will, and religious fervor of his family, and like-minded Scotch-Irish Presbyterian immigrants who left an

indelible mark on Western Pennsylvania. Fee, for many years a federal bureaucrat in Washington, D.C., also wrote and published a 100-page biography of his parents, whose love of adventure, patriotism and religious commitment drove them to military service in World War I and onto missionary work in Egypt.

Sesquicentennial History of Greenville

By Earl Miller
Greenville, Pa: Greenville Sesquicentennial Corp., 1988
Pp. 124. Photographs. \$12.50, \$10 paperback postpaid from the Greenville Municipal Building, 125 Main Street, Box 604, Greenville, PA 16125

This publication represents an updated version of the history of Greenville, about 80 miles north of Pittsburgh, and is an attempt to blend the past and present. It also brings into focus the current status of many of the town's institutions, industries and agencies. Although much of the volume is based on turn-of-the-century records, it also includes commentary by Greenville citizens. The volume includes photographs, old and new, that make it an interesting book for residents of the town.

New Eagle Memories: A History of the Borough of New Eagle, Pennsylvania

By Linda Fetchen and Terry A. Necciai, with others
New Eagle, Pa.: New Eagle Diamond Jubilee Committee, 1987. Pp. viii, 72. Introductions, advertisements, illustrations. \$4 paperback, postpaid from Yesterday's Best, 144 Main Street, New Eagle, PA 15067

Necciai's main article on the history of New Eagle, a Monongahela River town south of Pittsburgh, is a well-done broad sweep, with citations. There's lots of other material — recollections, round-ups on the river, roads, and recreation, and bits about industry, churches, hospitals, famous firsts, and all the other happenings that make up the past and present of a small town.

centration on individuals (primarily male) and events of public significance represents a major contribution of social history. Analyses of patterns of change over time in areas that formerly were not viewed as appropriate subjects for historical study have significantly broadened our perspectives on past experiences and processes

and have illuminated aspects of the complex relationship between ordinary people and the wider society in which they live. Sylvia D. Hoffert focuses on one such area, the bearing and nurturing of children, in this well-researched and clearly written volume.

As Hoffert points out in her introduction, while the strictly bi-

ological aspects of pregnancy, child-birth, and nursing have remained essentially constant, women's perceptions and experiences of these processes have varied according to their generation, location, socio-economic position, and the nature of available health care. She argues that the first 60 years of the nineteenth century represent a

transitional period during which both attitudes and experiences pertaining to childrearing and infant nurture changed significantly. During this period, middle- and upper-class family life became increasingly privatized; geographic and social mobility combined with urbanization to distance young couples from traditional family and community influences regarding the conduct of the events surrounding pregnancy, childbirth, and infant care. At the same time, the increasing availability of birth control information, doctors, private nurses, new technology, and medical knowledge also affected the bearing and rearing of children. New parents were influenced by the ideology of motherhood as it was propounded through various published sources of advice and commentary.

Hoffert examines in considerable detail the attitudes of middle- and upper-class women and men in the urban North toward five specific aspects of family formation: the period of pregnancy; the birth process; the recovery period; the care of infants; and the death of infants. She offers evidence drawn from both the private writings of childbearing women and their friends and relatives, and from representative public sources to support her contention that the context in which these people bore and nurtured their children provided them with opportunities to make new, untraditional choices regarding their responsibilities as parents. Such choices included, for example, increasing efforts to limit family size, the increasing tendency of women to seek medical assistance with pregnancy and labor, and the concomitant reliance on physicians and private nurses rather than on midwives and female friends.

In her extensive research for this book, Hoffert examined a variety of private and public documents. An appendix to the volume provides biographical information on 40 women, arranged chrono-

logically according to marriage date. A comprehensive bibliography of unpublished and published primary sources cites the correspondence and diaries of these women, as well as that of other women for whom biographic information was unavailable; it also includes novels, medical texts, health manuals, popular and religious periodicals, medical journals, and miscellaneous materials.

The author has used these diverse sources skillfully to illustrate both private and public perspectives on childbearing and infant nurture, and to document the interaction between the two. She concludes that while women took their maternal responsibilities seriously, their concerns were primarily individual and personal as opposed to ideological. Typically, when they conformed to the prescriptions of social commentators regarding standards for the conduct of childbearing and infant nurture, they were motivated by the desire to cultivate an image of refinement and respectability rather than by any significant commitment to culturally defined conceptions of maternal responsibility. When women chose to behave more independently, their decisions often drew criticism from commentators who accused them of making selfish and irresponsible choices in their own interests rather than the best choices for their babies. Thus Hoffert observes that despite the trend toward privatization in family life, private matters such as family formation and child care continued to be the focus of public scrutiny.

This study offers interesting insights into the specific subject of the history of child-birth in America, the history of social and cultural definitions of women's maternal roles and obligations, and the development of middle-class values. It also contributes additional evidence in support of the argument advanced by a number of social historians that middle-class women experienced a significant in-

crease in power and autonomy within the American family during the course of the nineteenth century. Existing documentation of this trend, which has been termed the rise of domestic feminism, focuses on women's exercise of control over sex and reproduction within marriage.* Hoffert's data and her analysis of the development and exercise of opportunities for choice with regard to the conduct of childbirth and infant nurture provide further documentation regarding the emergence of nineteenth century domestic feminism.

Private Matters offers a thoughtful and intriguing presentation of nineteenth century American attitudes toward a fundamental part of women's lives. It reflects solid research and careful scholarship, but it is easily accessible to the nonspecialist. Both the subject matter and the judiciously selected quotations from private and public sources will interest the general reader. In addition to her bibliography, Hoffert's interpretations of changes in the conduct of childbearing and baby care, and of the effect of public attitudes on private behavior, will be useful for scholars in the fields of women's and family history, and also the social history of medicine. This book is a good social history and also good reading. ■

Linda W. Rosenzweig
Chatham College

* See, for example, Daniel Scott Smith, "Family Limitation, Sexual Control, and Domestic Feminism in Victorian America," in Mary S. Hartman and Lois Banner, eds., *Clio's Consciousness Raised* (New York, 1974), 119-36; Kathryn Kish Sklar, *Catharine Beecher: A Study in American Domesticity* (New York, 1973); Glenna Matthews, "Just a Housewife," *The Rise and Fall of Domesticity in America* (New York, 1987); and Barbara Harris, *Beyond Her Sphere: Women and the Professions in American History* (Westport, Conn., 1978).

(Correspondence from page 147)
 Erie-to-Pittsburgh line not owned by a major east-west railroad. The Bessemer's main route runs from North Bessemer, Pa., to Conneaut, Ohio, on Lake Erie. The Bessemer is exclusively a freight-carrying railroad, having ended passenger service in 1955.

It's 'C1', not '61'

Dear Editor,

An informed glance at the styles of women's clothing shown in the photograph on page 70, in S. Trevor Hadley's excellent article ("Central High School: Pittsburgh's First," vol. 73, no. 2, Summer 1990), should reveal that the photograph, alleged to be of Central High School's class of 1861, dates, in fact, circa 1897.

The purported date "61" on

changes in women's fashions during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

In a serious historical publication, one reasonably expects standards of visual documentation to be as high as those for written scholarship.

That said, let me congratulate you on the attractive new format and interesting content of *Pittsburgh History*. It is a credit to the magazine staff, the Historical Society and the Western Pennsylvania region.

Grant C. Dinsmore
Professor of Photography
La Roche College

Editor's Note: Guilty as charged, although we do pay attention to detail. Unfortunately, neither Mr. Dinsmore, author S. Trevor Hadley, nor a half-dozen other people



the foreground blackboard appears instead to be "C1," the "C" being written in typical Spencerian script of the day. Additionally, the stones visible on the background facade of that photograph are identical with those partially discernible in the photo of the 1872 building at Bedford and Crawford streets (page 73).

Such egregious errors in photographic chronology are all too common but can be avoided by some attention to detail and even an elementary acquaintance with

we consulted upon receipt of Mr. Dinsmore's letter could answer the question, "Well, what then does 'C1' mean?"

Pink cheeks were nice

Dear Editor,

I surely do admire your magazine.

I liked the pink-cheeked family on the cover of the Spring issue.

My mother attended Central High School and was in one of

Willa Cather's classes. I looked for my uncle in the photograph of the class of 1908, but he must have been absent that day.

Congratulations!

Evelyn Pearson
Pittsburgh

Photograph Credits

Inside the Wicket Gate: A Child's Adventure in Glenshaw

- Page 149 Courtesy of the author
 Page 150-55 Glenshaw Public Library Collection
 Page 156 Sewickley Public Library
 Page 157 Bicen Gallery, Sewickley Valley Historical Society
 Page 158 Bicen Gallery, SVHS—R.W. Johnston, photographer
 Page 159 Plate #21, in M.F. Shaw, *Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist* (London, 1955). Used by permission.

Looking for Appalachians in Pittsburgh: Seeking 'Deliverance' and Finding the 'Deer Hunter'

- Page 160-61 Pittsburgh Department of City Planning
 Page 163 Map prepared by Curtis Miner, *Pittsburgh History*

The Conquest of Millsboro

- Page 171 Courtesy of Florence Giles
 Page 175 Map prepared by Debbie Prelaz
 Page 172-79 Courtesy of Terry A. Necciai

Mind's Eye, Minds Manipulated: Society Seen Through Photography

- Page 181 Courtesy of Hunt Library, Carnegie Mellon University

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- Page 189 Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania Archives

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End of the Line at White Swan Park

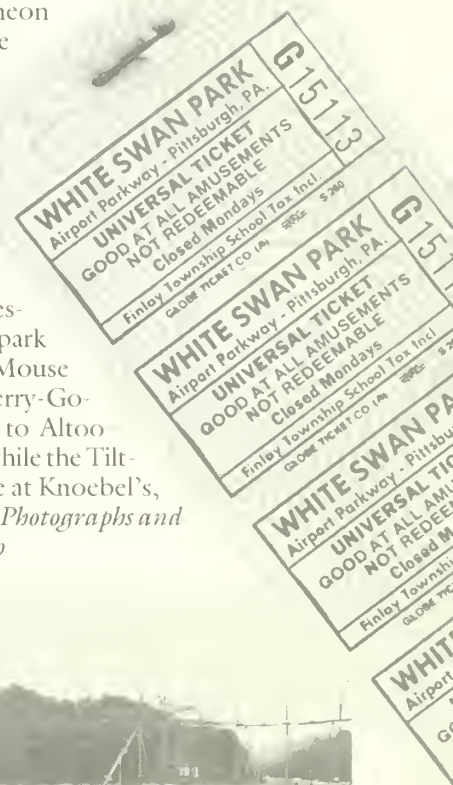
WHITE Swan Park, family operated for 35 years, was bought this year by the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation to make way for a highway interchange. The park was tucked away in a ravine beside the Parkway West about two miles east of Greater Pittsburgh International Airport. The new Southern Expressway will roll across the property, linking a new airport terminal with the Parkway.

Roy Todd, his sister Margaret Kleeman, and their spouses bought the land in 1953 and opened with seven rides two years later. Kleeman was quoted in a recent newspaper article as saying that the park got its name because her husband liked white swans, "that's all." The number of rides eventually doubled, while games, picnic pavilions, and miniature golf were added later. The owners claimed they wished only to make people happy, and a rough estimate is that some 2.5 million visited the park before it closed in 1989. White Swan had been an especially popular spot for company-sponsored picnics, and after a few difficult seasons following the mill closings, attendance increased again in the late '80s. Park workers stayed loyal, too, and parents often passed their jobs on to their children.

Everything was auctioned on September 12, 1990: the kiddie rides, the Sport Scooter bumper cars, the Ferris Wheel,

the giant slide, and the largest ride, the Galaxi coaster. Smaller items also went, including the turnstiles, picnic tables, neon signs and games — the Balloon Water Race, the Cat Rack, and the Skee-Balls among them.

Some were bought by nostalgic collectors and former patrons, others by investors and amusement park operators. The Mad Mouse mini-coaster and Merry-Go-Round will be going to Altoona's Lakemont Park, while the Tilt-A-Whirl found a home at Knoebel's, near Wilkes-Barre. — *Photographs and text by Brian A. Butko*



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